

EMMELINE,
THE
ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE.

BY
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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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EMMELINE,

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ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a remote part of the county of Pembroke, is an old building, formerly of great strength, and inhabited for centuries by the ancient family of Mowbray; to the sole remaining branch of which it still belonged, though it was, at the time this history commences, inhabited only by servants; and the greater part of it was gone to decay. A few rooms only had been occasionally repaired to accommodate the proprietor, when he found it necessary to come thither to receive his rents, or to inspect the condition of the estate; which, however, happened so seldom, that during the twelve years he had been master of it, he had only once visited the castle for a few days. The business that related to the property round it (which was very considerable) was conducted by a steward grown grey in the service of the family, and by an attorney from London, who came to hold the courts. And an old housekeeper, a servant who waited on her, the steward, and a labour-

er, who was kept to look after his horse, and work in that part of the garden which yet bore the vestige of cultivation, were now all its inhabitants; except a little girl, of whom the housekeeper had the care, and who was believed to be the natural daughter of that elder brother, by whose death Lord Montreville, the present possessor, became entitled to the estate.

This nobleman, while yet a younger son, was (by the partiality of his mother, who had been an heiress, and that of some other female relations) master of a property nearly equal to what he inherited by the death of his brother, Mr. Mowbray.

He had been originally designed for the law; but in consequence of being entitled to the large estate which had been his mother's, and heir, by will, to all her opulent family, he had quitted that profession, and at the age of about four and twenty, had married Lady Eleonore Delamere, by whom he had a son and two daughters.

The illustrious family from which Lady Eleonore descended, became extinct in the male line by the premature death of her two brothers; and her Ladyship becoming sole heiress, her husband took the name of Delamere; and obtaining one of the titles of the lady's father, was, at his death, created Viscount Montreville. Mr. Mowbray died before he was thirty, in Italy; and Lord Montreville, on taking possession of Mowbray Castle, found there his infant daughter.

Her mother had died soon after her birth; and she had been sent from France, where she was born, and put under the care of Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper, who was tenderly attached to her, having been the attendant of Mr. Mowbray from his earliest infancy.

Lord Montreville suffered her to remain in the situation in which he found her, and to go by the name of Mowbray: he allowed for the trifling charge of her board and necessary clothes in the steward's account, the examination of which was for many years the only circumstance that reminded him of the existence of the unfortunate orphan.

With no other notice from her father's family, Emmeline had attained her twelfth year; an age at which she would have been left in the most profound ignorance, if her uncommon understanding, and unwearied application, had not supplied the deficiency of her instructors, and conquered the disadvantages of her situation.

Mrs. Carey could indeed read with tolerable fluency, and write an hand hardly legible: and Mr. Williamson, the old steward, had been formerly a good penman, and was still a proficient in accounts. Both were anxious to give their little charge all the instruction they could: but without the quickness and attention she shewed to whatever they attempted to teach, such preceptors could have done little.

Emmeline had a kind of intuitive knowledge; and comprehended every thing with a facility that soon left her instructors behind her. The precarious and neglected situation in which she lived, troubled not the innocent Emmeline. Having never experienced any other, she felt no uneasiness at her present lot; and on the future she was not yet old enough to reflect.

Mrs. Carey was to her in place of the mother she had never known; and the old steward, she was accustomed to call father. The death of this venerable servant was the first sorrow Emmeline ever felt: returning late one evening, in the winter, from a neighbouring town, he attempted to cross a

ford, where the waters being extremely out, he was carried down by the rapidity of the current. His horse was drowned; and though he was himself rescued from the flood by some peasants who knew him, and carried to the castle, he was so much bruised, and had suffered so much from cold, that he was taken up speechless, and continued so for the few hours he survived the accident.

Mrs. Carey, who had lived in the same house with him near forty years, felt the sincerest concern at his death; with which it was necessary for her immediately to acquaint Lord Montreville.

His Lordship directed his attorney in London to replace him with another; to whom Mrs. Carey, with an aching heart, delivered the keys of the steward's room and drawers.

Her health, which was before declining, received a rude shock from the melancholy death of Mr. Williamson; and she and her little ward had soon the mortification of seeing he was forgotten by all but themselves.

Frequent and severe attacks of the gout now made daily ravages in the constitution of Mrs. Carey; and her illness recurred so often, that Emmeline, now almost fourteen, began to reflect on what she should do, if Mrs. Carey died: and these reflections occasionally gave her pain. But she was not yet of an age to consider deeply, or to dwell long on gloomy subjects. Her mind, however, gradually expanded, and her judgment improved: for among the deserted rooms of this once noble edifice, was a library, which had been well furnished with the books of those ages in which they had been collected. Many of them were in black letter; and so injured by time, that the most indefatigable antiquary could have made nothing of them.

From these, Emmeline turned in despair to some others of more modern appearance; which, though they also had suffered from the dampness of the room, and in some parts were almost effaced with mould, were yet generally legible. Among them, were Spencer and Milton, two or three volumes of the Spectator, an old edition of Shakespeare, and an odd volume or two of Pope.

These, together with some tracts of devotion, which she knew would be very acceptable to Mrs. Carey, she cleaned by degrees from the dust with which they were covered, and removed into the housekeeper's room; where the village carpenter accommodated her with a shelf, on which, with great pride of heart, she placed her new acquisitions.

The dismantled windows, and broken floor of the library, prevented her continuing there long together: but she frequently renewed her search, and with infinite pains examined all the piles of books, some of which lay tumbled in heaps on the floor, others promiscuously placed on the shelves, where the swallow, the sparrow, and the daw, had found habitations for many years: for as the present proprietor had determined to lay out no more than was absolutely necessary to keep one end of the castle habitable, the library, which was in the most deserted part of it, was in a ruinous state, and had long been entirely forsaken.

Emmeline, however, by her unwearied researches, nearly completed several sets of books, in which instruction and amusement were happily blended. From them she acquired a taste for poetry, and the more ornamental parts of literature; as well as the grounds of that elegant and useful knowledge, which, if it rendered not her life happier, enabled her to support, with the dignity of conscious worth, those

undeserved evils with which many of her years were embittered.

Mrs. Carey, now far advanced in life, found her infirmities daily increase. She was often incapable of leaving her chamber for many weeks; during which Emmeline attended her with the solicitude and affection of a daughter; scorned not to perform the most humble offices that contributed to her relief; and sat by her whole days, or watched her whole nights, with the tenderest and most unwearied assiduity.

On those evenings in summer, when her attendance could for a few hours be dispensed with, she delighted to wander among the rocks that formed the bold and magnificent boundary of the ocean, which spread its immense expanse of water within half a mile of the castle. Simply dressed, and with no other protection than Providence, she often rambled several miles into the country, visiting the remote huts of the shepherds, among the wildest mountains.

During the life of Mrs. Mowbray, a small stipend had been annually allowed for the use of the poor: this had not yet been withdrawn; and it now passed through the hands of Mrs. Carey, whose inquiries into the immediate necessities of the cottagers in the neighbourhood of the castle, devolved to Emmeline, when she was herself unable to make them.

The ignorant rustics, who had seen Emmeline grow up among them from her earliest infancy, and who now beheld her with the compassion as well as the beauty of an angel, administering to their necessities and alleviating their misfortunes, looked upon her as a superior being, and throughout the country she was almost adored.

Perfectly unconscious of those attractions which

now began to charm every other eye, Emmeline had entered her sixteenth year; and the progress of her understanding was equal to the improvement of her person; which, though she was not perfectly handsome, could not be beheld at first without pleasure, and which, the more it was seen, became more interesting and engaging.

Her figure was elegant and graceful; somewhat exceeding the middling height. Her eyes were blue; and her hair brown. Her features not very regular; yet there was a sweetness in her countenance, when she smiled, more charming than the effect of the most regular features could have given. Her countenance, open and ingenuous, expressed every emotion of her mind: it had assumed rather a pensive cast; and though it occasionally was lighted up by vivacity, had been lately frequently overclouded; when the sufferings of her only friend called forth all the generous sympathy of her nature.

And now the first severe misfortune she had known was about to overtake her. Early in the spring of that year, which was the sixteenth from her birth, Mrs. Carey had felt an attack of the gout, which however was short; and her health seemed for some time afterwards more settled than it had been for many months. She was one evening preparing to go down to the village, leaning on the arm of Emmeline, when she suddenly complained of an acute pain in her head, and fell back into a chair. The affrighted girl called for assistance, and endeavoured by every means in her power to recover her: but it was impossible; the gout had seized her head; and casting on Emmeline a look which seemed to express all she felt at leaving her thus desolate and friendless, her venerable friend, after a short struggle, breathed her last.

What should Emmeline now do? In this distress (the first she had ever known) how could she act? She saw, in the lifeless corpse before her, the person on whom she had, from her first recollection, been accustomed to rely; who had provided for all her wants, and prevented every care for herself. And now she was left to perform for this dear friend the last sad offices, and knew not what would hereafter be her own lot.

In strong and excellent understandings there is, in every period of life, a force which distress enables them to exert, and which prevents their sinking under the pressure of those evils which overwhelm and subdue minds more feeble and unequal.

The spirits of Emmeline were yet unbroken by affliction, and her understanding was of the first rank. She possessed this native firmness in a degree very unusual to her age and sex. Instead, therefore, of giving way to tears and exclamations, she considered how she should best perform all she could now do for her deceased friend; and having seen every proper care taken of her remains, and given orders for every thing relative to them, with the solemn serenity of settled sorrow, she retired to her room, where she began to reflect on her irreparable loss, and the melancholy situation in which she was left, which she never had courage to consider closely till it was actually before her.

Painful indeed were the thoughts that now crowded on her mind; increasing the anguish of her spirit for her recent misfortune. She considered herself as a being belonging to nobody; as having no right to claim the protection of any one; no power to procure for herself the necessaries of life. On the steward Maloney she had long looked with disgust, from the assured and forward manner in which he thought

proper to treat her. The freedom of his behaviour, which she could with difficulty repress while Mrs. Carey lived, might now, she feared, approach to more insulting familiarity; to be exposed to which, entirely in his power, and without any female companion, filled her with the most alarming apprehensions: and the more her mind dwelt on that circumstance, the more she was terrified at the prospect before her; insomuch, that she would immediately have quitted the house—But whither could she go?

By abruptly leaving the asylum Lord Montreville had hitherto allowed her, she feared she might forfeit all claim to his future protection; and, unknown as she was to the principal inhabitants of the country, who were few, and their houses at a great distance, she could hardly hope to be received by any of them.

She had therefore no choice left, but to remain at the castle till she heard from Lord Montreville; and she determined to acquaint his Lordship of the death of Mrs. Carey, and desired to receive his commands as to herself.

Fatigued and oppressed, she retired to bed, but not to sleep. The image of her expiring protectress was still before her eyes; and if exhausted nature forced her to give way to a momentary forgetfulness, she soon started from her imperfect slumber, and fancied she heard the voice of Mrs. Carey, calling on her for help; and her last groan still vibrated in her ears!—while the stillness of the night, interrupted only by the cries of the owls which haunted the ruins, added to the gloomy and mournful sensations of her mind.

At length however the sun arose—the surrounding objects lost the horror that darkness and silence had

lent them—and Emmeline fell into a short but refreshing repose.

C H A P. II.

AS soon as Emmeline arose the next morning, she addressed the following letter to Lord Montreville :

“ My Lord,

“ In the utmost affliction, I address myself to your Lordship, to acquaint you with the death of Mrs. Carey, after an illness of a very few moments; by which unhappy event, I have lost a friend who has indeed been a mother to me; and am now left at the castle, ignorant of your Lordship’s pleasure as to my future residence.

“ You will, my Lord, I doubt not, recollect that it is, at my time of life, improper for me to reside here with Mr. Maloney; and if it be your Lordship’s intention for me to continue here, I hope you will have the goodness to send down some proper person to fill the place of the worthy woman I have lost.

“ On your Lordship’s humanity and consideration I depend for an early answer: in which hope I have the honour to remain,

“ Your Lordship’s

“ dutiful and most humble servant,

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

*Mowbray Castle,
21st May.*

The same post carried a letter from Mr. Maloney, informing Lord Montreville of the housekeeper's death, and desiring directions about *Miss*, as he elegantly termed Emmeline.

To these letters no answers were returned for upwards of a fortnight: during which melancholy interval, Emmeline followed to the grave the remains of the friend of her infancy, and took a last farewell of the only person who seemed interested for her welfare. Then returning with streaming eyes to her own room, she threw herself on the bed, and gave way to a torrent of tears; for her spirits were overcome by the mournful scene to which she had just been a witness, and by the heavy forebodings of future sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The troublesome civilities of the steward Maloney, she soon found the difficulty of evading. Fearful of offending him from whom she could not escape, yet unable to keep up an intercourse of civility with a man who would interpret it into an encouragement of his presumptuous attentions, she was compelled to make use of an artifice; and to plead ill health as an excuse for not dining as usual in the steward's room: and indeed her uneasiness and grief were such as hardly made it a pretence.

After many days of anxious expectation, the following letter arrived from the house-steward of Lord Montreville; as on such an occasion his Lordship did not think it necessary to write himself:

"Berkeley-Square, June 17, 17—.

"Miss,

"My Lord orders me to acquaint you, that in consequence of your's of the 21st ult. informing his Lordship of the old housekeeper's (Mrs. Carey's) de-

cease, he has directed Mrs. Grant, his Lordship's town housekeeper, to look out for another: and Mrs. Grant has agreed with a gentlewoman accordingly, who will be down at the castle forthwith. My Lord is gone to Essex; but has directed me to let Mr. Maloney know, that he is to furnish you with all things needful, same as before. By my Lord's command, from, Miss,

“Your very humble servant,

“RICHARD MADDOX.”

While Emmeline waited the expected arrival of the person to whose care she was now to be consigned, the sister of Mrs. Carey, who was the only relation she had, sent a nephew of her husband's to take possession of what effects had belonged to her; in doing which, a will was found, in which she bequeathed fifty pounds as a testimony of her tender affection to “Miss Emmeline Mowbray, the daughter of her late dear master;” together with all the contents of a small chest of drawers, which stood in her room.

The rest of her property, which consisted of her clothes, and about two hundred pounds, which she had saved in service, became her sister's, and were delivered by Maloney to the young man commissioned to receive them.

In the drawers given to her, Emmeline found some fine linen and laces, which had belonged to her mother; and two little silk boxes covered with nun's embroidery, which seemed not to have been opened for many years.

Emmeline saw that they were filled with letters; some of them in a hand which she had been shewn as her father's. But she left them uninspected, and

fastened up the caskets; her mind being yet too much affected with her loss, to be able to examine any thing which brought to her recollection the fond solicitude of her departed friend.

The cold and mechanical terms in which the steward's letter was written, increased all her uneasy fears as to her future prospects.

Lord Montreville seemed to feel no kindness for her; nor to give any consideration to her forlorn and comfortless situation. The officious freedoms of Maloney increased so much, that she was obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room to avoid him; and she determined, that if after the arrival of the companion she expected, he continued to besiege her with so much impertinent familiarity, she would quit the house, though compelled to accept the meanest service for a subsistence.

After a fortnight of expectation, notice was received at the castle, that Mrs. Garnet, the housekeeper, was arrived at the market town. The labourer, with an horse, was dispatched for her, and towards evening she made her entry.

To Emmeline, who had from her earliest remembrance been accustomed only to the plainest dress, and the most simple and sober manners, the figure and deportment of this woman appeared equally extraordinary.

She wore a travelling dress of tawdry-coloured silk, trimmed with bright green ribbons; and her head was covered with an immense black silk hat, from which depended many yellow streamers; while the plumage, with which it was plentifully adorned, hung dripping over her face, from the effects of a thunder shower through which she had passed. Her hair, though carefully curled and powdered on her leaving London, had been also greatly deranged in

her journey, and descended, in knotty tufts of a dirty yellow, over her cheeks and forehead; adding to the vulgar ferocity of a harsh countenance and a coarse complexion. Her figure was uncommonly tall and bony; and her voice so discordant and shrill, as to pierce the ear with the most unpleasant sensation, and complete the disagreeable idea her person impressed.

Emmeline saw her enter, handed by the officious Maloney; and repressing her astonishment, she arose and attempted to speak to her: but the contrast between the dirty, tawdry, and disgusting figure before her, and the sober plainness and neat simplicity of her lost friend, struck so forcibly on her imagination, that she burst into tears, and was altogether unable to command her emotion.

The steward having with great gallantry handed in the newly-arrived lady, she thus began:

“Oh! Lord a marcy on me!—to be shure I be got here at last! But indeed if I had a known whereabout I was a coming to, ’tis not a double the wagers as should a hired me. Lord! why what a ramthakel ould place it is!—and then such a monstrous long way from London! I suppose, Sir,” (to Maloney) “as you be the steward; and you Miss, I reckon, be the young Miss as I be to have the care on. Why to be sure I did’nt much expect to see a christian face in such an out of the way place. I don’t b’leve I shall stay, howsomdever. Do let me have some tea: and do you, Miss, shew me whereabout I be to sleep.”

Emmeline, struggling with her dislike, or at least desirous of concealing it, did not venture to trust her voice with an answer; for her heart was too full; but stepping to the door, she called to the female servant, and ordered her to shew the lady her

room. She had herself been used to share that appropriated to Mrs. Carey; but she now resolved to remove her bed into an apartment in one of the turrets of the castle, which was the only unoccupied room not wholly exposed to the weather.

This little room had been fished by Mrs. Mowbray on account of the beautiful prospects it commanded between the hills, where suddenly sinking on the south-west, they made way through a long narrow valley, fringed with copses, for a small but rapid river; which hurrying among immense stones, and pieces of rock that seemed to have been torn from the mountains by its violence, rushed into the sea at the distance of a mile from the castle.

This room, now for many years neglected, was much out of repair, but still habitable; and though it was at a great distance from the rooms still occupied, Emmeline chose rather to take up her abode in it, than partake of the apartment which was now to belong to Mrs. Garnet; and she found reason to applaud herself for this determination, when she heard the exclamation Mrs. Garnet made on entering it—

“Lord! why ’tis but a shabbyish place; and here is two beds I see. But that won’t suit me I afshore you. I chuses to have a room to myself, if it be ever so.”

“Be not in any pain on that account, Madam,” said Emmeline, who had now collected her thoughts; “it is my intention to remove my bed, and I have directed a person to do it immediately.”

She then returned into the steward’s room, where Maloney thus addressed her—

“Sarvent again, pretty Miss! Pray how d’ye like our new housekeeper? A smartish piece of goods

upon my word for Pembroke-shire; quite a London lady, eh, Miss?"

"It is impossible for me, Sir, to judge of her yet."

"Why ay, Miss, as you justly observes, 'tis full early to know what people be; but I hope we shall find her quite the thing; and if so be as she's but good tempered, and agreeable, and the like, why I warrant we shall pass this here summer as pleasant as any thing can be. And now my dear Miss, perhaps, may'nt be so shy and distant, as she have got another woman body to keep her company."

This eloquent harangue was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Garnet, full of anxiety for her tea; and in the bustle created by the desire of the maid and Maloney to accommodate her, Emmeline retired to her new apartment, where she was obliged to attend to the removal of her bed and other things; and excusing herself, under the pretence of fatigue, from returning to the steward's room, she passed some time in melancholy recollection, and more melancholy anticipation, and then retired to rest.

Some days passed in murmurs on the part of Mrs. Garnet, and in silence on that of Emmeline; who, as soon as she had finished her short repasts, always went to her own room.

After a few weeks, she discovered that the lady grew every day more reconciled to her situation; and from the pleasures she apparently took in the gallantries of Maloney, and his constant assiduities to her, the innocent Emmeline supposed there was really an attachment forming between them, which would certainly deliver her from the displeasing attentions of the steward.

Occupied almost entirely by her books, of which she every day became more enamoured, she never willingly broke in upon a tête à tête which she fancied

ried was equally agreeable to all parties; and she saw with satisfaction that they regretted not her absence.

But the motives of Maloney's attention were misunderstood. Insensible as such a man must be supposed to the charms of the elegant and self-cultivated mind of Emmeline, her personal beauty had made a deep impression on his heart; and he had formed a design of marrying her, before the death of Mrs. Carey, to whom he had once or twice mentioned something like a hint of his wishes: but she had received all his discourse on that topic with so much coldness, and ever so carefully avoided any conversation that might again lead to it, that he had been deterred from entirely explaining himself. Now, however, he thought the time was arrived, when he might make a more successful application; for he never doubted but that Mrs. Garnet would obtain, over the tender and ingenuous mind of Emmeline, an influence as great as had been possessed by Mrs. Carey.

Nor did he apprehend that a friendless orphan, without fortune or connections, would want much persuasion to marry a young man of handsome figure (as he conceived himself to be); who was established in a profitable place, and had some dependance of his own.

The distance which Emmeline had always obliged him to observe, he imputed to the timidity of her nature; which he hoped would be lessened by the free and familiar manners of her present companion, whose conversation was very unlike what she had before been accustomed to hear from Mrs. Carey.

Impressed with these ideas, he paid his court most assiduously to the housekeeper, who put down all his compliments to the account of her own attractions; and was extremely pleased with her conquest; which he exhausted all her eloquence and all her wardrobe to secure.

C H A P. III.

IN this situation were the inhabitants of Mowbray Castle; when, in the beginning of July, orders were received from Lord Montreville, to set workmen immediately about repairing the whole end of the castle which was yet habitable; as his son, Mr. Delamere, intended to come down early in the Autumn, to shoot, for some weeks, in Wales. His Lordship added, that it was possible he might himself be there also for a few weeks; and therefore directed several bed-chambers to be repaired, for which he would send down furniture from London.

No time was lost in obeying these directions. Workmen were immediately procured, and the utmost expedition used to put the place in a situation to receive its master: while Emmeline, who foresaw that the arrival of Lord Montreville would probably occasion some change in regard to herself, and who thought that every change must be for the better, beheld these preparations with pleasure.

All had been ready some weeks, and the time fixed for Mr. Delamere's journey elapsed, but he had yet given no notice of his arrival.

At length, towards the middle of September, they were one evening alarmed by the noise of horses on the ascent to the castle.

Emmeline retired to her own room, fearful of she knew not what; while Mrs. Garnet and Maloney flew eagerly to the door, where a French valet, and an English groom with a led horse, presented themselves, and were ushered into the old kitchen; the dimensions of which, blackened as it was with the smoke of ages, and provided with the immense utensils of ancient hospitality, failed not to amaze them both.

The Frenchman expressed his wonder and dislike by several grimaces; and then addressing himself to Mrs. Garnet, exclaimed—"Peste! Milor croit'il qu'on peut subsister dans cette espece d'enfer? Montrez-moi les appartements de Monsieur."

"Oh, your name is Mounseer, is it?" answered she—"Aye, I thought so—what would you please to have, Mounseer?"—"Diable!" cried the distressed valet; "voici une femme aussi sauvage que le lieu qu'elle habite. Com, com, you Jean Groom, speak littel to dis voman pour moi."

With the help of John, who had been some time used to his mode of explaining himself, Mrs. Garnet understood that Mounseer desired to be shewn the apartments destined for his master, which he assiduously assisted in preparing; and then seeing the woman busied in following his directions, he attempted to return to his companion; but by missing a turning which should have carried him to the kitchen, was bewildered among the long galleries and obscure passages of the castle, and after several efforts, could neither find his way back to the woman, nor into the kitchen; but continued to blunder about till the increasing gloom, which approaching night threw over the arched and obscure apartments, thro' windows dim with painted glass, filled him with apprehension and dismay, and he believed he should wander there the whole night; in which fear he began to make a strange noise for assistance; to which nobody attended, for indeed nobody for some time heard him. His terror increasing, he continued to traverse one of the passages, when a door at the corner of it opened, and Emmeline came out.

The man, whose imagination was by this time filled with ideas of spectres, flew back at her sudden

appearance, and added the contortions of fear to his otherwise grotesque appearance, in a travelling jacket of white cloth, laced, and his hair in papillotes.

Emmeline, immediately comprehending that it was one of Mr. Delamere's servants, inquired what he wanted; and the man, re-assured by her voice and figure, which there was yet light enough to discern, approached her, and endeavoured to explain that he had lost himself, in a language which, though Emmeline did not understand, she knew to be French.

She walked with him therefore to the gallery, which opened to the great staircase, from whence he could hardly mistake his way; where having pointed it to him, she turned back towards her own room.

But Millefleur, who had now an opportunity to contemplate the person of his conductress, was not disposed so easily to part with her.

By the extreme simplicity of her dress, he believed her to be only some fair villager, or an assistant to the housekeeper; and therefore without ceremony he began in broken English to protest his admiration, and seized her hand with an impertinent freedom extremely shocking to Emmeline.

She snatched it from him; and flying hastily back through those passages which all his courage did not suffice to make him attempt exploring again, she regained her turret, the door of which she instantly locked and bolted; then breathless with fear and anger, she reflected on the strange and unpleasant scene she had passed through, and felt greatly humbled, to find that she was now likely to be exposed to the insolent familiarity of servants, from which she knew not whether the presence of the master would protect her.

While she suffered the anguish these thoughts brought with them, Millefleur travelled back to the

kitchen, where he began an oration in his own language on the beauty of the young woman he had met with.

Neither Mrs. Garnet nor Maloney understood what he was saying; but John, who had been in France, and knew a good deal of the language, told them that he had seen a very pretty girl, in whose praise he was holding forth.

"Why, Lord," exclaimed Mrs. Garnet, "'tis our Miss as Mounseer means; I had a quite forgot the child; I'll go call her; but howsomdever, Mounseer won't be able to get a word out of her; if she's a beauty, I afshore you 'tis a dumb beauty."

Maloney, by no means pleased with Millefleur's discovery, would willingly have prevented the housekeeper's complaisance; but not knowing how to do it, he was obliged to let her ascend to Emmeline, whose door she found locked.

"Miss! Miss!" cried she, rapping loudly, "you must come down."

"Is my Lord or Mr. Delamere arrived?" inquired Emmeline.

"No," replied Mrs. Garnet, neither of 'em be'nt come yet; but here's my Lord's waley de sham, and another sarvent, and you'll come down to tea to be sure."

"No," said Emmeline, "you must excuse me, Mrs. Garnet. I am not very well; and if I were, should decline appearing to these people, with whom, perhaps, it may not be my Lord's design that I should associate."

"People!" exclaimed Mrs. Garnet; as to people, I do suppose that for all one of them is a Frenchman, they be as good as other folks; and if I am agreeable to let them drink tea in my room, sure you,

Miss, mid'nt be so squeamish. But do as you please; for my part I shan't court beauties."

So saying, the angry housekeeper descended to her companions, to whom she complained of the pride and ill manners of Miss; while Maloney rejoiced at a reserve so favourable to the hopes he entertained.

Emmeline determined to remain as much as possible in her own room, till Lord Montreville or Mr. Delamere came, and then to solicit her removal.

She therefore continued positively to refuse to appear to the party below; and ordered the maid servant to bring her dinner into her own room, which she never quitted till towards evening, to pursue her usual walks.

On the third afternoon subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Delamere's avant-couriers, Emmeline went down to the sea-side, and seating herself on a fragment of rock, fixed her eyes insensibly on the restless waves that broke at her feet. The low murmurs of the tide retiring on the sands; the sighing of the wind among the rocks which hung over her head, clothed with long grass and marine plants; the noise of the sea-fowl going to their nests among the cliffs; threw her into a profound reverie.

She forgot awhile all her apprehended misfortunes, a sort of stupor took possession of her senses, and she no longer remembered how the time passed there, which already exceeded two hours; though the moon, yet in its increase, was arisen, and threw a long line of radiance on the water.

Thus lost in indistinct reflections, she was unconscious of the surrounding objects, when the hasty tread of somebody on the pebbles behind her, made her suddenly recollect herself; and though accustomed to be so much alone, she started in some a-

alarm in remembering the late hour, and the solitary place where she was.

A man approached her, in whom with satisfaction she recollected a young peasant of the village, who was frequently employed in messages from the castle.

"Miss Emmy," said the lad, "you are wanted at home; for there is my Lord his own self, and the young Lord, and more gentle folks come; so Madam Garnet sent me to look for you all about."

Emmeline, hurried by this intelligence, walked hastily away with the young villager, and soon arrived at the castle.

The wind had blown her beautiful hair about her face, and the glow of her cheeks was heightened by exercise and apprehension. A more lovely figure than she now appeared could hardly be imagined. She had no time to reflect on the interview; but hastened immediately into the parlour where Lord Montreville was sitting with his son; Mr. Fitz-Edward, who was a young officer, his friend, distantly related to the family; and Mr. Headly, a man celebrated for his knowledge of rural improvements, whom Lord Montreville had brought down to have his opinion of the possibility of rendering Mowbray Castle a residence fit for his family for a few months in the year.

Lord Montreville was about five and forty years old. His general character was respectable. He had acquitted himself with honour in the senate; and in private life had shewn great regularity and good conduct. But he had basked perpetually in the sun-shine of prosperity; and his feelings, not naturally very acute, were blunted by having never suffered in his own person any uneasiness which might have taught him sensibility for that of others.

To this cause it was probably owing, that he never reflected on the impropriety of receiving his niece before strangers; and that he ordered Emmeline to be introduced into the room where they were all sitting together.

Having once seen Emmeline a child of five or six years old, he still formed an idea of her as a child, and adverted not to the change that almost nine years had made in her person and manners; it was therefore with some degree of surprise, that instead of the child he expected, he saw a tall, elegant young woman, whose air, though timidity was the most conspicuous in it, had yet much of dignity and grace, and in whose face he saw the features of his brother, softened into feminine beauty.

The apathy which prosperity had taught him, gave way for a moment to his surprise at the enchanting figure of his niece.

He arose, and approached her.—“Miss Mowbray! how amazingly you are grown! I am glad to see you.” He took her hand; while Emmeline, trembling and blushing, endeavoured to recollect herself, and said—

“I thank you, my Lord, and I am happy in having an opportunity of paying my respects to your Lordship.”

He led her to a seat, and again repeated his wonder to find her so much grown.

Delamere, who had been standing at the fire conversing with Fitz-Edward, now advanced, and desired his father to introduce him; which ceremony being passed, he drew a chair close to that in which Emmeline was placed; and fixing his eyes on her face with a look of admiration and inquiry that extremely abashed her, he seemed to be examining the beauties of that lovely and interesting countenance,

which had so immediately dazzled and surprised him.

Fitz-Edward, a young soldier, related to the family of Lady Montreville, was almost constantly the companion of Delamere, and had expectations that the interest Lord Montreville possessed would be exerted to advance him in his profession. His manner was very insinuating, and his person uncommonly elegant. He affected to be a judge as well as an admirer of beauty, and seemed to behold with approbation the fair inhabitant of the castle; who, with heightened blushes, and averted looks, waited in silence till Lord Montreville should again address her, which he at length did.

"I was sorry, Miss Mowbray, to hear of the death of old Carey."

The tears started into the eyes of Emmeline.

"She was an excellent servant, and served the family faithfully many years."

Poor Emmeline felt the tears fall on her bosom.

"But however she was old; and had been, I suppose, long infirm. I hope the person who now fills her place has supplied it to your satisfaction?"

"Ye—es, yes, my Lord;" inarticulately sobbed Emmeline, quite overcome by the mention of her old friend.

"I dare say she does," resumed his Lordship; "for Grant, of whom Lady Montreville has a very high opinion, assured her Ladyship she was well recommended."

Emmeline now found her emotion very painful; she therefore rose to go, and curtsying to Lord Montreville, tried to wish him good night.

"Good night to you, Miss Mowbray," said he, rising. Delamere started from his chair; and taking her hand, desired to have the honour of conducting

her to her room. But this was a gallantry his father by no means approved. "No, Frederic," said he, taking himself the hand he held, "you will give *me* leave to see Miss Mowbray to the door." He led her thither, and then bowing, wished her again good night.

Emmeline hurried to her room; where she endeavoured to recollect her dissipated spirits, and to consider in what way it would be proper to address Lord Montreville the next day, to urge her request of a removal from the castle.

Mrs. Carey had a sister who resided at Swansea in Glamorganshire; where her husband had a little place in the excise, and where she had a small house, part of which she had been accustomed to let to those who frequented the place for the benefit of sea-bathing.

She was old, and without any family of her own; and Emmeline, to whom she was the more agreeable as being the sister of Mrs. Carey, thought she might reside with her with propriety and comfort, if Lord Montreville would allow her a small annual stipend for her clothes and board.

While she was considering in what manner to address herself to his Lordship the next day, the gentlemen were talking of the perfections of the nymph of the castle; by which name Delamere toasted her at supper.

Lord Montreville, who did not seem particularly delighted with the praise his son so warmly bestowed, said—

"Why surely, Frederic, you are uncommonly eloquent on behalf of your Welch cousin."

"Faith, my Lord," answered Delamere, "I like her so well, that I think it's a little unlucky I did not

come alone. My Welch cousin is the very thing for a tête à tête."

"Yes," said Lord Montreville, carelessly, "she is really grown a good fine young woman. Don't you think so, George?" addressing himself to Fitz-Edward.

"I do indeed, my Lord," answered he; "and here's Mr. Headly, though an old married man, absolutely petrified with admiration."

"Upon my soul, Headly," continued Delamere, "I already begin to see great capabilities about this venerable mansion. I think I shall take to it, as my father offers it me; especially as I suppose Miss Emmeline is to be included in the inventory."

"Come, come, Frederic," said Lord Montreville, gravely, "no light conversation on the subject of Miss Mowbray. She is under my care; and I must have her treated with propriety."

His Lordship immediately changed the discourse, and soon after complaining of being fatigued, retired to his chamber.

CHAP. IV.

LORD Montreville, whose first object was his son, had observed, with some alarm, the immediate impression he seemed to have received from the beauty of Emmeline.

The next day, he made some farther remarks on his attention to her when they met at dinner, which gave him still more uneasiness; and he accused himself of great indiscretion in having thrown an object, whose loveliness he could not help acknowledging, in the way of Delamere, whose ardent and impetuous temper he knew so well. This gave his be-

haviour to Emmeline an air of coldness, and even of displeasure, which prevented her summoning courage to speak to him in the morning of the day after his arrival: and the evening afforded her no opportunity; for Lord Montreville, determined to keep her as much as possible out of the sight of Delamere, did not send for her down to supper, and had privately resolved to remove her as soon as possible to some other residence.

Thus his apprehensions lest his son should form an attachment prejudicial to his ambitious views, produced in his Lordship's mind a resolution in regard to placing more properly his orphan niece, which no consideration, had it related merely to herself, would probably have effected.

At supper, Delamere inquired eagerly for his "lovely cousin." To which Lord Montreville dryly answered, "that she did not, he believed, sup below."

But the manner of this inquiry, and the anxious looks Delamere directed towards the door, together with his repeated questions, increased all Lord Montreville's fears.

He went to bed out of humour rather with himself than his son; and rising early the next morning, inquired for Miss Mowbray.

Miss Mowbray was walked out, as was her custom, very early, no one knew whither.

He learned also that Mr. Delamere was gone out with his gun without Fitz-Edward; who not being very fond of field sports, had agreed to join him at a later hour.

He immediately fancied that Delamere and Emmeline might meet; and the pain such a suspicion brought with it, was by him, who had hardly ever felt an hour's uneasiness, considered as so great an

evil, that he determined to put an end to it as soon as possible.

After an hasty breakfast in his own room, he summoned Maloney to attend him, and went over the accounts of the estates entrusted to him, with the state of which his Lordship declared himself well contented. And not knowing to whom else he could apply, to inquire for a situation for Emmeline, he told Maloney, that as Miss Mowbray was now of an age to require some alteration in her mode of life, he was desirous of finding for her a reputable house in some town in Wales, where she might lodge and board.

Maloney, encouraged by being thus consulted by his Lord, ventured, with many bows, blushes, and stammering apologies, to disclose to Lord Montreville his partiality to Miss Mowbray.

And this communication he so contrived to word, that his Lordship had no doubt of Emmeline's having allowed him to make it.

Lord Montreville listened therefore in silence, and without any marks of disapprobation, to the account Maloney proceeded to give of his prospects and property.

While he was doing so, family pride made a faint struggle in his Lordship's breast on behalf of his deserted ward. He felt some pain in determining, that a creature boasting a portion of the Mowbray blood, should sink into the wife of a man of such inferior birth as Maloney.

But when the advantages of so easily providing for her were recollected; when he considered that Maloney would be happy to take her with a few hundred pounds, and that all apprehensions in regard to his son would by that means for ever be at an end; avarice and ambition, two passions which too much influenced Lord Montreville, joined to persuade him

of the propriety of the match ; and became infinitely too powerful to let him listen to his regard to the memory of his brother, or his pity for his deserted ward.

He thought, that as the existence of Emmeline was hardly known beyond the walls of the castle, he should incur no censure from the world if he consigned her to that obscurity to which the disadvantages of her birth seemed originally to have condemned her.

These reflections arose while Maloney, charmed to find himself listened to, was proceeding in his discourse.

Lord Montreville, though too much used to the manners of politicians to be able to give a direct answer, at length put an end to it, by telling him he would consider of what he had said, and talk to him farther in a few days.

In the meantime his Lordship desired that no part of their conversation might transpire.

Maloney, transported at a reception which seemed to prognosticate the completion of his wishes, retired, elated with his prospects; and Lord Montreville, summoning Mr. Headly to attend him, mounted his horse to survey the ground on which he meditated improvements round the castle.

The cold and almost stern civility of Lord Montreville, for the little time Emmeline had seen him, had created despondence and uneasiness in her bosom.

She fancied he disliked her, unoffending as she was, and would take the first opportunity of shaking her off:—an idea which, together with the awe she could not help feeling in his presence, made her determine as much as possible to avoid it, till he should

give her a proper opportunity to speak to him, or all she could acquire courage to seek it.

At seven in the morning, she arose, after an uneasy night; and having taken an early breakfast, betook herself to her usual walk, carrying with her a book.

The sun was hot, and she went to a wood which partly clothed an high hill near the boundary of the estate, where, intent only on her own sorrows, she could not beguile them by attending to the fictitious and improbable calamities of the heroine of a novel, which Mrs. Garnet, probably forgetting to restore to the library of some former Mistress, had brought down among her clothes, and which had been seized by Emmeline as something new, at least to her.

But her mind, overwhelmed with its own anxiety, refused its attention: and tired with her walk, she sat down on a tree that had been felled, reflecting on what had passed since Lord Montreville's arrival, and considering how she might most effectually interest him in her behalf.

Delamere, attended by a servant, had gone upon the hills in pursuit of his game; and having had great success for some hours, he came down about eleven o'clock into the woods, to avoid the excessive heat, which was uncommon for the season.

The noise he made in brushing through the under-wood with his gun, and rustling among the fading leaves, alarmed her.

He stepped over the timber, and seating himself by her, seized her hands.

"Oh! my charming cousin," cried he, "I think myself one of the most fortunate fellows on earth, thus to meet you."

Emmeline would have risen.

"Oh! no," continued he, "indeed you do not go, till we have had a little conversation."

"I cannot stay, indeed Sir," said Emmeline—"I must immediately go home."

"By no means; I cannot part with you.—Come, come, sit down and hear what I have to say."

It was to no purpose to resist. The impetuous vehemence of Delamere was too much for the timid civility of Emmeline; and not believing that any thing more than common conversation or a few unmeaning compliments would pass, she sat down with as much composure as she could command.

But Delamere, who was really captivated at the first, and who now thought her more beautiful than he had done in their former interviews, hesitated not to pour forth the most extravagant professions of admiration, in a style so unequivocal, that Emmeline, believing he meant to insult her, burst into a passion of tears, and besought him, in a tremulous and broken voice, not to be so cruel as to affront her, but to suffer her to return home.

Delamere could not see her terror without being affected. He protested, that so far from meaning to give her pain, he should think himself too happy if she would allow him to dedicate his whole life to her service.

Poor Emmeline, however, continued to weep, and to beseech him to let her go; to which, as her distress arose almost to agony, he at length consented: and taking her arm within his, he said he would walk home with her himself.

To this Emmeline in vain objected.

To escape was impossible.

To prevail on him to leave her equally so. She was therefore compelled to follow him. Which she

did with reluctance ; while he still continued to profess to her the most violent and serious attachment.

They proceeded in this manner along the nearest path to the castle, which lay principally among copses that fringed the banks of the river.

They had just passed through the last, and entered the meadows which lay immediately under the castle walls, when Lord Montreville and Headly, on horseback, appeared from a woody lane just before them.

At the noise of horses so near them, Emmeline looked up, and seeing Lord Montreville, again struggled, but without success, to disengage her hand.

Delamere continued to walk on, and his Lordship soon came up to them. He checked his horse, and said, somewhat sternly, " So, Sir, where have you been ? "

Delamere, without the least hesitation, answered — " shooting, my Lord, the early part of the morning ; and since that, making love to my cousin, who was so good as to sit and wait for me under a tree. "

" For mercy's sake, Mr. Delamere, " cried Emmeline, " consider what you say. "

" Waiting for you under a tree ! " cried Lord Montreville, in amazement. " Do Miss Mowbray be so good as to return home. — And you Frederic, will, I suppose, be back by dinner time. "

" Yes, " answered Delamere, " When I have conducted my cousin home, I shall go out again, perhaps, for an hour before dinner. "

He was then walking on, without noticing the stern and displeased looks of his father, or the terror of poor Emmeline, who saw too evidently that Lord Montreville was extremely angry.

His Lordship, after a moment's pause, dismounted, gave his horse to a servant, and joined them, telling Delamere he had some business with Miss Mowbray, and would therefore walk with her towards the castle himself.

Delamere kissed her hand gaily; and assuring his father, that for the first time in his life he felt an inclination to take his business off his hands, he beckoned to his servant to follow with his dogs, and then leaping over the hedge that separated the meadow from the hollow lane, he disappeared.

Emmeline, trembling with apprehension, walked with faltering steps by the side of Lord Montreville, who for some time was silent. He at length said—"Your having been brought up in retirement, Miss Mowbray, has, perhaps, prevented your being acquainted with the decorums of the world, and the reserve which a young woman should ever strictly maintain. You have done a very improper thing in meeting my son; and I must desire, that while you are at the castle, no such appointments may take place in future."

Though she saw, from the first moment of his meeting them, that he had conceived this idea, and was confirmed in it by Delamere's speech; yet she was so much shocked and hurt by the address, that as she attempted to answer, her voice failed her.

The tears, however, which streamed from her eyes, having a little relieved her, she endeavoured to assure his Lordship, that till she met Mr. Delamere in the wood that morning, she did not know even of his having left the castle.

"And how happened you to be where he found you, Miss Mowbray?"

"I went thither, my Lord, with a book which I was eager to finish."

"Oh! I remember that Maloney told me you was a great reader; and from some other discourse he held relative to you, I own I was the more surprised at your indiscretion in regard to my son."

They were by this time arrived at the castle, and Lord Montreville desired Emmeline to follow him into the parlour, where they both sat down.

His Lordship renewed the discourse.

"This morning Maloney has been talking to me about you; and from what he said, I concluded you had formed with him engagements which should have prevented you from listening to the boyish and improper conversation of Mr. Delamere."

"Engagements with Mr. Maloney, my Lord? Surely he could never assert that I have ever formed engagements with him?"

"Why, not absolutely so.—I think he did not say that. But I understood that you was by no means averse to his informing me of his attachment, and was willing, if my consent was obtained, to become his wife. Perhaps he has no very great advantages; yet considering your situation, which is, you know, entirely dependant, I really think you do perfectly right in designing to accept of the establishment he offers you."

"To become the wife of Maloney!—to accept of the establishment *he* offers me! I am humbled. I am lost indeed!—No, my Lord! unhappy as I am, I can *claim* nothing, it is true; but if the support of an unfortunate orphan, thrown by Providence into your care, is too troublesome, suffer me to be myself a servant; and believe I have a mind, which, though it will not recoil from any situation where I can earn my bread by honest labour, is infinitely superior to

any advantages such a man as Maloney can offer me!"

She wept too much to be able to proceed; and sat, overwhelmed with grief and mortification, while Lord Montreville continued to speak.

"Why distress yourself in this manner, Miss Mowbray? I cannot see any thing which ought to offend you, if Maloney *has* misrepresented the matter; and if he has not, your extraordinary emotion must look like a consciousness of having altered your mind.

"Your motive for doing so cannot be mistaken; but let me speak to you explicitly.—To Mr. Delamere, *my* son, the heir to a title and estate which makes him a desirable match for the daughters of the first houses in the kingdom, *you* can have no pretensions; therefore never do yourself so much prejudice as to let your mind glance that way.

"Maloney tells me he has some property, and still better expectations. He is established here in an excellent place; and should he marry you, it shall be still better. You are (I am sorry to be obliged to repeat it) without any dependance, but on my favour. You will therefore do wisely to embrace a situation in which that favour may be most effectually exerted on your behalf.

"As you have undoubtedly encouraged Maloney, the aversion you now pretend towards him, is artifice or coquetry. Consider before you decide, consider thoroughly what is your situation, and what your expectations; and recollect, that as my son now means to be very frequently at Mowbray Castle, you cannot remain with propriety but as the wife of Maloney."

"Neither as the wife of Maloney, nor as Emmeline Mowbray, will I stay, my Lord, another day!" answered she, assuming more spirit than she had yet

newn. "I wished for an interview, to intreat your Lordship would allow me to go to some place less improper for my abode than Mowbray Castle has long been."

"And whither would you go, Miss Mowbray?"

"On that, my Lord, I wished to consult you. But since it is perhaps a matter unworthy your attention; since it seems to signify little what becomes of me; I must determine to hazard going to Mrs. Watkins', who will probably give me an asylum, at least till I can find some one who will receive me, or some means of providing for myself the necessaries of life."

"You then positively reject the overtures of Maloney?"

"Positively, my Lord—and for ever! I beg it may not be mentioned to me again!"

"And who is Mrs. Watkins?"

"The sister of Mrs. Carey, my Lord."

"Where does she live?"

"At Swansea in Glamorganshire; where she is accustomed to take in boarders. She would, I believe, receive me."

After a moment's consideration, Lord Montreville said, "That perhaps may do, since you absolutely refuse the other plan; I would have you, therefore, prepare to go thither; but I must insist on no more morning interviews with Mr. Delamere, and that whither you are going may be kept unknown to him."

"But tell me," continued he, "what I am to say to poor Maloney?"

"That you are astonished at his insolence in daring to lift his eyes to a person bearing the name of Mowbray; and shocked at his falsehood in presum-

ing to assert that I ever encouraged his impertinent pretensions !”

This effort of spirit exhausted all the courage Emmeline had been able to raise.

She arose, and attempted to reach the door ; but overcome by the violence of her agitation, was obliged to sit down in a chair near it.

She could no longer restrain the tears which were extorted from her by the mortifying scene she had passed through ; and her deep sighs, which seemed ready to burst her heart, excited the compassion of Lord Montreville ; who, where his ambition was not in question, was not void of humanity. The violent and artless sorrow of a beautiful young woman, whose fate seemed to be in his power, affected him.

He took her hand with kindness, and told her “ he was sorry to have said any thing that appeared harsh.”

His Lordship added, “ that he would have her write to Mrs. Watkins ; that a servant should be sent with the letter ; and that on condition of her concealing her abode from Delamere, she should be supplied with an annual income equal to all her wants.”

Then hearing Delamere’s gun, which he always discharged before he entered the house, he hastened Emmeline away, desiring she would remain in her own apartment, where every thing necessary should be sent to her.

C H A P. V.

DELAMERE and Fitz-Edward soon after entered the parlour, where Lord Montreville remained. He received his son with a coldness to which,

ough little accustomed to it, Delamere paid no attention.

Despotic as this beloved son had always been in the family, he felt not the least apprehension that he had really offended his father; or feeling it, knew that his displeasure would be so short-liv'd, that it was not worth any concern.

"Here, Fitz-Edward," said he;—"here is my father angry with me for making love to my cousin Emmy. Faith, Sir," (turning to Lord Montreville) "I think I have the most reason to be angry at being brought into such dangerous company; though your Lordship well knows how devilishly susceptible I am, and that ever since I was ten years old I have been dying for some nymph or other."

"I know that you are a strange inconsiderate boy," answered Lord Montreville, very gravely;—"but I must beg, Frederic, to hear no more idle raillery on the subject of Miss Mowbray."

To this, Delamere gave some slight answer; and the discourse was led by his Lordship to some other topic.

Fitz-Edward, who was about five years older than Delamere, concealed, under the appearance of candour and non-chalance, the libertinism of his character.

He had entered very young into the army; the younger son of an Irish peer; and had contracted his loose morals by being thrown too early into the world; for his heart was not originally bad.

With a very handsome person, he had the most insinuating manners, and an address so truly that of a man of fashion, as immediately prejudiced in his favour those by whom he wished to be thought well of.

Where he desired to please, he seldom failed of

pleasing extremely; and his conversation was, in the general commerce of the world, elegant and attractive.

Delamere was very fond of his company; and Lord Montreville encouraged the intimacy: for of whatever fashionable vices Fitz-Edward was guilty, he contrived, by a sort of sentimental hypocrisy, to prevent their being known to, or at least offensive to those, whose good opinion it was his interest to cultivate.

Delamere was of a character very opposite. Accustomed from his infancy to the most boundless indulgences, he never formed a wish, the gratification of which he expected to be denied: and if such a disappointment happened, he gave way to an impetuosity of disposition which he had never been taught to restrain, and which gave an appearance of ferocity to a temper not otherwise bad.

He was generous, candid, and humane; and possessed many other good qualities, but the defects of his education had obscured them.

Lady Montreville, who beheld in her only son the last male heir of a very ancient and illustrious house, and who hoped to see all its glories revive in him, could never be prevailed upon to part with him.

He had therefore a tutor in the house; and his parents themselves accompanied him abroad. And the weakness of Lady Montreville in regard to her son, increased rather than diminished with his increasing years.

Her fondness was gratified in seeing the perfections of his person (which was a very fine one), while to the imperfections of his temper she was entirely blind.

His father was equally fond of him; and looked up to the accumulated titles and united fortunes of

his own and his wife's families, as the point where his ambitious views would attain their consummation.

To watch over the conduct of this only son, seemed now to be the sole business of his Lordship's life: and till now, he had no reason to fear that his solitude for his final establishment would be attended with so little effect.

Except a few youthful indiscretions, which were overlooked or forgiven, Delamere had shewn no inclinations that seemed inimical to his father's views; and Lord Montreville hoped that his present passion for Emmeline would be forgotten as easily as many other transient attachments which his youth, and warmth of temper, had led him into.

At dinner, Delamere inquired "whether his charming cousin was always to remain a prisoner in her own room?"

To which Lord Montreville answered, "that it had been her custom; and as there was no lady with them, it was better she should continue it."

He then changed the discourse, and contrived to keep Delamere in sight the whole afternoon; and by that means prevented any further inquiries after Emmeline; who now, entirely confined to her turret, impatiently waited the return of the messenger who had been sent to Swansea.

Delamere, in the mean time, had lingered frequently about the housekeeper's room, in hopes of seeing Emmeline; but she never appeared.

He applied to Mrs. Garnet for intelligence of her; but she had received orders from Lord Montreville not to satisfy his inquiries. He employed his servants therefore to discover where she was usually to be found, and by their means was at length informed in what part of the castle her apartment lay; and

that there was a design actually on foot to send her away, but whither he could not learn.

The answer brought from Mrs. Watkins, by the man who had been sent to Swansea, expressed her readiness to take the boarder offered her.

This intelligence Lord Montreville communicated himself to Emmeline; who received it with such artless satisfaction, that his Lordship, who had before doubted whether some degree of coquetry was not concealed under the apparent ingenuous innocence of his niece, now believed he had judged too hastily.

It remained to be considered how she could be conveyed from Mowbray Castle without the knowledge of Delamere.

She was herself ignorant of every thing beyond its walls, and could therefore be of no use in the consultation.

His Lordship had, however, entrusted Fitz-Edward with his uneasiness about Delamere; at which the former only laughed; and said he by no means believed that any serious consequences were to be apprehended: that it was mere badinage; of which he was sure Delamere would think no more after he left Mowbray Castle; and that it was not a matter which his Lordship should allow to make him uneasy.

Lord Montreville, however, who thought he could not too soon remedy his own indiscretion in introducing Emmeline to his son, determined to embrace the opportunity of putting an end to any future correspondence between them: he therefore insisted on a promise of secrecy from Fitz-Edward; and had recourse to Headly, who, from a frequent residence among the great, was the most accommodating and obsequious of their servants.

As he was about to leave the castle in a few days, offered his services to convey Miss Mowbray from hence, in a chaise of which he was master.

This proposal was eagerly accepted by Lord Montreville. And enjoining Mr. Headly also to secrecy, was fixed that their journey should begin the next morning save one.

Emmeline had notice of this arrangement, which she received with the liveliest joy.

She immediately set about such preparations as were necessary for her journey, in which she employed that and the remaining day; which had been denominated by Lord Montreville to visit another estate that he possessed, at the distance of about twelve miles; neither Delamere and the whole party accompanied him.

Delamere had discovered, by his servants, that to move Emmeline was in agitation; and he determined to see her again in spite of his father's precaution (which in fact only served to increase his desire of declaring his sentiments); but he had no idea that she was to go so soon, and therefore was content to remain with his father, at his particular request.

It was late in the evening preceding that on which Emmeline was to depart, before they returned; and she was still busied in providing for her journey; in doing which, she was obliged to open one of the trunks left her by Mrs. Carey. It contained miniatures of her father and her mother, which had been drawn at Paris before her birth; and several letters written by Mrs. Mowbray, her grandmother, to her mother, in consequence of the fatal step she had taken in quitting the protection of that lady, who had brought her up, to accompany Mr. Mowbray abroad.

These, Emmeline had never yet seen; nor had she

now courage entirely to peruse them. The little she read, however, filled her heart with the most painful sensations, and her eyes with tears.

While she was employed in her little arrangements, time passed insensibly away.

She heard the hollow sound of shutting the great doors at the other end of the castle, as was usual before the servants retired for the night: but attentive only to what was at present her greatest concern (making room for some favourite books in the box she meant to take with her), she heeded not the hour.

A total silence had long reigned in the castle, and her almost extinguished candle told her it was time to take some repose, when, as she was preparing to do so, she thought she heard a rustling, and indistinct footsteps in the passage near her room.

She started—listened—but all was again profoundly silent; and she supposed it had been only one of those unaccountable noises which she had been used to hear along the dreary avenues of the castle.

She began anew to unpin her hair, when a second time the same noise in the passage alarmed her.

She listened again; and while she continued attentive, the great clock struck two.

Amazed to find it so late, her terror increased; yet she endeavoured to reason herself out of it, and to believe that it was the effect of fancy.

She heard it no more; and had almost determined to go out into the passage to satisfy herself that her fears were groundless, when just as she approached the door, the whispers were renewed; she saw the lock move, and heard a violent push against it.

The door, however, was locked. Which was no sooner perceived by the assailant, than a violent effort

port with his foot forced the rusty decayed work to give way, and Mr. Delamere burst into the room.

Emmeline was infinitely too much terrified to speak: nor could her trembling limbs support her.

She sat down;—the colour forsook her cheeks;—and she was not sensible that Delamere had thrown himself at her feet, and was pouring forth the most vehement and incoherent expressions that frantic passion could dictate.

Recovering her recollection, she beheld Delamere kneeling before her, holding her hands in his; and Millefleur standing behind him with a candle.

She attempted to speak, but the words died away on her lips: while Delamere, shocked at the situation into which he had thrown her, protested that he meant her not the smallest offence; but that having learnt, by means of his valet, that she was to go the next morning, and that his father intended to keep him ignorant of her future destiny, he could not bear to reflect that he might lose her for ever; and had therefore taken the only means in his power to speak to her in hopes of engaging her pity, for which he would hazard every thing.

“Leave me, Sir! leave me!” said Emmeline, in a voice scarcely articulate. “Leave me instantly, or I will alarm the house!”

“That is almost impossible!” replied Delamere; “but I will not terrify you more than I have done already. No, Emmeline, I wish not to alarm you, and will quit you instantly if you will tell me, that wheresoever you are you will permit me to see you, and will remember me with pity and regard! My father shall not—cannot controul my conduct; nor shall all the power on earth prevent my following you, if you will yourself permit me. Tell me, Emmeline,—tell me you will not forget me!”

“As what, Sir, should I remember you, but my persecutor? as one who has injured me beyond reparation by your wild and cruel conduct, and who has now dared to insult me by a most unparalleled outrage.—Leave me, Sir! I repeat to you that you must instantly quit the room!”

She arose, and walked with tottering steps to the end of it. Delamere followed her. She turned and came towards the door, which was still open, and then recollected, that as she knew the passage of the castle, which she was convinced neither Delamere nor his servant did, she might possibly escape and find Lord Montreville's room, which she knew to be at the end of the east gallery.

Delamere was a few steps behind her when she reached the door; which hastily throwing quite open she ran lightly through the passage, which was very long and dark.

He pursued her, imploring her to hear him but a moment; and the Frenchman as hastily followed his master with the candle. But at the end of the passage, a flight of broken steps led to a brick hall which opened to other stair-cases and galleries.

A gust of wind blew out the candle; and Emmeline, gliding down the steps, turned to the right and opening a heavy nailed door, which led by a narrow stair to the east gallery, she let it fall after her.

Delamere, now in total darkness, tried in vain to follow the sound.

He listened—but no longer heard the footsteps of the trembling fugitive; and cursing his fate, and the stupidity of Millefleur, he endeavoured to find his way back to Emmeline's room, where he thought a candle was still burning. But his attempt was vain. He walked round the hall only to puzzle himself;

the door by which he had entered it, he could regain.

In the mean time Emmeline, breathless with fear, reached the gallery, and feeling her way till she came as she supposed to the door of the room where Lord Montreville slept, she tapped lightly at it.

A man's voice asked who it was?

"It is I, my Lord," cried Emmeline, hardly able to make herself heard.—"Mr. Delamere pursues you."

Somebody opened the door.—But there was no light; and Emmeline retiring a step from it, the person again asked who it was?

"It is Emmeline," replied she; who now first reflected that the voice was not that of Lord Montreville.—She flew therefore towards the next door, with exclamations of increased terror; but Lord Montreville, who was now awakened, appeared at the door with a lamp in his hand; and Emmeline, in answer to his question of what is the matter? endeavored to say that she was pursued by Mr. Delamere; but her fear had so entirely overcome her, that she could scarcely sigh out his name, and gasping like a dying person, sat down on a bench which was near the door.

Fitz-Edward, who was the person she had first spoken to, had by this time dressed himself, and came to her with a glass of water out of his room; while Lord Montreville, hearing his son's name so articulately pronounced, and seeing the speechless and frightened Emmeline sat before him, conceived the most alarming apprehensions, and believed that his son was either dead or dying.

With great difficulty he summoned up courage enough again to beg for Heaven's sake she would tell

him what had occasioned her to leave her room at such an hour?

She again exclaimed, "It is Mr. Delamere, my Lord!"

"What of Mr. Delamere?—what of my son?" cried he, with infinite agitation.

"Save me from him, my Lord!" answered Emmeline, a little recovered by the water she had drunk.

"Where is he then?" said his Lordship.

"I know not," replied Emmeline; "but he came to my room with his servant, and I flew hither to implore your protection."

Fitz-Edward intreated Lord Montreville to be more calm, and to give Miss Mowbray time to recollect herself. He offered to go in search of Delamere; but his Lordship was in too much anxiety to be satisfied with any inquiries but his own.

He therefore said he would go down himself; but Emmeline catching his hand, intreated him not to leave her.

At this moment the voices of Delamere and his man were heard echoing through the whole side of the castle; for wearied with their fruitless attempts to escape, they both called for lights in no very gentle tone.

Lord Montreville easily distinguished from whence the noise came; and followed by Emmeline, whom Fitz-Edward supported, he descended into the brick hall from whence Emmeline had effected her escape, where he found Delamere trembling with passion and Millefleur with fear.

Lord Montreville could not conceal his anger and resentment.

"How comes it, Sir," cried he, addressing himself to his son, "that you dare thus to insult a per-

“Who is under my protection? What excess of rashness and folly has tempted you to violate the retirement of Miss Mowbray?”

“I mean not, my Lord,” answered Delamere, “to attempt a concealment of my sentiments. I love Miss Mowbray; passionately love her; and scorn to dissimulate. I know you had a design to send her from hence; clandestinely to send her; and I determined that she should not go till I had declared my attachment to her, which I found you endeavoured assiduously to prevent. You may certainly remove her from hence; but I protest to you, that wherever she is, there I will endeavour to see her, in spite of the universe.”

Lord Montreville now felt all the force of the error he had committed in that boundless indulgence to which he had accustomed his son. In the first instance of any consequence in which their wishes differed, he saw him ready to throw off the restraint of paternal authority, and daring to avow his resolution to act as he pleased.

This mortifying reflection arose in his mind, while, with a look of mingled anger and amazement he beheld Delamere, who having ordered Millefleur to light his candle, snatched it from him, and hastily retired.

Emmeline, who had stood trembling the whole time behind Lord Montreville, besought him to ring up the housekeeper, and direct her to stay with her for the rest of the night; for she declared she would on no account remain in her own room alone.

His Lordship recommending her to the care of Fitz-Edward, went himself in search of the housekeeper; and Emmeline, refusing to seek a more commodious apartment, sat down in one of the windows of the hall, to wait his return.

Fitz-Edward, to whom she had yet hardly spoken, now entertained her with a profusion of compliments, almost as warm as those she had heard from Delamere; but her spirits, quite exhausted by the terror which had so lately possessed them, could no longer support her; she was unable to give an answer of common civility, and was very glad to see Lord Montreville return with Mrs. Garnet, who, extremely discomposed at being disturbed and obliged to appear in her night-cap, followed her, grumbling, into her room; where, as Emmeline refused to go to it herself, she took possession of her bed, and soon falling into a profound sleep, left its melancholy owner to her sad reflections.

She had not been many minutes indulging them, and wishing for the return of light, before somebody was again at the door. Emmeline, still apprehending Delamere, stepped to it; and was astonished to see Lord Montreville himself.

He entered the room; and told her, that as his son knew of her journey in the morning, he would probably try some means to prevent it, or at least to trace out her abode; that it was therefore absolutely necessary for her to be ready by day-break or before, for which he had prepared Mr. Headly; who was up, and getting ready to set out as soon as there was light enough to make it safe.

Emmeline, who thought she could not be gone too soon, now hastily finished the remainder of her packing; and having dressed herself for her journey, which, notwithstanding her sleepless night, she rejoiced to find so near, she waited with impatience till Mr. Headly summoned her to go.

CHAP. VI.

THE sun no sooner appeared above the horizon, than her conductor was ready with his one-horse chair; and Emmeline being seated in it, and her little baggage adjusted, she left the door of the castle, where Maloney, who saw his favourite hopes vanish as he feared for ever, stood with a rueful countenance to behold her departure.

However desirous she was of quitting a residence which had long been uneasy to her, and which was now become so extremely improper, such is the force of early habit, that she could not bid it adieu without being greatly affected.

There she had passed her earliest infancy, and had known, in that period of unconscious happiness, many delightful hours which would return no more.

It was endeared to her by the memory of that good friend who had supplied to her the place of a parent; from whom alone she had ever heard the soothing voice of maternal solicitude. And as she passed by the village church, which had been formerly the chapel of the monastery, and joined the castle walls, she turned her eyes, filled with tears, towards the spot where the remains of Mrs. Carey were deposited, and sighed deeply; a thousand tender and painful recollections crowding on her heart.

As she left the village, several women and children, who had heard she was going that day, were already waiting to bid her farewell; considering her as the last of that family by whom they had been employed when in health, and relieved when in sickness, they lamented her departure as their greatest misfortune.

The present possessor of the castle bore not the name of Mowbray, and was not at all interested for the peasantry, among whom he was a stranger; they therefore, in losing Emmeline, seemed to lose the last of the race of their ancient benefactors.

Emmeline, affected by their simple expressions of regret, returned their good wishes with tears; and as soon as the chaise drove out of the village, again fixed her eyes on the habitation she had quitted.

Its venerably towers rising above the wood in which it was almost embosomed, made one of the most magnificent features of a landscape which now appeared in sight.

The road lay along the side of what would in England be called a mountain; at its feet rolled the rapid stream that washed the castle walls, foaming over fragments of rock, and bounded by a wood of oak and pine, among which the ruins of the monastery, once an appendage to the castle, reared its broken arches; and marked by grey and mouldering walls, and mounds covered with slight vegetation, it was traced to its connection with the castle itself, still frowning in gothic magnificence, and stretching over several acres of ground: the citadel, which was totally in ruins and covered with ivy, crowning the whole. Farther to the west, beyond a bold and rocky shore, appeared the sea; and to the east, a chain of mountains which seemed to meet the clouds; while on the other side, a rich and beautiful vale, now variegated with the mellowed tints of the declining year, spread its enclosures, till it was lost again among the blue and barren hills.

Headly declaimed eloquently on the charms of the prospect, which gradually unveiled itself as the autumnal mist disappeared.

But Emmeline, though ever alive to the beauties

nature, was too much occupied by her own melancholy reflections, to attend to the animadversions of her companion.

She saw nothing but the castle, of which she believed she was now taking an eternal adieu; and her looks were fixed on it, till the road winding down the hill on the other side, concealed it from her sight.

Heavily imputed her sadness to a very different cause than that of an early and long attachment to a particular spot.

He supposed, that regret at being obliged to leave Delamere, to whose passion he could not believe her insensible, occasioned the melancholy that overwhelmed her.

He spoke to her of him, and affected to lament the uneasiness which so violent and ungovernable a temper in an only son, might occasion to his family.

He then talked of the two young ladies, his sisters, whom he described as the finest young women in the country, and as highly accomplished.

Emmeline sighed at the comparison between *their* situation and her own.

After some hours travelling through roads which made it very fatiguing, they arrived at a little obscure house of entertainment, and after some refreshment, continued their journey unmolested.

Delamere arose early, and calling for Millefleur, inquired at what hour Miss Mowbray was to go.

On hearing that she had left the castle more than an hour, his rage and vexation broke through all the respect he owed his father; who being acquainted by his valet of his resolution immediately to follow the chaise, entered the room.

He remonstrated with him at first with great

warmth; but Delamere, irritated by contradiction, obstinately adhered to his resolution of immediately pursuing the travellers.

Lord Montreville, finding that opposition rather increased than remedied the violence of his son's passionate sallies, determined to try what persuasion would do; and Delamere, whose temper was insensible to the threats of anger, yielded to remonstrance when softened by paternal affection, and consented to forego his intention, if Lord Montreville would tell him where Emmeline was gone.

His Lordship, who probably thought this one of those instances in which falsehood is excuseable if not meritorious, told him with affected reluctance, that she was gone to board at Bridgenorth, with Mrs. Watkins, the sister of old Carey.

As this account was extremely probable, Delamere readily believed it; and having with some difficulty been prevailed upon to pass his word that he would not immediately take any steps to see her, tranquillity was for the present restored to the castle.

Emmeline, in the mean time, after a long and weary journey, arrived at Swansea.

Mrs. Watkins, who expected her, received her in a little but very neat habitation, which consisted of a small room by way of parlour, not unlike the cabin of a packet-boat, and a bed-chamber over it of the same dimensions.

Of these apartments, Emmeline took possession.

Her conductor took leave of her; and she now wished to be able to form some opinion of her new hostess, whose countenance, which extremely resembled that of Mrs. Carey, had immediately prejudiced her in her favour.

Being assured by Lord Montreville of every liberal payment for the board and lodging of Miss Mowbray,

received her with a degree of civility almost oppressive.

But Emmeline, who soon found that she possessed one of that warmth of heart, and lively interest in the happiness of others, which so much endeared to her the memory of her former friend, was very glad when, after a few days, the good woman returned with her usual avidity to the regulation of her domestic matters, and suffered Emmeline to enjoy that solitude which she knew so well how to employ.

Delamere, still lingering at the castle, where he seemed to stay for no other reason than because he had there seen Emmeline, was pensive, restless, and discontent; and Lord Montreville saw, with great alarm, that this impression was less likely to be effaced by time and absence than he had supposed.

Fitz-Edward, obliged to go to Ireland to his regiment for some time, had taken leave of them; and the impatience of Lord Montreville to return to town, was increased by repeated letters from his wife.

Delamere, however, still evaded it; hoping that his father would set out without him, and that he should by that means have an opportunity of going to Bridgenorth, where he determined to solicit Emmeline to consent to a Scottish expedition, and persuaded himself he should not meet a refusal.

At length Lady Montreville, yet more alarmed at the delay, directed her eldest daughter to write to his Lordship, and to give such an account of her health as should immediately oblige the father and son to return.

Delamere, after such a letter, could not refuse to depart; and comforting himself that he might be able soon to escape from the observation of his family, and put his project in execution, he consented to begin his journey. He determined, however, to write

to Miss Mowbray, and to desire her to direct her answer under cover to a friend in London.

He did so; and addressed it to her at Mrs. Watkins', at Bridgenorth: but soon after his arrival in town, the letter was returned to the place from which it was dated; having been opened at the office in consequence of no such person as Miss Mowbray or Mrs. Watkins being to be found there.

Delamere saw he had been deceived, but to complain was fruitless: he had therefore no hope of discovering where Emmeline was, but by lying in wait for some accidental intelligence.

The family usually passed the Christmas recess at their seat in Norfolk; whither Delamere, who at first tried to avoid being of the party, at length agreed to accompany them, on condition of his being allowed to perform an engagement he had made with Mr. Percival for a fortnight. Part of this time he determined to employ in seeing Headly, who did not live above thirty miles from thence; hoping from him to obtain intelligence of Emmeline's abode; and that no suspicion might remain on the mind of his father, he affected to resume his usual gaiety, and was to all appearance as volatile and dissipated as ever.

While the family were in Norfolk, their acquaintance was warmly renewed with that of Sir Francis Devereux, who was lately returned from a residence on the Continent, whither he had been to complete the education of his two daughters, heiresses to his fortune, on the embellishment of whose persons and manners all the modern elegancies of education had been lavished.

They were rather pretty women; and of a family almost as ancient and illustrious as that of Mr. Delamere. Their fortunes were to be immense; and either of them would have been a wife for Delamere,

the choice of whom would greatly have gratified the families on both sides.

Infinite pains were taken to bring the young people frequently together; and both the ladies seemed to allow that Delamere was a conquest worthy their ambition.

As he never refused to entertain them with every appearance of gallantry and vivacity, Lord Montreville flattered himself that at length Emmeline was forgotten; and ventured to propose to his son a marriage with whichever of the Miss Devereux he should prefer.

To which Delamere, who had long foreseen the proposal, answered coldly, "that he was not inclined to marry at all; or if he did, it should not be one of those over-educated puppets."

So far were their acquisitions from having made any impression on his heart, that the frivolous turn of their minds, the studied ornaments of their persons, and the affected refinement of their manners, made him only recollect with more passionate admiration, that native elegance of person and mind which he had seen only in the Orphan of Mowbray Castle.

CHAP. VII.

THERE was, in the person and manner of Emmeline, something so interesting, that those who were little accustomed to attach themselves to any one, were insensibly disposed to love her, and to become solicitous for her welfare.

Even the insensibility with which long and uninterrupted prosperity had encased the heart of Lord Montreville, was not entirely proof against her at-

tractive powers; and when he no longer apprehended the effect of her increasing charms on his son, he suffered himself to feel a degree of pity and even affection for her.

He therefore heard with pleasure that she was contented in her present situation; and was convinced she had kept her word in not giving any intelligence of her residence to Delamere. To shew his approbation of her conduct, he directed a person in town to send her down a small collection of books, some materials for drawing, and other trifles which he thought would be acceptable.

Emmeline, charmed with such acquisitions, felt the most lively gratitude for her benefactor; and having fitted up her little cabin extremely to her satisfaction she found, in the occupation these presents afforded her, all that she wished to engage her attention and gratify her taste.

Sensible of the defects of her education, she applied incessantly to her books; for of every useful and ornamental feminine employment she had long since made herself mistress without any instruction.

She endeavoured to cultivate a genius for drawing, which she inherited from her father; but for want of knowing a few general rules, what she produced had more of elegance and neatness than correctness and knowledge.

She knew nothing of the science of music; but her voice was soft and sweet, and her ear exquisite.

The simple songs, therefore, she had acquired by it, she sung with a pathos which made more impression on her hearers than those studied graces learned by long application, which excite wonder rather than pleasure.

Time, thus occupied, passed lightly away; and the middle of April arrived almost imperceptibly, and

ought again weather which enabled Emmeline to resume her walks along the shore or among the rocks, and to indulge that contemplative turn of mind which she had acquired in the solitude of Cowbray Castle.

It was on one of the finest mornings of an April day, that taking a book with her as usual, she went down to the sea side, and sat reading for some hours; when just as she was about to return home, she saw a beautiful little boy, about five years old, wandering towards the place where she was, picking up shells and sea-weeds, and appearing to be so deeply engaged in his infantine pursuit, that he did not see her till she spoke to him.

"Whose sweet little boy are you, my love?" said

The child looked at her with surprise.

"I am my mama's boy," said he, "and so is Henry," pointing towards another who now approached, and who seemed hardly a year younger.

The second running up to his brother, caught his hand, and they both walked away together, looking behind at the strange lady with some degree of alarm.

Their dress convinced Emmeline that they belonged to a stranger; and as they seemed to have nobody with them, she was under some apprehensions for their safety, and therefore arose to follow them, when, on turning round the point of a rock whose projection had concealed the shore to the left, she saw a lady walking slowly before her, whom the two little boys had now rejoined. In her hand she led a little girl, who seemed only learning to walk; and she was followed by a nursery maid, who held in her arms another, yet an infant at the breast.

The stranger, near whom Emmeline was obliged

to pass, curtsied to her as she went by. And Emmeline was surpris'd at the early appearance of company at a time when she knew it to be so unusual, the stranger was much more so at the uncommon elegance of her form and manner: she was most tempted to believe the fable of the sea nymph and to fancy this one of them.

Emmeline, on regaining her apartment, heard from the hostess, whom she found with another neighbour, that the lady she had seen arrived the evening before, and had taken lodgings at the house of the latter, with an intention of staying great part of the summer.

The next day Emmeline again met the stranger who accosting the fair orphan with all that ease which characterises the address of those who have lived much in good company, they soon entered into conversation; and Emmeline almost as soon discovered that her new acquaintance possessed an understanding as excellent as her person and address were captivating.

She appeared to be not more than five or six and twenty: but her person seemed to have suffered from sorrow that diminution of its charms which time could not yet have effected. Her complexion was faded and wan; her eyes had lost their lustre; and a pensive and languid expression sat on her countenance.

After the first conversation, the two ladies found they liked each other so well, that they met by agreement every day.

Emmeline generally went early to the lodgings of Mrs. Stafford, and stayed the whole day with her, charmed to have found in her new friend, one who could supply to her all the deficiencies of her former instructors.

To a very superior understanding, Mrs. Stafford added the advantages of a polished education, and that ease of manner which the commerce of fashion can supply. She had read a great deal; and her mind, originally elegant and refined, was highly cultivated, and embellished with all the knowledge that could be acquired from the best authors in the modern languages. Her disposition seemed to have been naturally cheerful; for a ray of vivacity would frequently light up her countenance, and a lively and agreeable conversation call forth all its animated gaiety. But it seldom lasted long. Some settled uneasiness lay lurking in her heart; and when it returned forcibly to her, as it frequently did in the midst of the most interesting discourse, a cloud of sorrow obscured the brilliancy of her countenance and language, and she became pensive, silent, and absent.

Emmeline observed this with concern; but was not yet intimate enough with her to inquire or discover the cause.

Sometimes, when she was herself occupied in drawing, or some other pursuit in which Mrs. Stafford delighted to instruct her, she saw that her friend, believing herself unobserved, gave way to all the melancholy that oppressed her heart; and as her children were playing round her, she would gaze mournfully on them till the tears streamed down her cheeks.

By degrees, the utmost confidence took place between them on every subject but one. Mrs. Stafford never dwelt on the cause, whatever it was, which occasioned her to be so frequently uneasy; nor did she ever complain of being so: but she listened with the warmest interest to the little tale Emmeline had to relate, and told her, in return, as much of her

own history as she thought it necessary for her to know.

Emmeline found that she was not a widow, as she had at first supposed; for she spoke sometimes of her husband, and said she expected him at Swansea.

She had been married at a very early age; and they now generally resided at an house which Mr. Stafford's father, who was still living, had purchased for them in Dorsetshire.

"I came hither," said she, "thus early in the year, at Mr. Stafford's request, who is fond of improvements and alterations, and who intends this summer to add considerably to our house; which is already too large, I think, for our present fortune. I was glad to get away from the confusion of workmen, to which I have an aversion; and anxious to let Charles and Henry, who had the measles in the autumn, and who have been frequently ill since, have a long course of sea-bathing. I might indeed have gone to Weymouth, or some nearer place; but I wish to avoid general company, which I could not have done where I am sure of meeting so many of my acquaintance. I rejoice now at my preference of Swansea, since it has been the means of my knowing you, my dear Emmeline."

"And I, madam," returned Emmeline, "have reason to consider the concurrence of circumstances that brought you here as the most fortunate for me. Yet I own to you, that the charm of such society is accompanied with great pain, in anticipating the hour when I must again return to that solitude I have till now considered as my greatest enjoyment."

"Ah! my dear girl!" replied Mrs. Stafford, "check in its first appearance a propensity which I see you frequently betray, to anticipate displeasing or unfortunate events. When you have lived a few

years longer, you will, I fear, learn that every day has evils enough of its own, and that it is well for us we know nothing of those which are yet to come. I speak from experience; for I, when not older than you are, had a perpetual tendency to fancy future calamities, and embittered by that means many of those hours which would otherwise have been really happy. Yet has not my pre-sentiments, though most of them have been unhappily verified, enabled me to avoid one of those thorns with which my path has been thickly strewn."

Emmeline hoped now to hear what hand had strewn them.

Mrs. Stafford, sighing deeply, fell into a reverie; and continuing long silent, Emmeline could not resolve to renew a conversation so evidently painful to her.

It was now six weeks since she had first seen Mrs. Stafford, and the hours had passed in a series of felicity of which she had till then formed no idea.

Mrs. Stafford, delighted with the lively attachment of her young friend, was charmed to find herself capable of adorning her ingenuous and tender mind with all that knowledge which books or the world had qualified her to impart.

They read together every day; and Emmeline, under the tuition of her charming preceptress, had made some progress in French and Italian; and she was amazed at her own success in drawing, since she had received from Mrs. Stafford rules of which she was before ignorant.

As the summer advanced, a few stragglers came in, and it was no longer wonderful to see a stranger. But Mrs. Stafford and Miss Mowbray, perfectly satisfied with each other, sought not to enlarge their society. They sometimes held short conversations

with the transient visitants of the place, but more usually avoided those walks where it was likely they should meet them.

Early one morning, they were returning from the bathing place together, muffled up in their morning dresses.

They had seen at a distance two gentlemen, whom they did not particularly notice; and Emmeline, leaning on the arm of her friend, was again anticipating all she should suffer when the hour came which would separate them; and recollecting the different company and conversation to which she had been condemned, from the death of Mrs. Carey to her quitting Mowbray Castle—

“You have not only taught me, my dear Mrs. Stafford,” said she, “to dread more than ever being thrown back into such company; but you have also made me fear that I shall never relish the general conversation of the world. As I disliked the manners of an inferior description of people when I first knew them, because they did not resemble those of the dear good woman who brought me up; so I shall undoubtedly be disappointed and dissatisfied with the generality of those acquaintance I may meet with, for I am afraid there are as few Mrs. Staffords in your rank of life as there were Mrs. Careys in her’s. However, there is no great likelihood, I believe, at present, of my being convinced how little they resemble you; for it is not probable I shall be taken from hence.”

“Perhaps,” answered Mrs. Stafford, “you might be permitted to stay some months next winter with me. I shall pass the whole of it in the country; the greatest part of it probably alone; and such a companion would assist in charming away many of those hours, which now, though I have more resources

than most people, sometimes are heavy and melancholy. My children are not yet old enough to be my companions; and I know not how it is, but I have often more pain than pleasure in being with them. When I remember, or when I feel how little happiness there is in the world, I tremble for their future destiny; and in the excess of affection, regret having introduced them into a scene of so much pain as I have hitherto found it. But tell me, Emmeline, do you think, if I apply to Lord Montreville, he will allow you to pass some time with me?"

"Dear Madam," said Emmeline, eagerly, "what happiness do you offer me! Lord Montreville would certainly think me highly honoured by such an invitation."

"Shall I answer for Lord Montreville, said a voice behind them, "as his immediate representative?"

Emmeline started; and turning quickly, beheld Mr. Delamere and Fitz-Edward.

Delamere caught her hands in his.

"Have I then found you, my lovely cousin?" cried he—"Oh! happiness unexpected!"

He was proceeding with even more than his usual vehemence; but Fitz-Edward thought it necessary to stop him.

"You promised, Frederic, before I consented to come with you, that you would desist from these extravagant flights. Come, I beg Miss Mowbray may be permitted to speak to her other acquaintance; and that she will do us both the honour to introduce us to her friend."

Emmeline had lost all courage and recollection on the appearance of Delamere.

Mrs. Stafford saw her distress; and assuming a cold and distant manner, she said—"Miss Mow-

bray, I apprehend from what this gentleman has said, that he has a message to you from Lord Montreville."

"Has my Lord, Sir," said Emmeline to Delamere,—"has my Lord Montreville been so good as to honour me with any commands?"

"Cruel girl!" answered he; "you know too well that my father is not acquainted with my being here."

"Then you certainly ought not to be here," said Emmeline coldly; "and you must excuse me, Sir, if I beg the favour of you not to detain me, nor attempt to renew a conversation so very improper, indeed so cruelly injurious to me."

Mrs. Stafford had Emmeline's arm within her own, from the commencement of this conversation; and she now walked hastily on with her.

Delamere followed them, intreating to be heard; and Fitz-Edward, addressing himself on the other side to Mrs. Stafford, besought her, in a half whisper, to allow his friend only a few moments to explain himself to Miss Mowbray.

"No, Sir! I must be excused," answered she.—"If Miss Mowbray does me the honour to consult me, I shall certainly advise her against committing such an indiscretion as listening to Mr. Delamere."

"Ah, madam!" said the colonel, throwing into his eyes and manner all that insinuation of which he was so perfect a master, is it possible, that with a countenance where softness and compassion seem to invite the unhappy to trust you with their sorrows, you have a cruel and unfeeling heart? Lay by for a moment your barbarous prudence in favour of my unfortunate friend; upon my honour, nothing but the conviction that his life was at stake, would have induced me to accompany him hither; and I pledge

myself for the propriety of his conduct. He only begs to be forgiven by Miss Mowbray for his improper treatment of her at Mowbray Castle; to be assured she is in health and safety; and to hear that she does not hate him for all the uneasiness he has given her; and having done so, he promises to return to his family. Upon my soul," continued he, laying his hand upon his breast, "I know not what would have been the consequence, had I not consented to assist him in deceiving his family and coming hither: but I have reason to think he would have made some wild attempt to secure to himself more frequent interviews with Miss Mowbray; and that a total disappointment of the project he had formed for seeing her, would have been attended with a violence of passion arising even to frenzy.—Madness or death would perhaps have been the event."

Mrs. Stafford turned her eyes on Fitz-Edward, with a look sufficiently expressive of incredulity.—"Does a modern man of fashion pretend to talk of madness and death? You certainly imagine, Sir, that you are speaking to some romantic inhabitant of a Welch provincial town, whose ideas are drawn from a circulating library, and confirmed by the conversation of the captain in quarters."

"Ah, madam," said he, "I know not to whom I have the honour of addressing myself," (though he knew perfectly well); "but I feel too certainly that madness and death would be preferable to the misery such coldness and cruelty as your's would inflict on me, was it my misfortune to love as violently as Delamere: and indeed I tremble, lest in endeavouring to assist my friend I have endangered myself."

Of this speech, Mrs. Stafford, who believed he did not know her, took very little notice; and turning towards Emmeline, who had in the mean time

been listening in trembling apprehension to the ardent declarations of Delamere, said it was time to return home.

Delamere, without attending to her hint, renewed his importunities for her friendship and interest with Miss Mowbray; to which, as soon as he would allow her to answer, she said very gravely—"Sir, as Miss Mowbray seems so much alarmed at your pursuing her hither, and as you must be yourself sensible of its extreme impropriety, I hope you will not lengthen an interview which can only produce uneasiness for you both."

"Let us go home, for heaven's sake!" whispered Emmeline.

"They are determined, you see, to follow us," replied her friend; "we will however go."

By this time they were near the door; and Mrs. Stafford wishing the two gentlemen a good morning, was hurrying with Emmeline into the house; but Fitz-Edward took hold of her arm.

"One word, only, madam, and we will intrude upon you no farther at present; say that you will suffer us to see you again to-morrow.

"Not if I can help it, be assured, Sir."

"Then, madam," said Delamere, "you must allow me to finish now what I have to say to Miss Mowbray."

"Good heaven! Sir," exclaimed Emmeline, "why will you thus persist in distressing me? You are perhaps known to Mrs. Watkins; your name will be at least known to her; and intelligence of your being here will be instantly sent to Lord Montreville."

Emmeline, by no means aware that this speech implied a desire of concealment, the motives of which

ght appear highly flattering to Delamere, was soon made sensible of its import by his answer.

"Enough, my adorable Emmeline!" cried he eagerly. "If I am worthy of a thought of that sort, I am less wretched than I believed myself. I will not now insist on a longer audience; but to-morrow I must see you again.—Your amiable friend here will intercede for me.—I must not be refused; and I will wish you a good day before you can form so cruel a resolution."

So saying, he bowed to Mrs. Stafford, kissed Emmeline's hand, and departed with Fitz-Edward from the door.

CH A P. VIII.

THE two fair friends no sooner entered the house, than Emmeline threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Ah! my dear madam," said she, sobbing, "what will now become of me? Lord Montreville will believe I have corresponded with his son; he will withdraw all favour and confidence from me; and I shall be undone!"

"Do not thus distress yourself," said Mrs. Stafford, tenderly taking her hand—"I hope the rash and cruel conduct of this young man will not have the consequences you apprehend. Lord Montreville, from your former conduct, will easily credit your not having encouraged this visit."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Stafford," replied Emmeline, "you do not know Lord Montreville. He hastily formed a notion that I made an appointment with Mr. Delamere at Mowbray Castle, when I had not even seen him above once; and though, from my

eagerness to leave it, I believe he afterwards thought he had been too hasty, yet so strong was that impression, that the slightest circumstance would, know, renew it as forcibly as ever: for he has one of those tempers, which having once entertained an idea of a person's conduct or character, never really alters it, though they see the most convincing evidence of its fallacy. Having once supposed I favoured the addresses of Mr. Delamere, as you know I did, at Mowbray Castle, the present visit will convince him he was right, and that I am the most useful as well as the most ungrateful of beings."

Mrs. Stafford hesitated a moment, and then said, "I see all the evil you apprehend. To convince Lord Montreville of your ignorance of Delamere's design, and your total rejection of his clandestine addresses, suppose I were to write to him? He must be prejudiced and uncandid indeed, if after such information he is not convinced of your innocence."

To this proposal, Emmeline consented, with assurances of the liveliest gratitude; and Mrs. Stafford, returning to her lodgings, wrote the following letter to Lord Montreville:

"Swansea, June 20."

"My Lord,

"A short abode at this place has given me the pleasure of knowing Miss Mowbray, to whose worth and prudence I am happy to bear testimony. At the request of this amiable young woman, I am now to address your Lordship with information that Mr. Delamere came hither yesterday with Mr. Fitz-Edward and has again renewed those addresses to Miss Mowbray which she knows to be so disagreeable to your Lordship, and which cannot but be extremely pre-

cial to her. Circumstanced as she is at this place, cannot entirely avoid him; but she hopes your Lordship will be convinced how truly she laments and repains this improper conduct of Mr. Delamere to you; and she loses not a moment in beseeching you to write to him, or otherwise to interfere in his sailing on him to quit Swansea, and to prevent his continuing to distress her by a pursuit so unwelcome to you, and so injurious to her honour and reputation.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s

“ Most obedient servant,

“ C. STAFFORD.”

This letter, being extremely approved of by Emmeline, was put into the next day’s post; and the two ladies set out for their walk at a very early hour, esteeming themselves they should return before Delamere and Fitz-Edward (who was lately raised to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel) were abroad. But in this they deceived themselves. They were again overtaken by their importunate pursuers, who had now agreed to vary the mode of their attack. Fitz-Edward, who knew the power of his insidious eloquence over the female heart, undertook to plead for his friend to Emmeline; while Delamere was to try to interest Mrs. Stafford, and engage her good offices in his behalf.

They no sooner joined the ladies, than Delamere addressed to the latter—“ After the discouraging reception of yesterday, nothing but being persuaded that your heart will refuse to confirm the rigour you think

yourself obliged to adopt, could make me venture Madam, to solicit your favour with Miss Mowbray. I now warmly implore it; and surely——”

“Can you believe, Sir,” said Mrs. Stafford, interrupting him, “that I shall ever influence Miss Mowbray to listen to you; knowing, ‘as I do, the aversion of your family to your entertaining any honourable views, and having reason to believe you have yourself formed those that are very different?”

“You have no reason to believe so, Madam,” interrupted Delamere in his turn; “and must wilfully mistake me, as an excuse for your cold and unkind manner of treating me. “By heaven! I love Emmeline with a passion as pure as it is violent; and she would but consent to it, will marry her in opposition to all the world. Assist me then, dear and amiable Mrs. Stafford! assist me to conquer the unreasonable prejudice she has conceived against a secret marriage!”

“Never, Sir, will I counsel Miss Mowbray to accept such a proposal! Never will I advise her to unite herself with one whose family disdain to receive her, and by clandestinely stealing into it, either disturb its peace, or undergo the humiliation of living the wife of a man who dares not own her!”

“And who, Madam, has said that I dare not own her? Does not the same blood run in our veins? Is she not worthy, from her personal merit, of a throne, if I had a throne to offer her? And do you suppose I mean to sacrifice the happiness of my whole life to the narrow policy or selfish ambition of my father?”

“Wait then, Sir, till time shall produce some alteration in your favour. Emmeline is yet very young, too young indeed to marry. Perhaps, when Lord and Lady Montreville are convinced that she only

make you happy, they may consent to your
on."

You little know, Madam, the hopelessness of
an expectation. Were it possible that any ar-
guments, any motives, could engage my father to
go all the projects of aggrandizing his family by
splendid and rich alliances, my mother will, I know,
be inexorable. She will not hear the name of
Emeline. Last winter she incessantly persecuted
with proposals of marriage, and is now bent up-
on persuading me to engage my hand to Miss Otley,
a relation of her own, who possesses indeed an im-
mense fortune, and is of rank; but who, of all wo-
men living, would make me the most miserable. The
opposing arguments I have heard about this match,
the fruitless and incessant solicitude of my mo-
ther, convince me I cannot, for both our sakes, too
soon put an end to it."

Mrs. Stafford, notwithstanding the vehement plau-
sibility of Delamere, still declined giving to Emme-
line such advice as he wished to engage her to offer;
though aware of all the advantages such a mar-
riage would procure her friend, she would not in-
terfere with her to a determination her heart could not
approve.

While Delamere, therefore, was pleading vainly to
Fitz-Edward was exhausting, in his discourse
to Emeline, all that rhetoric on behalf of his
friend, which had already succeeded so frequently
in his favour. Though he had given way to Dela-
mere's eagerness, and had accompanied him in pur-
suit of Miss Mowbray, after a few feeble arguments
against it, he never intended to encourage him in
his resolution of marrying her; which he thought a
rash and romantic plan, and one of which he would
probably be weary before it could be executed. But

as it was a military maxim, that in love and war stratagems are allowable, he failed not to lay as much stress on the honourable intentions of Delamere, if he had really meant to assist in carrying them into effect.

Emmeline heard him in silence: or when an answer of some kind seemed to be extorted from her, she told him that she referred herself entirely to Mrs. Stafford, and would not even speak upon the subject but before her, and as she should dictate.

In this way several meetings passed between Delamere, the colonel, and the two ladies; for until the latter had wholly confined themselves, there was no possible way of avoiding the importunate affidavits of the gentlemen. Fitz-Edward had a servant who was an adept in such commissions, and who was kept constantly on the watch; so that they were traced and followed, in spite of all their endeavours to avoid it.

Mrs. Stafford, however, persuaded Emmeline to be less uneasy at it, as she assured her she would never leave her; and that there could be no misrepresentation of her conduct while they were together.

Every day they expected some consequence from Mrs. Stafford's letter to Lord Montreville; but for ten days, though they had heard nothing, they satisfied themselves with conjectures.

Ten days more insensibly passed by; and they began to think it very extraordinary, that his Lordship should give no attention to an affair, which only a few months before seemed to have occasioned him so much serious alarm.

In this interval, Delamere saw Emmeline every day; and Fitz-Edward, on behalf of his friends, views, attached himself to Mrs. Stafford, with an

tion as marked and as warm as that of Delamere towards Miss Mowbray.

He was well aware of the power a woman of her understanding must have over an heart like Emmeline's; so new to the world, so ingenuous, and so much inclined to indulge all the delicious enthusiasm of early friendship.

He had had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Stafford when she was first married; and knew enough of her husband to be informed of the source of that affection, which, through all her endeavours to conceal it, frequently appeared; and having lived always among those who consider attachments to married men as allowable gallantries, and having had but too much success among them, Fitz-Edward thought he could take advantage of Mrs. Stafford's situation, and entangle her in a connection which would make her more indulgent to the weakness of her friend for Delamere.

But such was the awful, yet simple dignity of her manner, and so sacred the purity of unaffected virtue, that he dared not hazard offending her; while aware of the tendency of his flattering and incessant flattery, she was always watchful to prevent any diminution of the respect she had a right to exact; and without affecting to shun his society, which was extremely agreeable, she never suffered him to assume, in his conversation with her, those freedoms which had often made him admired by others; nor allowed him to avow that libertinism of principle which she lamented that he possessed.

Fitz-Edward, who had at first undertaken to entertain her merely with a view of favouring Delamere's conversation with Emmeline, almost imperceptibly found that it had charms on his own account. He could not be insensible of the graces of a mind

so highly cultivated; and he felt his admiration mingled with a reverence and esteem of which he had never before been sensible: but his vanity was piqued at the coldness with which she received his studied and delicate adulation; and for the first time in his life, he was obliged to acknowledge to himself, that there might be a woman whose mind was superior to its influence.

Not being disposed very tranquilly to submit to this mortifying conviction, he became more anxious to secure that partiality from Mrs. Stafford, which since he found it so hard to acquire, became necessary to his happiness; and, in the hope of obtaining it, he would probably long have persisted, had not his attention been soon afterwards diverted to another object.

It wanted only a few days of a month since Mrs. Stafford's letter was dispatched to Lord Montreville. But the carelessness of the servant who was left in charge of the house in Berkley-square, was the only reason of his not noticing it.

Immediately after the birth-day, his Lordship had quitted London on a visit to a nobleman in Buckinghamshire, whither his son had attended him, and where they parted. Delamere, under pretence of seeing his friend Percival, really went into Berkshire, and Lord Montreville, having insisted on Delamere's joining him at the house of Lady Mary Otley, beyond Durham, where Lady Montreville and her two daughters were already gone, set out himself for that place, where they intended to pass the months of July and August. He had many friends to visit on the road; and when his Lordship arrived there, he found all his letters had, instead of following him as he had directed, been sent immediately thither; and instead of finding his son, or an account of his intended

and arrival, he had the mortification of reading Mrs. Stafford's information.

Delamere had, indeed, passed a few days with Mr. Percival, and had written to his father from thence; but he had also seen Headly, from whom he had extorted the secret of Emmeline's residence.

Fitz-Edward, to whose sister Mr. Percival was lately married, had joined Delamere at the house of his brother-in-law: and Delamere, persisting in his resolution of seeing Emmeline, had, without much difficulty, prevailed on Fitz-Edward (who had some weeks on his hands before he was to join his regiment in Ireland, and who had no aversion to any plan that looked like an intrigue) to accompany him.

They contrived to gain Mr. Percival: and Delamere, by inclosing letters to him, which were forwarded to his father as if he had been still there, imagined that he had prevented all probability of discovery. Could he have persuaded Emmeline to a Scottish marriage (which he very firmly believed he should), he intended, as soon as they were married, to have taken her to the house of Lady Mary Otley, and to have presented her to his father, his mother, his sisters, and Lady Mary and her daughter, who were also his relations, as his wife.

Lord Montreville, on reading Mrs. Stafford's letter, shut himself up in his own apartment, to consider what was to be done.

He knew Delamere too well to believe that writing, or the agency of any other person, would have on him the least effect.

He was convinced, therefore, he must go himself; yet to return immediately, without giving Lady Montreville some very good reason, was impossible; nor could he think of any that would content her,

but the truth. Though he would very willingly have concealed from her what had happened, he was obliged to send for her, and communicate to her the intelligence received from Mrs. Stafford.

Her Ladyship, whose pride was, if possible, more than adequate to her high blood (and whose passions were as strong as her reason was feeble), received this information with all those expressions of rage and contempt which Lord Montreville had foreseen.

Though the conduct of Emmeline was such as all her prejudice could not misunderstand, she loaded her with harsh and injurious appellations, and blamed his Lordship for having fostered a little reptile, who was now likely to disgrace and ruin the family to which she pretended to belong. She protested, that if Delamere dared to harbour so degrading an idea as that of marrying her, she would blot him for ever from her affection, and if possible from her memory.

Lord Montreville was obliged to wait till the violence of her first emotion had subsided, before he ventured to propose going himself to recal Delamere.

To this proposal, however, her Ladyship agreed; and when she became a little cooler, consented readily to conceal, if possible, from Lady Mary Otley, the reason of Lord Montreville's abrupt departure, which was fixed for the next day; for the knowledge of it could not have any good effect on the sentiments of Lady Mary and her daughter; the former of whom was at present as anxious as Lady Montreville for an union of their families.

After some farther reflection, Lord Montreville thought, that as Delamere was extremely fond of his youngest sister, her influence might be of great use in detaching him from his pursuit. It was therefore

settled that she should accompany his Lordship; making the most plausible story they could, to account for a departure so unexpected; and leaving Lady Montreville and Miss Delamere as pledges of their intended return, Lord Montreville and his daughter Augusta set out post for London, in their way to Swansea.

CHAP. IX.

EMMELINE had, for some days, complained of a slight indisposition; and being somewhat better, had determined to walk out in the evening; but having rather favoured and indulged her illness, as it gave her a pretext for avoiding Delamere (whose long and vehement assiduities began to give great uneasiness to both the ladies), she still answered to their inquiries, that she was too ill to leave her room; and in consequence of this message, she and Mrs. Stafford, who came to sit with her, soon afterwards saw the colonel and Delamere ride by, as if for their evening airing. They kissed their hands as they passed; and as soon as the ladies believed them quite out of sight, and had observed the way they had gone, Emmeline, who had confined herself three days to her room, and who languished for air, proposed a short walk the opposite way, to which Mrs. Stafford consented; and as soon as the heat was a little abated, they set out, and enjoyed a comfortable and quiet walk for near an hour; from which they were returning, when they saw Delamere and Fitz-Edward riding towards them.

They dismounted, and giving their horses to their servants, joined them; Delamere reproaching Emmeline for the artifice she had used, yet congratulating

ing himself on seeing her again. But his eyes eagerly running over her person, betrayed his extreme anxiety and concern at observing her pale and languid looks, and the lassitude of her whole frame.

Fitz-Edward, in a whisper, made the same remarks on her appearance to Mrs. Stafford; who answered, "that if Mr. Delamere persisted in pursuing her, she did not doubt but that it would end in her going into a decline."

"Say rather," answered Fitz-Edward artfully, "that the interesting languor on the charming countenance of your friend, arises from the sensibility of her heart. She cannot surely see Delamere dying for her as he is, without feeling some disposition to answer a passion so ardent and sincere. I know it is impossible she should. It is only your Stoic prudence, your cold and unfeeling bosom, which can arm itself against all the enthusiasm of love, all the tenderness of friendship. Miss Mowbray's heart is made of softer materials; and were it not for the inhuman reserve you have taught her, poor Delamere had long since met a more suitable return to an attachment, of which almost any other woman would glory in being the object."

There was something in this speech particularly displeasing to Mrs. Stafford; who answered, "that he could not pay her a compliment more gratifying than when he told her she had been the means of saving Miss Mowbray from indiscretion; though she was well convinced that her own excellent understanding, and purity of heart, made any monitor unnecessary."

"However," continued she, "if you think that my influence has prevented her entering into all the wild projects of Mr. Delamere, continue to believe

that while I am with her, the same influence will invariably be exerted to the same purpose."

Delamere and Emmeline, who were a few paces before them while this dialogue was passing, were now met by Parkinson, the colonel's servant, who, addressing himself to Delamere, told him that Lord Montreville and one of the young ladies were that moment alighted from their carriage at the inn, and had sent to his lodgings to inquire for him.

Mrs. Stafford advancing, heard the intelligence, and looked anxiously at Emmeline, who turned paler than death at the thoughts of Lord Montreville.

Delamere was alternately red and pale. He hesitated, and tried to flatter himself that Parkinson was mistaken; while Fitz-Edward, who found he should be awkwardly situated between the father and son, silently meditated his defence.

Mrs. Stafford, who saw Emmeline ready to sink with the apprehension of being seen walking with Delamere, intreated the gentlemen to leave them, and go to Lord Montreville; which she at length prevailed on them to do; Delamere pressing Emmeline's hand to his lips, and protesting, with a vehemence of manner particularly his own, that no power on earth should oblige him to relinquish her.

Mrs. Stafford got the trembling Emmeline home as well as she could; where she endeavoured to strengthen her resolution and restore her spirits, by representing to her the perfect rectitude with which she had acted.

But poor Delamere, who had no such consolatory reflections, felt very uneasy, and would willingly have avoided the immediate explanation which he saw must now take place with his father.

He determined, however, to temporize no longer; but being absolutely fixed in his resolution of

marrying Emmeline, to tell his father so, and to meet all the effects of his anger at once.

In this disposition he desired Fitz-Edward to leave him; and he entered alone the parlour of the inn, where Lord Montreville waited for him. His countenance expressed a mixture of anger and confusion; while that of his Lordship betrayed yet sterner symptoms of the state of his mind.

Augusta Delamere, her eyes red with weeping, and her voice faltering through agitation, arose, and met her brother half way.

"My dear brother," said she, taking his hand.

He kissed her cheek; and bowing to his father, sat down.

"I have taken the trouble to come hither, Sir," said Lord Montreville, "in consequence of having received information of the wicked and unworthy pursuit in which you have engaged. I command you, upon your duty, instantly to return with me, and renounce for ever the scandalous project of seducing an innocent young woman, whom *you* ought rather to respect, and whom *I* will protect."

"I intend ever to do both, Sir; and when she is my wife, you will be released from the task of protecting her, and will only have to love her as much as her merit deserves. Be assured, my Lord, I have no such designs against the honour of Miss Mowbray as you impute to me. It is my determined and unalterable intention to marry her. Would to God your Lordship would conquer the unreasonable prejudice which you have conceived against the only union which will secure the happiness of your son, and endeavour to reconcile my mother to a marriage on which I am resolved."

Having pronounced these words in a resolute tone, he arose from his seat, bowed slightly to his father,

and waving his hand to his sister, as if to prevent her following him, he walked indignantly out of the room.

Lord Montreville made no effort to stop him.

But the recollection of the fatal indulgence with which he had been brought up, recurred forcibly to his Lordship's mind; and he felt his anger against his son half subdued by the reproaches he had to make himself. The very sight of this darling son was so gratifying, that he almost forgot his errors when he beheld him.

After a moment's pause, Lord Montreville said to his daughter; "You see, Augusta, the disposition your brother is in. Violent measures will, I fear, only make him desperate. We must try what can be done by Miss Mowbray herself, who will undoubtedly consent to elude his pursuit, and time may perhaps detach him from it entirely. For this purpose, I would have *you* see Emmeline to-morrow early; and having talked to her, we can consider on what to determine. To night, try to recover your fatigue."

"Let me go to-night, Sir," said his daughter.— "It is not yet more than eight o'clock, and I am sensible of no fatigue that should prevent my seeing the young lady immediately."

Lord Montreville assenting, Miss Delamere, attended by a servant, walked to the house of Mrs. Watkins.

The door was opened by the good woman herself; and on inquiry for Miss Mowbray, she desired the lady to walk in, and sit down in her little room, while she went up to let Miss know.—"For I can't tell," said she (folding up a stocking she was knitting), "whether she be well enough to see a strange gentlewoman. She have been but poorly for this

week; and to-night, after she came from walking, she was in such a taking, poor thing, we thought she'd had a fit; and so Madam Stafford, who is just gone, bid her she should lie down a little and keep quiet."

This account added to the disquiet of the fair mediatrix; who fancied the heart of Emmeline could hardly fail of being of Delamere's party, and that uneasiness at his father's arrival occasioned the agitation of her spirits which Mrs. Watkins described.

Mrs. Watkins returned immediately, saying that Miss Emmy would be down in a moment.

Emmeline instantly guessed who it was, by the description of the young lady, and the livery of the servant who attended her.

And now, with a beating heart and uncertain steps, she entered the room.

Miss Delamere had been prepared to see a very beautiful person: but the fair figure whom she now beheld, though less dazzlingly handsome than she expected, was yet more interesting and attractive than she would have appeared in the highest bloom of luxuriant beauty. Her late illness had robbed her cheeks of that tender bloom they usually boasted; timidity and apprehension deprived her of much of the native dignity of her manner; yet there was something in her face and deportment that instantly prejudiced Miss Delamere in her favour, and made her acknowledge that her brother's passion had at least personal charms for its excuse.

A silent curtsy passed between the two ladies; and both being seated, Miss Delamere began:—

"I believe, Miss Mowbray, you know that my father, Lord Montreville, in consequence of a letter received from Mrs. Stafford, who is, he understands, a friend of your's, arrived here this morning."

"The letter, Madam, was written at my particular request; that my Lord did not notice it sooner, believe me, given me great concern."

"I do sincerely believe it; and every body must applaud your conduct in this affair. My father was, by accident, prevented receiving the letter for some weeks. As soon as it reached him, we set out, and he has now sent me to you, my dear cousin (for be assured I am delighted with the relationship), to consult with you on what we ought to do."

Emmeline, consoled yet affected by this considerate speech, found herself relieved by tears.

"Though I am unable, Madam," said she recovering herself, "to advise, be assured, I am ready to do whatever you and Lord Montreville shall dictate, to put an end to the projects your brother so perseveringly attempts. Ah! Miss Delamere; my situation is singularly distressing. It demands all your aid, all your father's protection!"

"You have, you shall have both, by dear Emmeline! as well as our admiration for your noble and heroic conduct; and I beg you will not, by being thus uneasy, injure your health and depress your spirits."

This, and many other consoling speeches, delivered in the persuasive voice of friendly sympathy, almost restored Emmeline to her usual composure; and after being together near an hour, Miss Delamere took her leave, charmed with her new acquaintance, and convinced that she would continue to act with the most exact obedience to the wishes of Lord Montreville.

CHAP. X.

LORD Montreville, on hearing from his daughter what had passed between her and Emmeline, was disposed to hope, that since she was so willing to assist in terminating for ever the views of Delamere, they should be able to prevail on him to relinquish them.

While Miss Delamere was with Emmeline, his Lordship had himself waited on Mrs. Stafford, to whom he thought himself obliged.

He thanked her for the letter with which she had favoured him; and said, "that having heard of the great regard with which she had honoured Miss Mowbray, he waited on her to beg her advice in the present difficult circumstance. Since Mr. Delamere had pursued her hither," said his Lordship, "she cannot remain here; but to find a situation that will be proper for her, and concealed from him, I own appears so difficult, that I know not on what to determine."

"My Lord," answered Mrs. Stafford, "I intended to have asked your Lordship's permission to have been favoured with Miss Mowbray's company for some months; and still hope to be indulged with it when I return home. But could I go thither now, which I cannot (my house not being in a condition to receive me), it would be impossible to prevent Mr. Delamere's knowledge of her abode, if she was with me. But surely Mr. Delamere will leave this place with you, and will not oblige Miss Mowbray to quit her home to avoid him."

"Ah, madam!" answered Lord Montreville, "you do not yet know my son. The impetuosity of his temper, which has never been restrained, it is

out of my power to check; whatever he determines on he will execute, and I have too much son to fear that opposition only serves to strengthen resolution. While Emmeline is here, it will be possible to prevail on him to quit the place: and though her behaviour has hitherto been irreproachable and meritorious, how can I flatter myself that so young a woman will continue steadily to refuse a marriage, which would not only relieve her at once from the difficulties and dependance of her situation, and raise her to an elevated rank and a splendid fortune."

"To which," said Mrs. Stafford, "she would do honour. I do not, however, presume to offer my opinion to your Lordship. You have, undoubtedly, very strong reasons for your opposition to Mr. Delamere's wishes: and his affluent fortune and future rank certainly give him a right to expect both the one and the other in whoever he shall marry. But more lovely person, a better heart, a more pure and elegant mind, he will nowhere meet with. Miss Mowbray will reflect as much credit as she can borrow, on any family to which she may be allied."

"I acknowledge, Madam, that Miss Mowbray is a very amiable young woman; but she never can be the wife of my son; and you, I am sure, are too conservative to give any encouragement to so impossible an idea."

After some farther conversation, Mrs. Stafford promised to endeavour to recollect a proper situation for Miss Mowbray, where she might be secured from importunities of Delamere; and his Lordship took his leave.

By six o'clock the next morning, Delamere was at Mr. Watkins' door; and nobody being visible but

the maid servant, he entered the parlour, and told her he wanted to speak with Miss Mowbray; but she would wait until she arose.

The maid told her mistress, who immediately descended; and Delamere, who was known to her as a young Lord who was in love with Miss Emmeline, was courteously invited to her own parlour, and he offered to go up with any message he should be pleased to send.

He begged she would only say to Miss Mowbray that a gentleman desired to speak to her on business of consequence.

But the good woman, who thought she could do more justice to her employer, told Emmeline, who was dressing herself, "that the handsome young Lord as used to walk every night with her and Madam Stafford, was below, and wanted to speak to her directly."

At this information, Emmeline was extremely alarmed. She considered herself as particularly bound by what had passed the evening before between her and Augusta Delamere, to avoid her brother; and such an interview as he now demanded must have an appearance to Lord Montreville of which she could not bear to think. She desired Mrs. Watkins therefore, to let the gentleman know that she was not well, and could not see any body.

"Why, Lord, Miss!" exclaimed the officious landlady, "what can you mean now by that? What do you go for to refuse seeing such an handsome young man who is a Lord, and the like of that? I am sure it is so foolish, that I shan't carry no such message."

"Send Betty with it then," answered Emmeline coldly; "let her inform the gentleman I cannot be seen."

"Well," said Mrs. Watkins, as she descended

It is strange nonsense to my fancy; but some folks never know what they would be at."

She then returned to the parlour, and very reluctantly delivered the answer to Mr. Delamere; who asked if Emmeline was really ill?

"Ill," said the complaisant hostess, "I see nothing that ails her: last night, indeed, she was in a desperate taking, and we had much ado to hinder her from going into a fit; but to-day I am sure she looks as if she was as well as ever."

Delamere asked for a pen and ink, with which she immediately furnished him; and officiously offering to get him some breakfast, he accepted it to gain time. While it was preparing, he sent up to Emmeline the following note:

"I came hither to intreat only one quarter of an hour's conversation, which you cruelly deny me. You determine then, Emmeline, to drive me to despair!

"You may certainly still refuse to see me; but you cannot oblige me to quit this place, or to lose sight of your abode. My father will, therefore, gain nothing by his ill-judged journey hither.

"But if you will allow me the interview I solicit, and after it still to continue to desire my absence, I will give you my promise to go from hence to-morrow.

"F. DELAMERE."

The maid was sent up with this billet to Emmeline; who, after a moment's consideration, determined to send it to Miss Delamere, and to tell her, in an envelope, how she was situated.

Having inclosed it therefore, and desired the maid

to go with it without saying whither she was going she bid her, as she went through the house, deliver to Mr. Delamere another note, which was as follows :

“ Sir,

“ Your request of an interview, I think myself obliged on every account to refuse. I am extremely sorry you determine to persevere in offering me proposals, to which, though they do me a very high and undeserved honour, I never ought to listen ; and excuse me if I add, that I never will.

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

Emmeline had not before so positively expressed her rejection of Delamere's addresses. The peremptory style, therefore, of this billet, added to his extreme vexation at being overtaken by his father, and the little hope that seemed to remain for him any way, operated altogether on his rash and passionate disposition, and seemed to affect him with a temporary frenzy. He stamped about the room, dashed his head against the wainscot, and seizing Mrs. Watkins by the arm, swore, with the most frightful vehemence, that he would see Miss Mowbray though death were in the way.

The woman, concluding he was mad, screamed out to her husband, who, descending from his chamber in astonishment, put himself between his wife and the stranger, demanding his business ?

“ Alack-a-day !” cried Mrs. Watkins, ‘tis the young Lord. He is gone mad, to be sure, for the love of Miss, up stairs.”

Emmeline, who in so small a house could not avoid hearing all that passed, now thought it better

go down; for she knew enough of Delamere to see that the effects of his fit of passion might be very serious; and was certain that nothing could be more proper than so much confusion.

She therefore descended the stairs, with trembling step, and entered Mrs. Watkins' parlour; where she saw Delamere, his eyes flashing fire and his hands clenched, storming round the room, while Watkins followed him, and bowing in his awkward way, begged his honour would only please to be pacified."

There was something so terrifying in the wild looks of the young man, that Emmeline, having on half opened the door, retreated again from it, and was hastening away. But Delamere had seen her; and darting out after her, caught her before she could escape out of the passage, and she was compelled to return into the room with him; where, on condition of his being more composed, she agreed to sit down and listen to him.

Watkins and his wife having left the room, Delamere again renewed his solicitations for a Scottish expedition. "However averse," said he, "my father and mother may at present be to our marriage, I know they will be immediately reconciled when it is irrevocable. But if you continue to harden your heart against me, of what advantage will it be to them? Their ambition will still suffer; for I here swear by all that is sacred, that then I never will marry at all; and by my dying without posterity, their views will for ever be abortive and their projects disappointed."

To this, and every other argument Delamere used, Emmeline answered, "that having determined never to accept of his hand, situated as she at present was, nothing should induce her to break through a deter-

mination which alone could secure her the approbation of her own heart."

He then asked her, "whether, if the consent of Lord and Lady Montreville could be obtained, she would continue averse to him?"

This question she evaded, by saying, "that it was to no purpose to consider how she should act in an event so unlikely to happen."

He then again exerted all the eloquence which love rather than reason lent him. But Emmeline combated his arguments with those of rectitude and honour, by which she was resolutely bent to abide.

This steadiness, originating in principles he could not controvert or deny, seemed, while it shewed him all its hopelessness, to give new force to his passion. He became again almost frantic, and was anew assuming the part of a madman, when Mrs. Stafford and Miss Delamere entered the house, and inquiring from Miss Mowbray, were shewn into the room where he was with Delamere; who, almost exhausted by the violence of those emotions he had so boundlessly indulged, had now thrown himself into a chair, with his head leaning against the wainscot; his hair was dishevelled, his eyes swollen, and his countenance expressed so much passionate sorrow, that Augusta Delamere, extremely shocked, feared to speak to him. While Emmeline, on the opposite side of the room, sat with her handkerchief to her eyes; and as soon as she saw Mrs. Stafford, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed aloud.

Delamere looked at Mrs. Stafford and his sister, but spoke to neither; till Augusta approaching him, would have taken his hand; but he turned from her.

"Oh, Frederic!" cried she, "I beseech you to consider the consequence of all this."

"I consider nothing!" said he, starting up and going to the window.

His sister followed him.

"Go, go," said he, turning angrily from her—"Go, leave me, leave me! assist Lord Montreville to destroy his only son! go, and be a party in the cruel policy that will make you and Fanny heiresses!"

The poor girl, who really loved her brother better than any thing on earth, was quite overwhelmed by his speech; and her tears now flowed as fast as those of Emmeline, who contrived to weep on the bosom of Mrs. Stafford.

Delamere looked at them both with a stern and angry countenance; then suddenly catching his sister by the hand, which he eagerly grasped, he said, in a low but resolute voice—"Tears, Augusta, are of no use. Do not lament me, but try to help me. I am now going out for the whole day: for I will not see my father, only to repeat to him what I have already said. Before I return, see what you can do towards persuading him to consent to my marriage with Miss Mowbray; for be assured, that if he does not, the next meeting, in which I expect his answer, will be the last we shall have."

He then snatched up his hat, and disengaging himself from his sister, who attempted to detain him, he went hastily out of the house; leaving Mrs. Stafford, Miss Mowbray, and his sister, under great uneasiness and alarm.

They thought it necessary immediately to inform Lord Montreville of the whole conversation, and Miss Delamere dispatched a note to Fitz-Edward, desiring him to attend to the motions of his friend.

Fitz-Edward was at breakfast with Lord Montreville; who took the first opportunity of their being

alone, to reproach him with some severity for what he had done.

The colonel heard him with great serenity; and then began to justify himself, by assuring his Lordship that he had accompanied Delamere only in hopes of being able to detach him from his pursuit, and because he thought it preferable to his being left wholly to himself. He declared that he meant to have given Lord Montreville information, if there had appeared the least probability of Delamere's marriage; but that being perfectly convinced, from the character of Emmeline, that there was nothing to apprehend, he had every day hoped his friend would have quitted a project in which there seemed not the least likelihood of success, and would have returned to his family cured of his passion.

Though this was not all strictly true, Fitz-Edward possessed a sort of plausible and insinuating eloquence, which hardly ever failed of removing every impression, however strong, against him; and Lord Montreville was conversing with him with his usual confidence and friendship, when the note from Miss Delamere was brought in.

His Lordship, ever anxious for his son, gazed eagerly at it, while Fitz-Edward read it, and trembling asked from whom it came?

Fitz-Edward put it into his hand; and having run it over in breathless terror, his Lordship ran out, directing all his servants to go several ways in search of Delamere; while he intreated Fitz-Edward to run to whatever place he was likely to be in; and went himself to Mrs. Stafford's lodging, who was by this time returned home.

What he heard from her of the scene of the morning, contributed to increase his alarm. The image of his son, in all the wildness of ungovernable passion,

shook his nerves so much, that he seemed ready to faint, yet unable to move to inquire where he was. As he could attend to nothing else, Mrs. Stafford told him how anxiously she had thought of a situation for Emmeline, and that she believed she had at length found one that would do, "if," said she, "your Lordship cannot prevail on him to quit Swansea, which I think you had better attempt, though from the scene of this morning I own I despair of it more than ever."

"The person with whom I hope to be able to place Miss Mowbray is Mrs. Ashwood, the sister of Mr. Stafford. She has been two years a widow, with three children, and resides at a village near London. She has a very good fortune; and would be happy to have with her such a companion as Miss Mowbray, till I am so fortunate as to be enabled to take her myself. As her connections and acquaintance lie in a different set of people, and in a remote part of the country from those of Mr. Delamere, it is improbable, that with the precaution we shall take, he will ever discover her residence."

Lord Montreville expressed his sense of Mrs. Stafford's kindness in the warmest terms. He assured her, that he should never forget the friendly part she had taken; and that, if ever it was in his power to show his gratitude, by being so happy as to have the ability to serve her or her family, he should consider it as the most fortunate event of his life.

Mrs. Stafford heard this as matter of course; and would have felt great compassion for Lord Montreville, whose state of mind was truly deplorable, but he reflected that he had really been the author of his own misery: first, by bringing up his son in a manner that had given such boundless scope to his passions; and now, by refusing to gratify him in mar-

rying a young woman, who was, in the eye of unprejudiced reason, so perfectly unexceptionable. She advised him to try once more to prevail on his son to leave Swansea with him; and he left her, to inquire whether Fitz-Edward had yet found Delamere, whose absence gave him the most cruel uneasiness.

Fitz-Edward, after a long search, had overtaken Delamere on an unfrequented common, about a mile from the town, where he was walking with a quick pace; and seeing Fitz-Edward, endeavoured to escape him. But when he found he could not avoid him, he turned fiercely towards him—"Why do you follow me, Sir? Is it not enough that you have broken through the ties of honour and friendship in betraying me to my father? Must you still persecute me with your insidious friendship?"

Fitz-Edward heard him with great coolness; and without much difficulty convinced him, that Miss Mowbray herself had given the information to Lord Montreville by means of Mrs. Stafford.

This conviction, while it added to the pain and mortification of Delamere, greatly reconciled him to Fitz-Edward, whom he had before suspected; and after a long conversation, which Fitz-Edward managed as to regain some degree of power over the passions of his impetuous friend, he persuaded him to go and dine with Lord Montreville; having first undertaken for his Lordship, that nothing should be said on the subject which occupied the thoughts of the father; on which condition only the son consented to meet him.

C H A P. XI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the steadiness Emmeline had hitherto shewn in rejecting the clandestine addresses of Delamere, he still hoped they would succeed. A degree of vanity, pardonable in a young man possessing so many advantages of person and fortune, made him trust to those advantages, and to his unwearied assiduity, to conquer her reluctance. He determined therefore to persevere, and did not imagine it was likely he could again lose sight of her by a stratagem against which he was now on his guard.

As he fancied Lord Montreville and his sister designed to carry her with them when they went, he kept a constant eye on their motions, and set his own servant, and Fitz-Edward's valet, to watch the servants of Lord Montreville.

Fitz-Edward, who had been so near losing the confidence of both the father and son, found it expedient to observe a neutrality, which it required all his address to support; being constantly appealed to by them both.

Lord Montreville, he advised to adhere to moderate measures and gentle persuasions, and to trust to Emmeline's own strength of mind and good conduct; while to Delamere, he recommended dissimulation; and advised him to quit Swansea at present, which would prevent Emmeline's being removed from thence, and leave it in his power at any time to see her again.

Lord Montreville, on cooler reflection, was by no means satisfied with Fitz-Edward. To encourage his son's project, and even to accompany him in it, was the vain hope of detaching him from Emmeline

before an irrevocable engagement could be formed, seemed to be at least very blameable; and if he had seen the connection likely to take place on a less honourable footing his conduct was more immoral, if not so impolitic.

Either way, Lord Montreville felt it so displeasing, that he determined not to trust Fitz-Edward in what he now meditated, which was, to remove Emmeline from Swansea before he and his daughter quitted it, and to place her with the sister of Mr. Stafford; who being now arrived, had engaged to obtain his sister's concurrence with their plan.

A female council, therefore, was held on the means of Emmeline's removal; and it was settled that a post-chaise should, on the night fixed, be in waiting at the distance of half a mile from the town, where Emmeline should meet it; and that a servant of Mr. Stafford should accompany her to London, who was from thence to return to his master's house in Dorsetshire.

This arrangement being made three days after the arrival of Lord Montreville, and his faithful old valet being employed to procure the chaise, the hour arrived when poor Emmeline was again to abandon her little home, where she had passed many tranquil and some delightful days, and where she was to bid adieu to her two beloved friends, uncertain when she should see them again.

Her friendship for Mrs. Stafford was enlivened by the warmest gratitude. To her she owed the acquisition of much useful knowledge, as well as instruction in those elegant accomplishments which she was naturally so much attached to, but which she had no former opportunity of acquiring. The charms of her conversation, the purity of her heart, and the softness of her temper, made her altogether a cha-

character which could not be known without being beloved; and Emmeline, whose heart was open to all the enchanting impressions of early friendship, loved her with the truest affection. The little she had seen of Augusta Delamere, had given that young lady the second place in her heart. They were the same age, within a few weeks. Augusta Delamere extremely resembled the Mowbray family; and there was in figure and voice a very striking similitude between her and Emmeline Mowbray.

Lady Montreville, passionately attached to her son, as the heir and representative of her family, and partial to her eldest daughter for her great resemblance to herself, seemed on them to have exhausted all her maternal tenderness; and to have felt for Augusta but a very inferior share of affection.

Of the haughty and supercilious manners which made Lady Montreville feared and disliked, she had communicated no portion to her younger daughter; and if she had acquired something of the family pride, her good sense, and the sweetness of her temper, had so much corrected it, that it was by no means displeasing.

Elegantly formed as she was, and with a face, which, though less fair than Emmeline's, was almost as interesting, her mother had yet always expressed a disapprobation of her person; and she had therefore herself conceived an indifferent opinion of it; and being taught to consider herself inferior in every thing to her elder sister, she never fancied she was superior to others; nor, though highly accomplished, and particularly skilled in music, did she ever obtrude her acquisitions on her friends, or anxiously seek opportunities of displaying them.

Her heart was benevolent and tender; and her affection for her brother, the first of its passions.

She could never discover that he had a fault; and the error in regard to Emmeline, which his father so much dreaded, appeared to his sister a virtue.

She was deeply read in novels (almost the only reading young women of fashion are taught to engage in); and having from them acquired many of her ideas, she imagined that Delamere and Emmeline were born for each other. Though she dared not appear to encourage hopes so totally opposite to those of her family, she found, after having once seen and conversed with Emmeline, that she never could warmly oppose an union which she was convinced would make her brother happy.

She fancied that Emmeline could not be insensible to Delamere's love; she even believed she saw many symptoms of regard for him in her manner, and that she made the most heroic sacrifice of her love to her duty, when she resigned him; a sacrifice which heightened, almost to enthusiasm, the pity and esteem felt for her by Augusta Delamere.

Though they had known each other only a few days, a sisterly affection had taken place between them.

But from these two friends, so tenderly and justly beloved, Emmeline was now to depart, and to be thrown among strangers, where it was improbable she would meet with any who would supply the loss of them. Her duty, however, demanded this painful effort, and she determined to execute it with courage and resolution.

Delamere was so perpetually about his father, that it was judged improper for him to hold any private conference with Emmeline, lest something should be suspected.

His Lordship therefore sent Mrs. Stafford a bank note of fifty pounds, with his thanks for the propriety

her conduct, and an assurance, that while she continued to merit his protection, he should consider her as his daughter, and take care to supply her with money, and every thing else she might wish for. She desired she would not write; lest her hand should be known, and her abode traced; but said, that in a few weeks he would see her himself, and wished her all possible health and happiness.

On the night of her departure, instead of retiring to rest at the usual hour, Emmeline dressed herself in a travelling dress, and passed some melancholy hours waiting for the signal of her departure.

At half past two in the morning, every thing being profoundly quiet, she saw from her window her two friends, who had declared they would not leave her till they saw her in the chaise.

She took with her only a small parcel of linen, Mrs. Stafford having engaged to forward the rest to an address agreed upon; and softly descending the stairs for fear of alarming Mrs. Watkins, she opened the door, and each of her friends taking an arm, they passed over two fields, into a lane, where the chaise was waiting with the servant who was to go with her.

The tears had streamed from her eyes during the little walk, and she was unable to speak. The servant now opened the chaise door, and let down the step; and Emmeline, kissing the hand of Mrs. Stafford, and then that of Augusta Delamere, went hastily into it—"God bless you both," said she, in a faint and inarticulate voice. The servant shut the door, mounted a post horse, and the chaise was in an instant out of sight; while the two ladies, who, at any other time, would have been alarmed at being obliged to take so late a walk, thought not of themselves; but full of concern for poor Emmeline,

walked back in tears; and Miss Delamere, who had agreed to remain the rest of that night at the lodgings of Mrs. Stafford, retired not to rest, but to weep for the departure of her friend and the distress of her brother.

Emmeline, thus separated from every body she loved, pursued her journey, melancholy and repining.

The first hour, she wept bitterly, and accused her destiny of caprice and cruelty.

But though to the unfortunate passion of Delamere she owed all the inconvenience she had lately experienced, she could not resolve to hate him; but found a degree of pity and regard perpetually mingled itself with his idea in her heart. Yet she was not in love; and had rather the friendship of a sister for him than any wish to be his wife.

Had there been no impediments to the union, she would have married him, rather to make him happy than because she thought it would make herself so; but she would have seen him married to another, and have rejoiced at it, if he had found felicity.

An attachment like his, which had resisted long absence, and was undiminished by insuperable difficulties, could hardly fail of having its effect on the tender and susceptible mind of Emmeline. But whatever affection she felt, it by no means arose to what a romantic girl would have perhaps fancied it; and she was much more unhappy at quitting the dear Augusta, than at the uncertainty she was in whether she should ever again see Delamere.

The parting was extremely embittered by the prohibition she had received in regard to writing to her. But painful as it was, she determined to forbear; and steadily to adhere to that line of duty, however difficult to practice, that alone could secure the peace

her mind, by the acquittal of her conscience; which, as she had learned from Mrs. Stafford, as well as from her own experience, short as it was, could alone support her in every trial to which she might be exposed.

She reflected on her present situation, compared what it would have been, had she been prevailed upon to become the wife of Delamere against the consent of his family.

Splendid as his fortune was, and high as his rank would raise her above her present lot of life, she thought that neither would reconcile her to the painful circumstance of carrying uneasiness and contention into his family; of being thrown from them with contempt, as the disgrace of their rank and the ruin of their hopes; and of living in perpetual apprehension, lest the subsiding fondness of her husband should render her the object of his repentance and regret.

The regard she was sensible of for Delamere did not make her blind to his faults; and she saw, with pain, that the ungovernable violence of his temper frequently obscured all his good qualities, and gave his character an appearance of ferocity, which offered no very flattering prospect to whosoever should be his wife.

By thus reasoning with herself, she soon became more calm, and more reconciled to that destiny which seemed not to design her for Delamere.

She met with no remarkable occurrence in her journey; and on the evening of the third day arrived in town, where the servant who attended her was ordered to dismiss the chaise, and to procure her an hackney coach, in which she proceeded to the house of Mrs. Ashwood.

This residence, situated in a populous village three

miles from London, bore the appearance of wealth and prosperity. The iron gate, which gave entrance into a large court, was opened by a servant in a livery, to whom Emmeline delivered the letter she had brought from Mrs. Stafford; and after a moment's waiting, the lady herself came out to receive her.

Emmeline, by the splendour of her dress, concluded she had left a large company: but being ushered into a parlour, found she had been drinking tea alone; of which, or of any other refreshment, Miss Mowbray was desired to partake.

Her reception of her visitor was perfectly cordial, and Emmeline soon recovering her easy and composed manner, Mrs. Ashwood seemed very much pleased with her guest; for there was in her countenance a passport to all hearts.

Mrs. Ashwood, though not in the bloom of life, and though she never had been handsome, was unconscious of her personal disadvantages, that she imagined herself the object of admiration of one sex, and of the imitation of the other. With the most perfect reliance on the graces of a figure which never struck any other person as being at all remarkable, she dressed with an exuberance of expense, and kept all the company her neighbourhood afforded.

Where her ruling passions (the love of admiration and excessive vanity) did not interfere, she was sometimes generous and sometimes friendly. But her ideas of her own perfections, both of person and mind, far exceeding the truth, she had often the mortification to find that others by no means thought of them as she did; and then her good humour was far from invincible.

Though Emmeline soon found her conversation very inferior to what she had of late been accustomed

to, she thought herself fortunate in having found a asylum, the mistress of which seemed desirous of making it agreeable; and to which she was introduced by the kindness of her beloved Mrs. Stafford.

But while serenity was returning to the bosom of Emmeline, that of poor Delamere was torn with the vilest tempest.

The morning after Emmeline's departure, Delamere, who expected no such thing, arose at his usual hour, and rode out alone, as he had frequently done. As he passed her window, he looked up to it, and seeing it open, concluded she was in her room.

On his return, his father met him, and asked him breakfast; but he designed to attend the tea-table at Mrs. Stafford, where he thought he should meet Emmeline, and therefore excused himself; and Lord Montreville, who wished the discovery to be delayed as late an hour of the day as possible, let him go to his father, where he breakfasted; and then proposed a walk to Mrs. Stafford, which he hoped would include a visit to Emmeline, or at least that Mrs. Stafford would not walk without her.

She excused herself, however, on pretence of having letters to write; and Delamere went in search of Fitz-Edward, whom he could not find.

It was now noon, and he grew impatient at not having even a glimpse of Emmeline the whole morning, when he met Fitz-Edward's man, and asked him hastily where his master was?

The man hesitated, and looked as if he had a secret which he contained with some uneasiness. "Sir," said he, "have you seen Miss Mowbray to-day?"

"No—why do you ask?"

"Because, Sir," said the fellow, "I shrewdly

suspect that she went away from here last night. I can't tell your honour why I think so; but you may soon know the truth on't."

The ardent imagination of Delamere instantly caught fire. He took it for granted that Fitz-Edward had carried her off: and without staying to reflect a moment, he flew to the inn where his horses were, and ordered them to be saddled; then rushing into the room where his father and sister were sitting together, he exclaimed—"She is gone, Sir—Emmeline is gone!—but I will soon overtake her, and the infamous villain who has torn her from me!"

Lord Montreville scorned to dissimulate. He answered, "I know she is gone, and it was by my directions she went. You cannot overtake her; nor is it probable you will ever see her again. Endeavour therefore to recollect yourself, and do not forget what you owe to your family and yourself."

Delamere attended but little to this remonstrance; but still prepossessed with the idea of Fitz-Edward being gone with her, he swore perpetual vengeance against him, and that he would pursue him through the world.

With this resolution on his lips, and fury in his eyes, he quitted his father's apartment, and at the door met Fitz-Edward himself, coming to inquire after him.

He was somewhat ashamed of the hasty conclusion he had made, and was therefore more disposed to hear what Fitz-Edward had to say, who presently convinced him that he was entirely ignorant of the flight of Emmeline.

Delamere now insisted, that as a proof of his friendship, he would instantly set out with him in pursuit of her.

Fitz-Edward knew not what to do; but however
me to consent; and saying he would order his
want to get his horse, left him, and went to Lord
Montreville, to whom he represented the impractica-
ty of stopping Delamere.

His Lordship, almost certain that Emmeline was
t of the possibility of his overtaking her, as she had
w been gone thirteen hours, thought it better for
z-Edward, if he could not prevent his departure,
go with him: but he desired him to make as ma-
artificial delays as possible.

Delamere, in the mean time, had been to Mrs.
fford, and tried to force from her the secret of
ameline's rout. But she was inexorable, and proof
inst his frenzy as well as his persuasion.

She held him, however, as long as she could,
discourse. But when he found she now tried to
ke him lose time, he left her in an agony of pas-
n; and mounting his horse, while his trembling
vants were ordered to follow him on pain of instant
mission, he rode out of the town without seeing
father, leaving a message for Fitz-Edward that he
d taken the London road, and expected he would
me after him instantly.

Lord Montreville intreated Fitz-Edward to lose
a moment; and bidding an hasty adieu to his
rdship, he ordered his horses to the door of Mrs.
fford, where he took a formal leave of her and
husband, intreating permission to renew his ac-
aintance hereafter. Then getting on horseback,
made as much speed as possible after Delamere,
om with difficulty he overtook some miles for-
rd on the London road.

This way Delamere had taken on conjecture only;
t after proceeding some time, he had met a wag-
ner, whom he questioned. The man told him of

a post chaise he had met at four o'clock in the morning; and encouraged by that to proceed, he soon heard from others enough to make him believe he was right.

The horses, however, at the end of forty miles were too much fatigued to keep pace with Delamere's impatience. He was obliged to wait three hours before post horses could be found for himself and Fitz-Edward. His servants were obliged to remain yet longer; and the horses which were at length procured were so lame and inadequate to the journey, that it was six hours before they reached the next stage where the same difficulty occurred; and Delamere, between the fatigue of his body and anxiety of his mind, found himself compelled to take some rest.

The next day he still traced Emmeline from stage to stage, and imagined himself very near her: but the miserable horse on which he rode, being unable to execute his wish as to speed, and urged beyond his strength, fell with him in a stage about sixty miles from London; by which accident he received a contusion on his breast, and was bruised so much, that Fitz-Edward insisted on his being blooded and put to bed; and then went to the apothecary of the village near which the accident happened, and procuring a phial of laudanum, infused it into the wine and water which Delamere drank, and by that assistance obtained for him the repose he otherwise would not have been prevailed on to take.

After having slept several hours, he desired to pursue his journey in a post chaise; but Fitz-Edward had taken care that none should be immediately to be had.

By these delays only it was that Emmeline reached London some hours before him.

However, when he renewed his journey, he

continued to trace her from stage to stage, till the last postilion who drove her was found.

He said that he was ordered to stop at the first stand of coaches, into one of which the lady went, and, with the servant behind, drove away; but the coachman neither knew the number of the coach, nor recollected the coachman, nor did he remember whether the coach was ordered to go.

Delamere passed two days questioning all the coachmen on the stand, and in consequence of information pretended to be given by some of them, he got into two or three quarrels by going to houses they pointed out to him; and after offering and giving rewards, which only seemed to redouble his difficulties, he appeared to be farther than ever from any probability of finding the fair fugitive he so anxiously sought.

Lord Montreville and his daughter staid only two days at Swansea after his departure. They travelled in a very indifferent spirits to London, where they found Delamere ill at the lodgings of Fitz-Edward Hill-street.

Lord Montreville found there was nothing alarming in his son's indisposition; but could not persuade him to accompany him to Lady Mary Otley's.

His Lordship and Miss Augusta Delamere set out, therefore, for that place, leaving Delamere to the care of Fitz-Edward, who promised not to quit him till he had agreed either to go to the Norfolk estate or to Mr. Percival's.

Lord Montreville was tolerably satisfied that he could not discover Emmeline; and Delamere having for above a fortnight attended at all public places without seeing her, and having found every other effort to meet her fruitless, reluctantly agreed to go to his father's estate in Norfolk.

It was now almost the end of August ; and Fitz-Edward, after seeing him part of the way, took his leave of him, and again went to attend his duty in the north of Ireland.

C H A P. XII.

WHILE Delamere, in the deepest despondence, which he could neither conquer nor conceal, made a vain effort to divert his mind with those amusements for which he no longer had any relish, Emmeline, at her new residence, attracted the attention of many of Mrs. Ashwood's visitors.

A widow, in possession of a handsome jointure, and her children amply provided for, Mrs. Ashwood was believed to entertain no aversion to a second marriage ; and her house being so near London, was frequented by a great number of single men, many of whom came there because it was a pleasant jaunt from the city, where most of them resided ; and others, with hopes of amending their fortunes by an alliance with the lady herself.

These latter, however, were chiefly the younger sons of merchants ; and, though pleased with their flattery and assiduity, Mrs. Ashwood, who had an almost equal share of vanity and ambition, had yet given no very decided preference to any ; for she imagined her personal attractions, of which she had a very high idea, added to the advantages of a good income, good expectations, and opulent connections, entitled her to marry into a higher line of life than that in which her father had first engaged her.

Her acquaintance, however, was yet very limited among persons of fashion ; and it was not wholly without hopes of increasing it, that she had consent-

ed to receive Miss Mowbray, whose relationship to Lord Montreville would, she imagined, be the means of introducing her to his Lordship's notice, and to that of his family.

Her civility and kindness to Emmeline was unbounded for some time : And as she was not easily convinced of her own want of beauty, she never apprehended that she ran some risk of becoming a foil, instead of the first figure, as she expected generally to be.

The extreme simplicity of Emmeline's appearance, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mrs. Ashwood, continued to dress nearly as she did in Wales, and her perfect ignorance of fashionable life and fashionable accomplishments, gave her, in the eyes of many of Mrs. Ashwood's visitors, the air of a dependant ; and those who visited with a view to the fortune of the latter, carefully avoided every appearance of preference to Emmeline, and kept her friend in good humour with herself.

But there were among those who frequented her house some men of business, who being rather in middle life, and immensely rich, had no other views in going thither, than to pass a few hours in the country, when their mercantile engagements prevented their leaving London entirely, and who loved pleasure better than any thing but money.

With one or two of these, Mrs. Ashwood and her father had at different times encouraged overtures of marriage ; but they knew and enjoyed the pleasure their fortune and single state afforded them too well, to give those indulgences up for the advantage of increasing their incomes, unless the object had possessed greater attractions than fell to the share of Mrs. Ashwood ; and her father could not be prevailed upon to give her (at least while he lived) a

sum of money large enough to tempt their avarice. These overtures, therefore, had ended in nothing more than an intercourse of civility.

But Emmeline no sooner appeared, than one of these gentlemen renewed his visits with more than his original assiduity.

The extreme beauty of her person, and the *naiivete* of her manners, gave her, to him, the attractive charms of novelty ; while the mystery there seemed to be about her piqued his curiosity.

It was known that she was related to a noble family ; but Mrs. Ashwood had been so earnestly intreated to conceal, as much as possible, her real history, lest Delamere should hear of and discover her, that she only told it to a few friends, and it had not yet reached the knowledge of Mr. Rochely, who had become the attendant of Mrs. Ashwood's tea-table from the first introduction of Emmeline.

Mr. Rochely was nearer fifty than forty. His person, heavy and badly proportioned, was not relieved by his countenance, which was dull and ill-formed. His voice, monotonous and guttural, was fatiguing to the ear ; and the singularity of his manners, as well as the oddness of his figure, often excited a degree of ridicule, which the respect his riches demanded could not always stifle.

With a person so ill calculated to inspire affection, he was very desirous of being a favourite with the ladies, and extremely sensible of their attractions.

In the inferior ranks of life his money had procured him many conquests, though he was by no means lavish of it ; and much of the early part of his time had been passed in low amours, which did not however impede his progress to the great wealth he possessed.

He had always intended to marry : but as he re-

quired many qualifications in a wife which are hardly ever united, he had hesitated till he had long been looked upon as an old bachelor.

He was determined to choose beauty, but expected also fortune. He desired to marry a woman of family, yet feared the expensive turn of those brought up in high life; and had a great veneration for wit and accomplishments, but dreaded, lest in marrying a woman who possessed them, he should be liable to be governed by superior abilities, or be despised for the mediocrity of his own understanding.

With such ideas, his relations saw him perpetually pursuing some matrimonial project, but so easily frightened from his pursuit, that they relied on his succession with the most perfect confidence.

When first he beheld Emmeline, he was charmed with her person; her conversation, at once innocent and lively, impressed him with the most favourable ideas of her heart and understanding; and, brought up at a great distance from London, she had acquired no taste for expences, no rage for those amusements and dissipations which he so much apprehended in a wife.

When he came to Mrs. Ashwood's (which was almost every afternoon), Emmeline, who was generally at work, or drawing in the dressing-room, never discomposed herself, but sat quietly to what she was doing, listening with the most patient complaisance to the long and uninteresting stories with which he endeavoured to entertain her, an attention which greatly contributed to win the heart of Rochely; and he was as much in love as so prudent a man could be, before he ventured to ask himself what he intended, or what was the family and what the fortune of the person who now occupied most of his time and a great portion of his thoughts.

Mrs. Ashwood, frequently engaged at the neighbouring card-tables, from which Emmeline almost always excused herself, often left her and Mr. Rochely to drink tea together; and when she was at home, would sometimes make her party in another room, where the subject of laughter with her own admirers, was the growing passion of the rich banker for the fair stranger.

Emmeline did not, when present, escape ridicule on this subject; but as she had not the least idea that a man so much older than herself had any intention of offering himself as a husband, she bore it with great tranquillity, and continued to behave to Mr. Rochely with the attentive civility dictated by natural good breeding; while she heard, without any concern but on his account, the perpetual mirth and loud bursts of laughter which followed his compliments and attentions to her.

If he was absent a few days, the door of Mrs. Ashwood was crowded with servants and porters with game from Mr. Rochely; and his assiduities became at every visit more marked.

As it was now late in the autumn, Mrs. Ashwood was desirous of shewing Miss Mowbray some of those public places she had not yet seen; and Emmeline (not apprehending there was any reason to fear meeting Mr. Delamere at a season when she knew field sports kept him altogether in the country) made no difficulty to accompany her.

Mr. Rochely no sooner heard a party to the play proposed, than he desired to join it; and Mrs. Ashwood, Miss Galton (an intimate friend of her's), with Miss Mowbray, Mr. Hanbury (one of Mrs. Ashwood's admirers) and Mr. Rochely, met at Drury-Lane theatre, where Emmeline was extremely well entertained.

When the play was over, the box was filled with several of Mrs. Ashwood's acquaintance, who talked to *her*, while their eyes were fixed on her young friend; an observation that did not greatly lighten up her countenance.

The most conspicuous among these was a tall, thin, but extremely awkward figure, which, in a most fashionable undress, and with a glass held to his eye, strided into the box, and bowing with a strange gesture to Mrs. Ashwood, exclaimed—"Oh! my dear Mrs. A!—here I am!—returned from Spa! only last night! and already at your feet. So here you are, and not yet enchained by that villainous fellow Hymen? You are a good soul, not to give yourself away while I was at Spa. I was horridly afraid, my dear widow, you would not have waited even to have given me a wedding favour."

To this speech, as it required no answer, Mrs. Ashwood gave very little; for, besides that she was not pleased with the matter, the manner delighted her still less. The speaker had, during the whole of it, leaned almost across the person who was next to him, to bring his glass nearly close to Emmeline's face.

Emmeline, extremely discomposed, drew back; and Mr. Rochely, who sat near her, putting away the glass softly with his hand, said very calmly to the leaning beau, "Sir, is there any occasion to take an account of this lady's features?"

"Ah! my friend Rochely!" answered he familiarly, "what! are you the lady's Cicerone? as we say in Italy. Here is indeed beauty enough to draw you from the contemplation of three per cent. consols, India bonds, omnium, scrip, and douceurs. But prithee, my old friend, is this young lady your ward?"

"My ward! no," answered Rochely, "how came you to think she was?"

Mr. Elkerton, who fancied he had vastly the advantage in point of wit, as well as of figure, over his antagonist, now desired to know, "whether the lady was his niece? though, if I had not recollected," said he, "that you never was married, I should have taken her for your granddaughter."

This sarcasm had, on the features of Rochely, all the effect the travelled man expected. But while he was preparing an answer, at which he was never very prompt, the coach was announced to be ready, and Emmeline, extremely weary of her situation, and disgusted even to impatience with her new acquaintance, hastily arose to go.

Elkerton offered to take her hand, which she drew from him without attempting to conceal her dislike; and accepting the arm of Rochely, followed Mrs. Ashwood; while Elkerton, determined not to lose sight of her, seized the hand of Miss Galton, who being neither young, handsome, nor rich, had been left to go out alone. They followed the rest of the party to the coach, where Mrs. Ashwood and Miss Mowbray were already seated, with Mr. Hanbury, who, as he resided with his mother in the village where Mrs. Ashwood lived, was to accompany them home.

The coach being full, seemed to preclude all possibility of Elkerton's admittance: But he was not so easily put off; and telling Mrs. Ashwood he intended to go home to sup with her, he stepped immediately in, and ordered his servant, who waited at the coach-door with a flambeau, to direct his vis-à-vis to follow.

Rochely, who meant to have wished them a good night after seeing them to their carriage, was too

much hurt by this happy essay of assurance, not to resolve to counteract its consequences.

Elkerton, though not a very young man, was near twenty years younger than Rochely. Besides the income of his business (for he was in trade) he had a large independent fortune, of which he was extremely lavish; his equipages were splendid; his house most magnificently furnished; and his clothes the most expensive that could be bought.

Rochely, whose ideas of elegance, manners, or taste, were not very refined, had no notion that the absurdity of Elkerton, or his disagreeable person, would prevent his being a very formidable rival.— He therefore saw him with great pain accompany Emmeline home, and though he had formed no positive designs himself, he could not bear to suppose that another might form them with success.

Directing therefore his chariot to follow the coach, he was set down at the door a few minutes after Mrs. Ashwood and her party; where Emmeline, still more displeased with Elkerton, and having been teased by his impertinent admiration the whole way, looked as if she could have burst into tears.

Mrs. Ashwood, in a very ill humour, hardly attended to his flourishing speeches with common civility; he had therefore recourse to Miss Galton, to whom he was giving the history of his travels, which seemed to take up much of his thoughts.

Miss Galton, who by long dependence and repeated disappointments had acquired the qualifications necessary for a patient hearer, acquiesced, in smiling silence, to all his assertions; looked amazed in the right place; and heard, with great complacency, his wonderful success at cards, and the favour he was in with women of the first fashion at Spa.

The entrance of Mr. Rochely gave no interruption to his discourse. He bowed slightly to him without rising, and then went on, observing that he had now seen every part of Europe worth seeing, and meant, at least for some years, to remain in England; the ladies of which country he preferred to every other, and therefore intended taking a wife among them. Fortune was, he declared, to him no object; but he was determined to marry the handsomest woman he could meet with, for whom he was now looking out.

As he said this, he turned his eyes towards Emmeline, who, affecting not to hear him, though he spoke in so loud a tone as to make it unavoidable, was talking in a low voice to Mr. Rochely.

Rochely had placed himself close to her, and had thrown his arm over the back of her chair; and leaning forward, attended to her with an expression in his countenance of something between apprehension and hope, that gave it the most grotesque look imaginable.

Mrs. Ashwood, who had been entertained apart by Mr. Hanbury, now hurried over the supper; during which Elkerton, still full of himself, ingrossed almost all the conversation; gave a detail of the purchases he had made abroad, and the trouble he had to land them; interspersed with *bon mots* of French marquises and German barons, and witty remarks of an English duke, with whom he had crossed the water on his return. But whatever story he told, himself was still forwardest in the picture; and his project of marrying a handsome wife was again repeated; and he told the party how charming a house he had bought in Kent, and how he had furnished his library.

Rochely, who lay in wait to revenge himself for

All the mortifications he had suffered from him during the evening, took occasion to say, in his grave, old manner, "To be sure, a man of your taste and erudition, Mr. Elkerton, cannot do without a library; but for my part, I think you will find no books can say so much to the purpose as those kept by your late father in milk-street, Cheapside."

Elkerton turned pale at this sneer; but forcing a smile of contempt, answered, "You bankers have no ideas out of your counting-houses; and rich as we are, will never be any thing but *des bourgeois les plus grossieres*! For my part, I see no reason why—why a man's being in business should prevent his enjoying the *elagancies* and *agréments* of life, especially if he can afford it; as it is well known, I believe, even to you, Sir, *that I can*."

"Oh! Sir," replied Rochely, "I know your late father was *reputed* to have died rich, and that nobody has made a better *figure about town* than you have ever since."

"As to figure, Sir," returned the other, "it is true I like to have every thing about me *comme il faut*. And though I don't make fifty per cent. of money, as *some* gentlemen do in *your* way of business, I assure you, Sir, I do nothing that I cannot very well afford."

Mrs. Ashwood, who thought it very likely a quarrel might ensue, here endeavoured to put an end to such very unpleasant discourse; and prevented Mr. Hanbury, who equally hated them both, from trying to irritate them farther, to which he maliciously inclined.

The hints, however of fatigue, given by her and Miss Mowbray, obliged Mr. Rochely to ring that his chariot might be called, which had waited at the door; while Elkerton, who had a pair of beautiful

pied horses in his vis-à-vis, desired to have them sent for from a neighbouring inn—"for I," said he, riding and strutting round the room, "never suffer my people or my horses to wait in the streets."

He then leant over Emmeline's chair, and began in a court tone to renew his compliments; but she suddenly arose, and begging Mrs. Ashwood would give her leave to retire, wished Mr. Rochely and ladies a good night; and slightly curtsying to Elkerton, who was putting himself into the attitude for a speech and a bow, she tripped away.

Rochely, as soon as she was gone, hastened to his chariot, and Elkerton, whose people were in no haste to leave the ale-house, begged to sit down till they came.

Mrs. Ashwood had been the whole evening particularly out of humour; and being no longer able to command it, answered peevishly, "That her house was much at his service, but that she was really so much fatigued, she must retire—however," said she, "Miss Galton, you will be so good as to stay with Mr. Elkerton—good night to you, Sir."

He was no sooner alone with Miss Galton, than he desired her (after a speech which he endeavoured to season with as much flattery as it would bear) to tell him who Emmeline was?

"Upon my word, Sir," answered she, "it is more than I know. Her name is Mowbray, and she is somehow connected with the family of Lord Montreville; but *what* relation (sneeringly added she) I really cannot pretend even to guess."

"A relation of Lord Montreville!" cried Elkerton; "why I knew his Lordship intimately when he was abroad three or four years ago. He was at Naples with his son, his lady, and two daughters, and I was domesticated, absolutely domesticated a

among them. But pray what relation to them can his Miss Mowbray be?"

"Probably," said Miss Galton, "as you know his Lordship, you may know what connections and family he has. I suppose she may be his cousin—or his niece—or his——."

Here she hesitated and smiled; and Elkerton, whose carriage was now at the door, and who had a clue which he thought would procure him all the information he wanted, took leave of Miss Galton, desiring her to tell Mrs. Ashwood that he should wait upon her again in a few days.

CHAP. XIII.

DELAMERE continued in Norfolk only a few weeks after his father and the family came thither. During that time, he appeared restless and dissatisfied; his former vivacity was quite lost; he shunned society, and passed almost all his time in the fields, under pretence of hunting or shooting, though the greatest satisfaction those amusements now afforded him was the opportunity they gave him of absenting himself from home. He seldom returned thither till six or seven o'clock; dined alone in his own apartment; and affected to be too much fatigued to be able to meet the party who assembled to cards in the evening.

Lady Mary Otley and her daughter, a widow lady of small fortune in the neighbourhood, with Lord and Lady Montreville and their eldest daughter, made up a party without him. Augusta Delamere had been left in their way from the north, with a relation of his Lordship's who lived near Scarborough, with whom she was to remain two months.

The party at Audley-Hall was soon increased by Sir Richard Crofts and his eldest son, who came every autumn on a visit to Lord Montreville, and who was his most intimate friend.

Lord Montreville, during the short time he studied at the 'Temple,' became acquainted with Sir Richard, then clerk to an attorney in the city; who, though there was a great difference in their rank, had contrived to gain the regard and esteem of his Lordship (then Mr. Frederic Mowbray), and was, when he came to his estate, intrusted with its management; a trust which he appeared to execute with such diligence and integrity, that he soon obtained the entire confidence of his patron; and, by possessing great ductility and great activity, he was soon introduced into a higher line of life, and saw himself the companion and friend of those, to whom, at his setting out, he appeared only an humble retainer.

Born in Scotland, he boasted of his ancestry, though his immediate predecessors were known to be indigent and obscure: and though he had neither eminent talents, nor any other education than what he had acquired at a free school in his native town, he had, by dint of a very common understanding, steadily applied to the pursuit of one point, and, assisted by the friendship of Lord Montreville, acquired not only a considerable fortune, but a seat in parliament, and a great deal of political interest, together with the title of a Baronet.

He had less understanding than cunning; less honesty than industry; and though he knew how to talk warmly and plausibly of honour, justice, and integrity, he was generally contented only to talk of them, seldom so imprudent as to practice them when he could get place or profit by their sacrifice.

He had that sort of sagacity which enabled him to enter into the characters of those with whom he conversed : he knew how to humour their prejudices, and lay in wait for their foibles to turn them to his own advantage.

To his superiors the cringing parasite ; to those whom he thought his inferiors, proud, supercilious, and insulting ; and his heart hardening as his prosperity increased, he threw off, as much as he could, every connection that reminded him of the transactions of his early life, and affected to live only among the great, whose luxuries he could now reach, and whose manners he tried to imitate.

He had two sons by an early marriage with a woman of small fortune, who was fortunately dead ; or had she lived, she would probably have been concealed, lest she should disgrace him.

To his sons, however, he had given that sort of education which was likely to fit them for places under government ; and he had long secretly intended the eldest for one of the Miss Delameres.

Delamère, all warmth and openness himself, detested the narrow-minded and selfish father ; and had shewn so much coolness towards the sons, that Mr Richard foresaw he would be a great impediment to his designs, and had therefore the strongest motive for trying to persuade Lord Montreville, that to send him on another tour to the Continent would be the best means of curing him of what this step politician termed, " a ridiculous and boyish whim, which his Lordship ought at all events to put an end to before it grew of a more dangerous consequence."

Mr. Crofts, as he was no sportsman, passed his mornings in riding out with Miss Delamere and Miss Mervin, or attending on the elder ladies in their air-

ings; while Delamere, who wished equally to shun Miss Otley, whom he determined never to marry, and Crofts, whom he despised and hated, lived almost alone; notwithstanding the intreaties of his father and the anger of his mother.

Her Ladyship, who had never any command over her passions, harassed him, whenever they met, with sarcasms and reflections; while Lady Mary, scorning to talk *to* a young man, who was blind to the merits of her daughter, talked *at* him whenever she found an opportunity; and exclaimed against the disobedience, dissipation, and ill-breeding of modern young men: while Miss Otley affected a pretty disdain; and flirted violently with Mr. Crofts, as if to shew him that she was totally indifferent to his neglect.

The temper of Delamere was eager and irritable; and he bore the unpleasantness of this society, whenever he was forced to mix in it, with a sort of impatient contempt. But as he hourly found it more irksome, and the idea of Emmeline press every day more intensely on his heart, he determined, at the end of the third week, to go to London.

Not choosing to have any altercation with either Lord or Lady Montreville, he one evening ordered his man to have his horses ready at five o'clock the next day, saying he was to meet the fox-hounds at some distance from home; and having written a letter to his Lordship, in which he told him he was going to London for a fortnight (which letter he left on the table in his dressing-room), he mounted his horse, and was soon in town; but instead of going to the house of his father in Berkley-square, he took lodgings in Pall-Mall.

Every night he frequented those public places which were yet open, in hopes of finding Emmeline;

and his servant was constantly employed for the same purpose ; but as he had no trace of her, all his inquiries were fruitless.

On the night that Emmeline was at the play, he had been at Covent-Garden theatre, and meant to have looked into the other house ; but was detained, by meeting a young foreigner from whom he had received civilities at Turin, till the house was empty ; so narrowly did he miss finding her he so anxiously sought.

Elkerton, in looking about for the happy woman who was worthy the exalted situation of being his wife, had yet seen none whom he thought so likely to succeed to that honour as Miss Mowbray ; and if she was, on inquiry, found to be as she was represented (related to Lord Montreville), it would be so great an additional advantage, that he determined in that case to lay himself and his pious horses, his house in Kent, his library, and his fortune, all at her feet immediately. Nor did he once suffer himself to suspect that there was a woman on earth who could withstand such a torrent of good fortune.

In pursuance, therefore, of this resolution, he determined to make inquiry of Lord Montreville himself, of whom he had just known so much at Naples, as to receive cards of invitation to Lady Montreville's *conversations*.

There he mingled with the croud ; and was slightly noticed as an Englishman of fortune ; smiled at for his affectation of company and manners, which seemed foreign to his original line of life ; and then forgotten.

But Elkerton conceived this to be more than introduction enough ; and dressing himself in what he thought *un disabille la plus imposante*, and with his

servants in their morning liveries, he stopped at the door of Lord Montreville.

"Lord Montreville was not at home."

"When was he expected?"

"It was uncertain; his Lordship was at Audley-Hall, and might be in town in a fortnight; or might not come up till the meeting of parliament."

"And are all the family there?" inquired Elkerton, of the porter.

"No, Sir; Mr. Delamere is in town."

"And when can I see Mr. Delamere?"

The porter could not tell, as he did not live in Berkley-square.

"Where then is he?"

"At lodgings in Pall-Mall;" (for Delamere had left his direction with his father's servants.)

Elkerton therefore took the address with a pencil, and determined, without farther reflection, to drive thither.

It was about four o'clock, and in the middle of November, when Delamere had just returned to his lodgings, to dress before he met his foreign friend, and some other young men, to dine at a tavern in St. James's-street, when a loud rap at the door announced a visitor.

Millefleur, having no orders to the contrary, and being dazzled with the splendour of Elkerton's equipage, let him in; and he was humming an Italian air out of tune, in Delamere's drawing-room, when the latter came out in his dressing-gown and slippers to receive him.

Delamere, on seeing the very odd figure and boonish face of Elkerton, instead of that of somebody he knew, stopped short and made a grave bow.

Elkerton, advancing towards him, bowed also pro-

oundly, and said, "I am charmed, Sir, with being permitted the honour of paying you my devoirs."

Delamere concluded, from his look and bow, as well as from a foreign accent (which Elkerton had affected till it became habitual), that the man was either a dancing-master, or a quack doctor, sent to him by some of his companions, who frequently exercised in each other such efforts of practical wit. He therefore being not without humour, bowed again more profoundly than before; and answered, "that the honour was entirely his, though he did not know how he had deserved it."

"I was so fortunate, Sir," resumed Elkerton, "so fortunate as to—have the honour—the happiness—of knowing Lord Montreville and Lady Montreville a few years ago at Naples."

Delamere, still confirmed in his first idea, answered, "Very probably, Sir."

"And, Sir," continued Elkerton, "I now waited upon you, as his Lordship is not in town—"

"Indeed, Sir, you are too obliging!"

"To ask, Sir, a question, which I hope will not be deemed—be deemed—" (a word did not immediately occur) "be deemed—improper—intrusive—impertinent—inquisitive—presuming."

"I dare say, Sir, nothing improper, intrusive, impertinent, inquisitive, or presuming, is to be apprehended from a gentleman of your appearance."

Delamere expected something very ridiculous to follow this ridiculous introduction, and with some difficulty forbore laughing.

Elkerton went on—

"It relates, Sir, to a lady."

"Pray, Sir, proceed. I am really impatient where a lady is concerned."

"You are acquainted, Sir, with a lady of the name of Ashwood, who lives at Clapham?"

"No, really, Sir, I am not so happy."

"I fancy, then, Sir, I have been misinformed, and beg pardon for the trouble I have presumed to give; but I understood that the young lady who lives with her, was a relation of Lord Montreville."

A ray of fire seemed to flash across the imagination of Delamere, and to inflame all his hopes. He blushed deeply, and his voice faltering with anxiety, he cried—

"What?—who, Sir?—a young lady?—what young lady?"

"Miss Mowbray, they tell me, is her name; and I understand, Sir—but I dare say from mistake—that she is of your family."

Delamere could hardly breathe. He seemed as if he was in a dream, and dared not speak for fear of awaking.

Elkerton, led on by the questions Delamere at length summoned resolution to ask, proceeded to inform him of all he knew: how, where, and how often, he had seen Emmeline, and of his intentions to offer himself a candidate for her favour; "for, notwithstanding, Sir," said he, "that Mr. Rochely seems to be *fort avant en ses bon graces*, I think—I hope—I believe—that his fortune—(and yet his fortune does not perhaps so much exceed mine as many suppose)—his fortune will hardly turn the balance against me; especially if I have the sanction of Lord Montreville, to whom, I suppose (as you seem to acknowledge some affinity between Miss Mowbray and his Lordship), it will be no harm if I apply."

Through the mind of Delamere, a thousand con-

ruined ideas rapidly passed. He was divided between his joy at having found Emmeline, his vexation at knowing he was surrounded by rivals, and his fear that his father might, by the application of Elkerton to him, know that Emmeline's abode was no longer a secret; and amidst these various sensations, he was able only to express his dislike of Elkerton, whose presumption in thinking of Emmeline appeared to cancel the casual obligation he owed him for discovering her.

"Sir," said he haughtily, as soon as he could a little recover his recollection, "I am very well assured that Lord Montreville will not hear any proposals for Miss Mowbray. His Lordship has, in fact, no authority over her; and besides, he is at present about to leave his house in Norfolk, and I know not when he will be in town; perhaps not the whole winter; he is now going to visit some friends, and it will be impossible you can have any access to him for some months. As to myself, you will excuse me; I am engaged to dine out."

He rang the bell, and ordered the servant who entered, to inquire for the gentleman's carriage. Then bowing coolly to him, he went into his dressing-room, and left the mortified Elkerton to regret the little success of an attempt, which he doubted not would have excited, in the hearts of all those related to Miss Mowbray, admiration at his generosity, and joy for the good fortune of Emmeline: for he concluded, by her being a companion to Mrs. Ashwood, that she had no fortune, or any dependence but on the bounty of Lord Montreville.

Delamere, whose ardent inclinations, whatever turn they took, were never to be a moment restrained, rang for his servants, and dispatching one of them with an excuse to his friends, he sent a second

for a hackney-coach. Then ordering up a cold dinner, which he hardly staid to eat, he got into the coach, and directed it to be driven as fast as possible to Clapham Common, where he asked for the house of Mrs. Ashwood, and was presently at the door.

The servant had that moment opened the iron gate, to let out a person who had been to his mistress upon business. Delamere therefore, inquiring if Miss Mowbray was at home, entered without ringing; and telling the servant that he had occasion to speak to Miss Mowbray only, the man answered, "that she was alone in the dressing-room." Thither therefore he desired to be shewn; and without being announced, he entered the room.

Instead of finding her alone; he saw her sit at work by a little table, on which were two wax candles; and by her side, with his arm, as usual, over the back of her chair, and gazing earnestly on her face, sat Mr. Rochely.

Emmeline did not look up when he came in, supposing it was the servant with tea. Delamere therefore was close to the table when she saw him. The work dropt from her hands; she grew pale, and trembled; but not being able to rise, she only clasped her hands together, and said faintly—"Oh! heaven!—Mr. Delamere!"

"Yes, Emmeline, it is Mr. Delamere! and what is there so extraordinary in that? I was told you were alone: may I beg the favour of a few minutes conversation?"

Emmeline knew not what to reply. She saw him dart an angry and disdainful look at poor Rochely; who, alarmed by the appearance of a stranger that appeared on such a footing of familiarity, and who possessed the advantages of youth and a handsome

person, had retreated slowly towards the fire, and now surveyed Delamere with scrutinizing and displeased looks ; while Delamere said to Emmeline—
“ if you have no particular business with this gentleman, will you go into some other room, that I may speak to you on an affair of consequence ? ”

“ Sit down,” said Emmeline, recovering her surprise ; “ sit down, and I will attend you presently. Tell me, how is your sister Augusta ? ”

“ I know not. She is in Yorkshire.”

“ And Lord Montreville ? ”

“ Well, I believe. But what is all this to the purpose ? can I not speak to you, but in the presence of a third person ? ”

Unequivocal as this hint was, Rochely seemed determined not to go, and Delamere as resolutely bent to affront him, if he did not.

Emmeline, therefore, who knew not what else to do, was going to comply with his request of a private audience, when she was luckily relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Ashwood and the tea-table.

Mrs. Ashwood, surprised at seeing a stranger, and a stranger whose appearance had more fashion than the generality of her visitors, was introduced to Mr. Delamere ; a ceremony he would willingly have dispensed with ; and having made his bow, and muttered something about having taken the liberty to call on his relation, he sat down by Emmeline, and in a whisper told her he must and would speak to her alone before he went.

Emmeline, to whose care the tea-table was allotted when Miss Galton happened not to be at Mrs. Ashwood's, now excused herself under pretence of being obliged to make tea ; and while it was passing, Mrs. Ashwood made two or three attempts to introduce general conversation ; but it went no far-

ther than a few insignificant sentences between her and Mr. Rochely.

Delamere, wholly engrossed by the tumultuous delight of having recovered Emmeline, and by contriving how to speak to her alone, thought nothing else worthy his attention; and sat looking at her with eyes so expressive of his love, that Rochely, who anxiously watched him, was convinced that his solicitude was infinitely stronger than his relationship only would have produced.

He had at length learned, by constant attention to every hint and every circumstance that related to Emmeline, who she was; and had even got from Mrs. Ashwood a confused idea of Delamere's attachment to her, which the present scene at once elucidated.

Rochely saw in him not only a rival, but a rival so dangerous, that all his hopes seemed to vanish at once. Unconscious, tell then, how very indiscreetly he was in love, he was amazed at the pain he felt from this discovery; and with a most rueful countenance, sat silent and disconcerted.

Mrs. Ashwood, used to be flattered and attended to, was in no good humour with Mr. Delamere, who gave her so little of his notice; and never, perhaps, were a party more uncomfortable, till they were enlivened by the entrance of Miss Galton and Mr. Hanbury with another gentleman.

They were hardly placed, and had their tea sent round, before a loud ring was heard, and the servant announced "Mr. Elkerton."

Mr. Elkerton came dancing into the room; and having spoken to Mrs. Ashwood and Emmeline, he slightly surveyed the company, and sat down.

He was very near-sighted, and affected to be still more so; and Delamere, having drawn his chair out

of the circle, sat almost behind Emmeline; while the portly citizen, who had accompanied Mr. Hanbury, sat forward near the table; Delamere was therefore hardly seen.

Elkerton began to tell them how immoderately he was fatigued. "I have been over the whole town," said he, "to-day. In the morning I was obliged to attend a boaring appointment upon business relative to my estate in Kent; and to meet my tenants, who disagreed with my steward: and then, I went to call upon my old friend Delamere, Lord Montreville's son, in Pall-Mall; we passed a very cheerful hour, discoursing of former occurrences when we were together at Turin. Upon my word, he is a good sensible young man. We have renewed our intimacy; and he insisted upon my going down with him to his father's house in Norfolk."

Emmeline suspended her tea-making, and looked astonished.

Mrs. Ashwood seemed surprised.

But Delamere, who had at first felt inclined to be angry at the folly and forwardness of Elkerton, was now so struck with the ridicule of the circumstance, that he broke into a loud laugh.

The eyes of the company were turned towards him, and Elkerton, with great indignation, took his glass to survey who it was that had thus violated the rules of good breeding; but great was his dismay and astonishment, when he beheld the very Delamere of whom he had spoken with so much assurance, rise up, and advancing towards him, make a grave bow.

"Sir!" said Delamere, very solemnly, "I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your good opinion of me; nor my happiness to hear you intend to honour me with a visit at Audley Hall. Upon

my word you are *too* obliging, and I know not how I shall shew my gratitude!"

The ironical tone in which this was delivered and the discomposed looks of the distressed Elkerton explained the matter to the whole company, and the laugh became general.

Elkerton, though not easily disconcerted, could not stand it. After a sort of apology to Delamere, he endeavoured to reassume his consequence: but he had been too severely mortified, and in a few minutes arose, and under pretence of being engaged to a rout in town, went away, nobody attempting to stop him.

Rochely, who hated Elkerton, could not forbear to triumph in this discomfiture. He spoke very severely of him as a forward, impertinent, silly fellow, who was dissipating his fortune.

The old citizen heartily joined in exclaiming against such apostates from the frugality of their ancestors. "Sir (said he to Rochely), we all know that *you* are a prudent man, and that cash at your house is as it were in the Bank. Sir, you do honour to the city; but as to that there Mr. Elkerton, one must be cautious; but for my part, I wonder how some people go on. To my certain knowledge his father didn't die so rich as was supposed—no—not by a many thousands. Sir, I remember him—(and I am not ashamed to say it)—for every body knows I have got my money honestly, and that it's all of my own getting—but, Sir, I remember that man's father, and not a many years ago neither, carrying out parcels, and sweeping the shop for old Jonathan Huggins. You knew old Jonathan Huggins. He did not die, I think, till about the year forty-one or two. You remember him, to be sure?"

Rochely, ever tremblingly alive when his age was

called in question, yet fearing to deny a fact which he apprehended the other would enter into a convincing detail to prove, answered that "he slightly remembered him when he was quite a boy."

But his evasion availed him nothing. The old citizen, Mr. Rugby, was now got upon his own ground; and most inhumanly for the feelings of poor Rochely, began to relate in whose mayoralty old Jonathan Huggins was sheriff, and when he was mayor; who he married; who married his daughters; and how he acquired an immense fortune, all by frugality at setting out; and how one of his daughters, who had married a Lord against the old man's will, had spent more in *one* night than his father did in a twelvemonth.

Delamere, who sat execrating both Jonathan Huggins and his historian, at length lost all patience, and said to Emmeline in a half whisper, "I can bear this no longer: leave these tedious old fools, and let me speak to you for two minutes only."

Emmeline knew not how to refuse, without hazarding some extravagance on the part of Delamere. But as she did not like the appearance of leaving the room abruptly, she desired Mrs. Ashwood would give her permission to order candles in the parlour, as Mr. Delamere wished to speak with her alone.

As soon as the servant informed her they were ready, she went down, and Delamere followed her, having first wished Mrs. Ashwood a good night; who was too much displeased at the little attention he had shewn her, to ask him to supper, though she was very desirous of having a man of his fashion in the list of her acquaintance.

Delamere and Emmeline were no sooner alone, than he began to renew, with every argument he thought likely to move her, his intreaties for a pri-

vate marriage. He swore that he neither could nor would live without her, and that her refusal would drive him to some act of desperation.

Emmeline feared her resolution would give way for the comparison between the people she had lately been among, and Delamere, was infinitely favourable to him. Such unabated love, in a man who might choose among the fairest and most fortunate of women, was very seducing; and the advantages of being his wife, instead of continuing in the precarious situation she was now in, would have determined at once a mind more attentive to pecuniary or selfish motives.

But Emmeline, unshaken by such considerations, was liable to err only from the softness of her heart.

Delamere unhappy—Delamere wearing out in hopeless solicitude the bloom of life, was the object she found it most difficult to contend with; and feeble would have been her defence, had she not considered herself as engaged in honour to Lord Montreville to refuse his son, and still more engaged to respect the peace of the family of her dear Augusta.

Strengthened by these reflections, she refused, though in the gentlest manner, to listen to such proposals; reproached him, though with more tenderness in her voice and manner than she had yet shewn, for having left Audley Hall without the concurrence of Lord Montreville; and intreated him to return, and try to forget her.

"Let me perish if I do!" eagerly answered Delamere. "No, Emmeline; if you determine to push me to extremities, to you only will be the misery imputable, when my mistaken parents, in vain repentance, hang over the tomb of their only son, and see the last of his family in an early grave. It is in

your power only to save me—You refuse—farewell, then—I wish no future regret may embitter your life, and that you may find consolation in being the wife of some one of those persons, who are, I see, offering you all that riches can bestow. Farewell, lovely, inhuman girl! be happy if you can—after having sacrificed to a mistaken point of honour, the repose and the life of him who lived only to adore you.”

So saying, he suddenly opened the door, and was leaving the room. But Emmeline, who shuddered at the picture he had drawn of his despair, and saw such traces of its reality on his countenance, caught his arm.

“Stay, Mr. Delamere!” cried she; “stay yet a moment.”

“For what purpose?” answered he, “since you refuse to hear me.”

He turned back, however, into the room; and Emmeline, who fancied she saw him the victim of his unfortunate love, could no longer command her tears.

Delamere threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees.

“Oh Emmeline!” cried he, weeping also, “hear me for the last time. Either consent to be mine, or let me take an eternal adieu!”

“What would you have me do? good God! what is it you expect of me?”

“To go with me to Scotland to-morrow—to-night—directly!”

“Oh, no! no!—Does not Lord Montreville depend upon my honour?—can I betray a trust reposed in me?”

“Chimeras all! founded in tyranny on his part, and weakness on your’s. *He* had no right to exact

such a promise; *you* had no right to give it. But, however, send to him again to say I have seen you—summon him hither to divide us—you may certainly do so if you please; but Lord Montreville will no longer have a son; at least England, nor Europe will contain him any longer—I will go where my father shall hear no more of me.”

“Will it content you if I promise you *not* to write to Lord Montreville, nor to cause him to be written to; and to see you again?”

“When?”

“To-morrow—whenever you please.”

Delamere, catching at this faint ray of hope, promised, if she would allow him to come thither when he would, he would endeavour to be calm. He made her solemnly protest that she would neither write to Lord Montreville, nor procure another to do it; and that she would not leave Mrs. Ashwood without letting him know when and whither she went; and if by any accident his father heard of his having found her, that she would enter into no new engagements to conceal herself from him.

Having procured from her these assurances, which he knew she would not violate, and having obtained her consent to see him early the next morning, he at her request agreed to take his leave; which he did with less pain than he had ever before felt at quitting her; carrying with him the delightful hope that he had made an impression on her heart, and secure of seeing her the next day, he went home comparatively happy.

Emmeline, who had wept excessively, was very unfit to return to the company; but she thought her not appearing again among them would be yet more singular. She therefore composed herself as well as she could; and after staying a few minutes to re-

collect her scattered spirits, she entered the room where they were at cards.

Rochely, who was playing at whist with Mrs. Ashwood, Mr. Rugby, and Mr. Hanbury, looked anxiously at her eyes; and presently losing all attention to what he was about, and forgetting his game, he played so extremely ill, that he lost the rubber.

The old cit, who had three half crowns depending, and who was a determined grumbler at cards, fell upon him without mercy; and said so many rude things, that Rochely could not help retorting; and it was with some difficulty Mrs. Ashwood prevented the grossest abuse being lavished from the enraged Rugby on the enamoured banker, who, desiring to give his cards to Miss Galton, got up and ordered his carriage.

Emmeline sat near the fire, with her handkerchief in her hand, which was yet wet with tears.

Rochely, with a privilege he had been used to, and which Emmeline, from a man old enough to be her father, thought very inconsequential, took her hand and the handkerchief it held.

"So, Miss Mowbray (said he), Mr. Delamere is your near relation?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And he has brought you, I fear, some ill news of your family?"

"No, Sir," sighed Emmeline.

"No death, I hope?"

"No, Sir."

"Whence then these tears?"

Emmeline drew her hand away.

"What a strange young man this is, to make you cry. What has he been saying to you?"

"Nothing, Sir."

“ Ah ! Miss Mowbray ; such a lad as that is but an indifferent guardian. Pray where does his father live ? ”

Miss Mowbray, not aware of the purpose of this inquiry, and glad of any thing that looked like common conversation, answered, “ At Audley Hall, in Norfolk ; and in Berkley-square. ”

Some other questions, which seemed of no consequence, Rochely asked, and Emmeline answered till, hearing his carriage was at the door, he went away.

“ I don't like your Mr. Delamere at all, Miss Mowbray,” said Mrs. Ashwood, as soon as the game ended. “ I never saw a prouder, more disagreeable young man in my life. ”

Emmeline smiled faintly, and said she was sorry he did not please her.

“ No, nor me neither,” said Miss Galton. “ Such haughtiness indeed !—yet I was glad he mortified that puppy Elkerton. ”

Emmeline, who found the two friends disposed to indulge their good nature at the expence of the company of the evening, complained of being fatigued, and asked for a glass of wine and water which having drank, she retired to bed, leaving the lady of the house, who had invited Mr. Hanbury and his friend to supper, to enjoy more stories of Jonathan Huggins, and the pretty satirical efforts of Miss Galton, who made her court most effectually by ridiculing and vilifying all their acquaintances whenever it was in her power.

C H A P. XIV.

WHEN Rochely got home, he set about examining the state of his heart, exactly as he would have examined the check-book of one of his customers.

He found himself most miserably in love; but avarice said, Miss Mowbray had no fortune.

By what had passed in his bosom that evening, he had discovered that he should be wretched to see her married to another.

But avarice inquired how he could offer to marry a woman without a shilling?

Love represented that her modest, reserved, and unambitious turn, would perhaps make her, in the end, a more profitable match, than a woman educated in expence, who might dissipate more than she brought.

Avarice asked whether he could depend on modesty, reserve, and a retired turn, in a girl not yet eighteen?

After a long discussion, Love very unexpectedly put to flight the agent of Plutus, who had, with very little interruption, reigned despotically over all his thoughts and actions for many years; and Rochely determined to write to Lord Montreville, to lay his circumstances before him, and make a formal proposal to marry Miss Mowbray.

In pursuance of this resolution, he composed with great pains (for he was remarkably slow in whatever he undertook) the following epistle—

“MY LORD,

“This serves to inform your Lordship, that I have seen Miss Mowbray, and like her well enough to be willing to marry her, if you, my Lord, have not any

VOL. I.

K

other views for her ; and as to fortune, I will just give your Lordship a memorandum of mine.

“ I have sixty thousand pounds in the stocks; viz eighteen in the three per cent. consols, twenty in Bank stock; ten in East India stock; and twelve in South Sea annuities.

“ I have about forty thousand on different mortgages; all good, as I will be ready at any time to shew you. I have houses worth about five more. And after the death of my mother, who is near eighty, I shall have an estate in Middlesex worth ten more. The income of my business is near three thousand pounds a year; and my whole income near ten thousand.

“ My character, my Lord, is well known; and you will find, if we agree, that I shall not limit Miss Mowbray's settlement to the proportion of what your Lordship may please to give her (for I suppose you will give her something), but to what she ought to have as my widow, if it should so happen that she survives me.

“ I have reason to believe Miss Mowbray has no dislike to this proposal; and hope to hear from your Lordship thereon by return of post.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ your Lordship's very humble servant,

“ HUMPHREY ROCHELY.

Lombard Street, Nov. 20, 17—.

This was going to the point at once. The letter arrived in due time at Audley Hall, and was received by Lord Montreville with surprise and satisfaction. The hint of Miss Mowbray's approbation made him hope she was yet concealed from Delamere; and as he determined to give the earliest and strongest encouragement to this overture from a man worth above a hundred thousand pounds, he called

council with Sir Richard Crofts, who knew Rochely, and who kept cash with him; and it was determined that Lord Montreville should go to town, not only to close at once with the opulent banker, but to get Delamere out of the way while the marriage was in agitation, which it would otherwise be impossible to conceal from him. To persuade him to another continental tour was what Sir Richard advised; and agreed to go to town with his Lordship, in order to assist in this arduous undertaking.

Lord Montreville, however, failed not immediately to answer the letter he had received from Mr. Rochely, in these terms—

“SIR,

“This day’s post brought me the honour of your letter.

“If Miss Mowbray is as sensible as she ought to be, of so flattering a distinction, be assured it will be one of the most satisfactory events of my life to see her form a connection with a gentleman truly worthy and respectable.

“To hasten the completion of an event so desirable, I fully intend being in town in a very few days, when I will, with your permission, wait on you in Lombard-street.

“I have the honour to be, with great esteem,

“Sir,

“your most devoted,

“and most obedient servant,

“MONTREVILLE.”

Audley Hall, Nov. 23.

The haughty peer, who derived his blood from the most ancient of the British nobility, thus condescended to flatter opulence, and to court the alliance of riches. Nor did he think any advances he could make beneath him, when he hoped at once to marry

his niece to advantage, and what was yet more material, put an invincible bar between her and his son.

While this correspondence, so inimical to Delamere's hopes, was passing between his father and Mr. Rochely, he was every hour with Emmeline, intoxicated with his passion, indulging the most delightful hopes, and forgetting every thing else in the world.

He had found it his interest to gain (by a little more attention, and some fine speeches about elegance and grace) the good opinion of Mrs. Ashwood, who now declared she had been mistaken in her first idea of him, and that he was not only quite a man of fashion, but possessed an excellent understanding and very refined sentiments.

The sudden death of her father had obliged her to leave home some days before; but as soon as she was gone, Emmeline, who foresaw that Delamere would be constantly with her, sent for Miss Galton.

No remonstrance of her's could prevent his passing every day at the house, from breakfast till a late hour in the evening.

On the last of these days he was there as usual, and it was past eight at night, when Emmeline, who had learned to play on the harp by being present when Mrs. Ashwood received lessons on that instrument, was singing to Delamere a little simple air of which he was particularly fond, and into which she threw so much pathos, that, lost in fond admiration, he "hung over her, enamoured;" when she was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said that a Lord, but he forgot the name, was below, and desired to speak with Miss Mowbray.

If Emmeline was alarmed at the sight of Lord Montreville at Swansea, when she had acted with the strictest attention to his wishes, she had now

much more reason to be so, when she felt herself conscious of having given encouragement to Delamere, and had reason to fear her motives for doing so would be misbelieved or misunderstood.

Though the servant had forgotten his name, Emmeline doubted not but it was Lord Montreville; and she had hardly time to think how she should receive him, before his Lordship (who had impatiently followed the servant up stairs) entered the room.

Delamere, immovable behind Emmeline's chair, was the first object that struck him.

He had hoped that her residence was yet unknown to his son; and surprise, vexation, and anger, were marked in his countenance and attitude.

"Miss Mowbray!" (advancing towards her) "is it thus you fulfil the promise you gave me? And you, Mr. Delamere—do you still obstinately persist in this ridiculous, this unworthy attachment?"

"I left you, my Lord," answered Delamere, "without deceiving you as to my motives for doing so. I came in search of Miss Mowbray. By a fortunate accident I found her. I have never dissimulated, nor ever mean it in whatever relates to her. Nothing has prevented my making her irrevocably mine, but her too scrupulous adherence to a promise she ought never to have given, and which your Lordship ought never to have extorted."

Emmeline, gentle as she was, had yet that proper spirit which conscious worth seldom fails of inspiring; and knowing that she had already sacrificed much to the respect she thought Lord Montreville entitled to, she was hurt at finding, from his angry and contemptuous tone, as well as words, that she was condemned unheard, and treated with harshness where she deserved only kindness and gratitude.

The courage of which her first surprise had de-

prived her, was restored by these sensations ; and she said, with great coolness, yet with less timidity than usual, " My Lord, I have yet done nothing in violation of the promise I gave you. But the moment your Lordship doubts my adherence to it, from that moment I consider it as dissolved."

Delamere, encouraged by an answer so flattering to his hopes, now addressed himself to his father, who was by this time seated ; and spoke so forcibly of his invincible attachment, and his determined purpose never to marry any other woman, that the resolution of Lord Montreville was shaken, and would perhaps have given way, if the violent and clamorous opposition of his wife on one hand, and the ambitious projects and artful advice of Sir Richard Crofts on the other, had not occurred to him. He commanded himself so far as not to irritate Delamere farther, by reflections on the conduct of Emmeline, which he found would not be endured ; and trying to stifle his feelings under the dissimulation of the courtier, he heard with patience all he had to urge. He even answered him with temper ; made an apology to Emmeline for any expressions that might have given her offence ; and at length threw into his manner a composure that elated Delamere to a degree of hope hitherto unfelt. He fancied that his father, weary of hopeless opposition, and convinced of the merit of Emmeline, would consent to his marriage ; and his quick spirit seizing with avidity on an idea so flattering, converted into a confirmation of it all Lord Montreville's discourse for the remainder of the visit ; in which, by dissimulation on one part, and favourable expectations on the other, they both seemed to return to some degree of good humour.

Delamere agreed to go home with his father ; and

Lord Montreville having determined to return the next day to speak to Emmeline on the proposals of Rochely, they parted; his Lordship meditating as he went home how to prevent Delamere's interrupting the conference he wished to have on a subject which was so near his heart.

On his arrival at his own house he found Sir Richard Crofts waiting for him, whom he detained to supper. Delamere, as soon as it was over, went to his lodgings, which Lord Montreville did not oppose, as he wished to be alone with Sir Richard; but he desired that after that evening Delamere would return to his apartments in Berkley-square, which he partly promised to do.

Lord Montreville related to Sir Richard what had passed, and the uneasiness he was under to find that Delamere, far from relaxing in his determination, had openly renewed his addresses; and that Emmeline seemed much less disposed to sacrifice his wishes to those of his family, than he had yet found her.

Sir Richard, himself wholly insensible to the feelings of a father, discouraged in Lord Montreville every tendency to forgive or indulge this indiscreet passion. And equally incapable of the generous sentiments of a gentleman towards a woman, young, helpless, dependant, and unfortunate, he tried to harden the heart of Lord Montreville against his orphan niece, and advised him peremptorily to insist on her marrying Rochely immediately; or, as the alternative, to declare to her, that from the moment of her refusal she must expect from him neither support nor countenance.

This threat on one hand, and the affluence offered her by Rochely on the other, must, he thought, oblige her to embrace his proposals.

The greatest difficulty seemed to be, to prevent

Delamere's impetuosity from snatching her at once out of the power of his father by an elopement; to which, if she preferred him to Rochely, it was very probable she might be driven by harsh measures to consent; and that Delamere must have in her heart a decided preference, there could be little doubt.

Lord Montreville was apprehensive that Delamere, who had, he found, for many days lived entirely at Mrs. Ashwood's, would be there before him in the morning, and preclude all possibility of a private conversation with Emmeline.

Fitz-Edward, who could, and from the duplicity of his character, would perhaps have made a diversion in his favour, was not in town; and to both the Mr. Crofts' Delamere had an antipathy, which he took very little pains to conceal; they therefore could not be employed to engage him.

In this difficulty Sir Richard offered to go himself to Miss Mowbray, that Lord Montreville might be at liberty to detain his son, pretences for which could not be wanting.

His Lordship closed with this offer with pleasure, and felt himself relieved from a painful task. His heart, though greatly changed by a long course of good fortune, and by the habit of living among the great, was yet not quite lost to the feelings of nature.

His brother, than whom he was only a year younger, and whom he had loved through childhood and youth with singular attachment, was not wholly forgotten; and the softened likeness, in the countenance of Emmeline, to one whom he had so long been used to look up to with tenderness, frequently said as much for her to his affection, as her unprotected and helpless state did to his honour and his compassion. Nor, whatever pains he took to stifle

his pity for his son, could he entirely reconcile to his own heart the part he was acting.

But of these feelings, meritorious as they were, he was ashamed, and dared not avow them; while he was intimidated by the supercilious spirit and unconquerable pride of Lady Montreville, and tempted by the visions of increasing splendour and accumulated riches which Sir Richard perpetually presented to his imagination, and which there was indeed but little doubt of realising.

The Mowbray family were known to possess abilities. Those of the deceased Mr. Mowbray were remarkably great, though he had thrown away his time and health in a course of dissipation which had made them useless.

The talents of Lord Montreville, though less brilliant, were more solid. And now in the meridian of life, with powerful connections and extensive interest, he was courted to accept an eminent post in administration, with a promise of a marquisate being restored to him, which had long lain dormant in his own family, and of the revival of which he was extremely ambitious.

To support such a dignity, his son's future fortune, ample as it must be, would not, he thought, be adequate, and could only be made so by his marrying Miss Otley, or some woman of equal fortune.

This, therefore, was the weight which entirely overbalanced all his kindness for his niece, and confirmed his resolution to tear her from Delamere at whatever price.

C H A P. XV.

IT was much earlier than the usual hour for morning visits, when Sir Richard Crofts was at the door of Mrs. Ashwood.

Miss Mowbray had given no orders to be denied; and he was, on inquiring for her, shewn into the parlour.

As soon as the servant informed her a gentleman was below, whom she found was not Delamere, she concluded it was Lord Montreville; and with a fearful and beating heart, went down.

She saw, with some surprise, a middle-aged man, of no very pleasant countenance and person, to whom she was an entire stranger; and concluding his business was with Mrs. Ashwood, she was about to retreat, when the gentleman advancing towards her, told her he waited on her, commissioned by Lord Montreville.

Emmeline sat down in silence, and Sir Richard began.

“Miss Mowbray, I have the honour to be connected with Lord Montreville, and entirely in his Lordship’s confidence: you will please, therefore, to consider what I shall say to you as coming immediately, directly, and absolutely from himself, and as his Lordship’s decided, and unalterable, and irrevocable intentions.”

The abruptness of this speech shocked and distressed Emmeline. She grew very pale; but bowing slightly to the speaker, he went on.

“My Lord Montreville hopes and supposes, and is willing to believe, that you have not, in direct violation of your promise solemnly given, encouraged Mr. Delamere in the absurd, and impossible, and

impracticable project of marrying you. But however that may have been, as it is his Lordship's firm resolution and determination never to suffer such a connection, you have, I suppose, too much sense not to see the mischief you must occasion, and bring on, and cause to yourself, by encouraging a giddy and infatuated, and ignorant, and rash young man, to resist paternal authority."

Emmeline was still silent.

"Now here is an opportunity of establishing yourself in affluence, and reputation, and fortune, beyond what your most sanguine hopes could offer you; and I am persuaded you will eagerly, and readily, and immediately embrace it. Lord Montreville insists upon it; the world expects it; and Mr. Delamere's family demand it of you."

"Sir!" said Emmeline, astonished at the peremptory tone and strange purport of these words.

"It is my custom," resumed Sir Richard, "when I am upon business, to speak plainly, and straightly, and to the point. This, then, is what I have to propose—You are acquainted with Mr. Rochely, the great banker?"

"Yes, Sir."

"He offers to my Lord Montreville to marry you; and to make settlements on you equal to what you might have claimed, had you a right to be considered as a daughter of the house of Mowbray. His real fortune is very great; his annual income superior to that of many of the nobility; and there *can* be no reason, indeed none will be allowed, or listened to, or heard of, why you should not eagerly, and instantly, and joyfully accept a proposal so infinitely superior to what you have any claim, or right, or pretence to."

This was almost too much for poor Emmeline.

Anger and disdain, which she found fast rising in her bosom, restrained her tears: but her eyes flashed indignantly on the unfeeling politician who thus so indelicately addressed her.

He would not give her time to speak; but seemed determined to overwhelm her imagination at once with the contrast he placed before her.

"If," continued he, "you will agree to become the wife of Mr. Rochely, as soon as settlements can be prepared, my Lord Montreville, of whose generosity, and greatness of mind, and liberality, too much cannot be said, offers to consider you as being really his niece; as being really a daughter of the Mowbray family; and, that being so considered, you may not be taken by any man portionless, he will, on the day of marriage, present, and settle on, and give you, three thousand pounds.

"Now, Miss Mowbray, consider, and weigh, and reflect on this well: and give me leave, in order that you may form a just judgment, to tell you the consequence of your refusal.

"My Lord Montreville, who is not obliged to give you the least assistance, or support, or countenance, does by me declare, that if you are so weak (to call it by no harsher name) as to refuse this astonishing, and amazing, and singular good fortune; he shall consider you as throwing off all duty, and regard, and attention to him; and as one, with whose fate it will be no longer worth his while to embarrass, perplex, and concern himself. From that moment, therefore, you must drop the name of Mowbray, to which, in fact, you have no right, and take that of your mother, whatever it be; and you must never expect from my Lord Montreville, or the Mowbray-Delamere family, either countenance, or support, or protection.

"Now, Miss Mowbray, your answer. The proposition cannot admit of deliberation, or doubt, or hesitation, and my Lord expects it by me."

The presence of mind, which a very excellent understanding and a very innocent heart gave to Emmeline, was never more requisite than on this occasion. The rude and peremptory manner of the speaker; the dreadful alternative of Rochely on one side, and indigence on the other, thus suddenly and unexpectedly brought before her, was altogether so overcoming, that she could not for a moment collect her spirits enough to speak at all. She sighed; but her agitation was too great for tears; and at length summoning all her courage, she replied—

"My Lord Montreville, Sir, would have been kinder, had he delivered himself his wishes and commands. Such, however, as I now receive them, they require no deliberation. *I will not* marry Mr. Rochely, though, instead of the fortune you describe, he could offer me the world.—Lord Montreville *may* abandon me, but he *shall not* make me wretched. Tell him, therefore, Sir," (her spirit rose as she spoke), "that the daughter of his brother, unhappy as she is, yet boasts that nobleness of mind which her father possessed, and disclaims the mercenary views of becoming, from pecuniary motives, the wife of a man whom she cannot either love or esteem. Tell him too, that if she had not inherited a strong sense of honour, of which, at least, her birth does not deprive her, she might now have been the wife of Mr. Delamere, and independant of his Lordship's authority; and it is improbable, that one who has sacrificed so much to integrity, should now be compelled by threats of indigence to the basest of all actions, that of selling her person and her happiness for a subsistence. I beg that *you*, Sir, who seem to

have delivered Lord Montreville's message with such scrupulous exactness, will take the trouble to be as precise in my answer; and that his Lordship will consider it as final."

Having said this, with a firmness of voice and manner which resentment, as well as a noble pride supplied, she arose, curtsied composedly to Sir Richard, and went out of the room; leaving the unsuccessful ambassador astonished at that strength of mind, and dignity of manner, which he did not expect in so young a woman; and somewhat mortified, that his masculine eloquence, on which he was accustomed to pride himself, and which he thought generally unanswerable, had so entirely fallen short of the effect he expected.

Unwilling, however, to return to Lord Montreville without hopes of success, he thought he might obtain at least some information from Mrs. Ashwood, of the likeliest means to move her untractable and high-spirited friend. He therefore rang the bell, and desired to speak with that lady. But as she was not yet returned from the house of her father, where a family meeting was held to inspect his will, Sir Richard failed of attempting to secure her agency; and was obliged, however reluctantly, to depart.

Emmeline, whose command of herself was exerted with too much violence not to shake her whole frame with its effects, no sooner reached her own chamber than she found all her courage gone, and a violent passion of tears succeeded.

Her deep convulsive sighs reached the ears of Miss Galton, who entered the room, and began, in the common mode of consolation, first to inquire why she wept?

Emmeline answered only by weeping the more.

Miss Galton inquired if that gentleman was Lord Montreville?

Emmeline was unable to reply; and Miss Galton, finding no gratification to her curiosity, which, mingled with envious malignity, had long been her ruling passion, was obliged to quit the unhappy Emmeline, which was indeed the only favour she could do her.

The whole morning had passed before Miss Mowbray was able to come down stairs, and when she did, her languor and dejection were excessive. Miss Galton only dined with her, if it might be called dining, for she eat nothing; but just as the cloth was removed, a coach stopped, and Mrs. Ashwood appeared, led by her brother, Mr. Stafford.

Emmeline, who had not very lately heard from her beloved friend, now eagerly inquired after her, and learned that the illness of one of her children had, together with her being far advanced in her pregnancy, prevented her coming to London with Mr. Stafford; who, though summoned thither immediately on his father's death, had only arrived the evening before; the messenger that went, having missed him at his own house, and having been obliged to follow him into Dorsetshire.

He delivered to Miss Mowbray a letter from Mrs. Stafford, with which Emmeline, eager to read it, retired—

“Trust me, Emmeline, no abatement in my tender regard, has occasioned my omitting to write to you: but anxiety of mind, so great as to deprive me of all power to attend to any thing but its immediate object. Your poor little friend Harry, who looked so much recovered, and so full of health and spirits, when you left him at Swansea, was three

weeks ago seized again with one of those fevers to which he has so repeatedly been liable, and for many days his life appeared to be in the most immediate danger. You know how far we are from a physician; and you know my anxiety for this first darling of my heart. Judge then, my Emmeline, of the miserable hours I have known, between hope and fear, and the sleepless nights I have passed at the bedside of my suffering cherub; and in my present state I doubly feel all this anxiety and fatigue, and am very much otherwise than well. But of myself I think not, since Harry is out of danger, and Dr Farnaby thinks will soon be entirely restored; but he is still so very weak, that I never quit him even a moment. The rest of my children are well; and all who are capable of recollection, remember and love you.

“ And now, my dear Miss Mowbray, as the visitors who have been with me ever since my return from Swansea, are happily departed, and no others expected, and as Mr. Stafford will be engaged in town almost all the winter, in consequence of his father's death, will you not come to me? *You* only can alleviate and share a thousand anxieties that prey on my spirits; *you* only can sweeten the hour of my confinement, which will happen in January; and before *you* only I can sigh at liberty and be forgiven.

“ Ah! Emmeline—the death of Mr. Stafford's father, far from producing satisfaction, as increasing our fortune, brings to me only regret and sorrow. He loved me with great affection; and I owe him a thousand obligations. The family will have reason to regret his loss; though the infirmities of the latter part of his life were not much alleviated by their attendance or attention.

“ Come to me, Emmeline, if possible; come, if

you can, with Mr. Stafford; or if he is detained long in town, come without him. I will send my post-chaise to meet you at Basingstoke. Lord Monrevel cannot object to it; and Delamere, whom you have never mentioned, has, I conclude, given way to the peremptory commands of his father, and has determined to forget my Emmeline.

"Is it then probable any one can forget her? I know not of what the volatile and thoughtless Delamere may be capable; but I know that of all things it would be the most impossible to her truly attached and affectionate,

"C. STAFFORD."

Woodfield, Nov. 30.

This letter gave great relief to the mind of the dejected Emmeline. That her first and dearest friend, who opened at this painful crisis her consolatory bosom to receive and pity her; and that she should have the power to share her fatigue, and lessen the weight of her anxiety during the slow recovery of her child, seemed to be considerations which softened all the anguish she had endured during the day.

She was however too much disordered to go down to tea; and told Mrs. Ashwood, who civilly came up to inquire after her, that she had a violent pain in her head, and would go to bed.

Mrs. Ashwood, full of her increased fortune, and busied in studying to make her deep mourning as becoming as possible, let her do as she would, and thought no more about her.

She had therefore time to meditate at leisure on her wayward fate; and some surprise that Delamere had not appeared the whole day, mingled itself with her reflections.

Poor Delamere was not to blame. Lord Montreville had sent to him very early in the morning, to desire to see him for five minutes on business of consequence.

Delamere, who, from what had passed the evening before, had indulged, during the night, the fond dreams of happiness, obeyed the summons, not without some hopes that he should hear all his favourable presages confirmed. When he came, however, his father waving all discourse that related to Emmeline or himself, affected to consult him on a proposal he had received for his eldest sister, which the family were disposed to promote; and after detaining him as long as he could on this and on other subjects, he desired him to send to his lodgings for Millefleur, and to dress as expeditiously as possible in order to accompany him to dine at Lord Dornock's, a Scottish nobleman, with whom his Lordship was deeply engaged in the depending negotiation with ministry, and who was at his seat, about nine miles from London.

Delamere reluctantly engaged in such a party. But however short his father's discourse fell of what he hoped, he yet determined to get the better of his repugnance and obey him; still flattering himself that Lord Montreville would lead to the subject nearest his heart, or that in the course of the day he should at least have an opportunity of introducing it.

They therefore set out together, on the most amicable terms, in Lord Montreville's coach. But as they had taken up on their way a gentleman who held a place under Lord Dornock, his presence prevented any conversation but on general subjects during their short journey.

The dinner passed as such dinners generally do—too much in the secret to touch on politics, all such

discourse was carefully avoided at the table of Lord Dornock.

In literature they had no resource; and therefore the conversation chiefly turned on the pleasure they were then enjoying, that of the luxuries of the table. They determined on the merits of the venison of the past season; settled what was the best way of preparing certain dishes; and whose domain produced the most exquisite materials for others. And on these topics a society of cooks could not have more learnedly descanted.

Delamere, not yet of an age to be initiated into the noble science of eating, and among whose ideas of happiness the delights of gratifying his palate had not yet been numbered, heard them with impatience and disgust.

He was obliged, however, to stay while the wines were criticised as eloquently as the meats had been; and to endure a long harangue from the master of the house, *cote roti*, and *lacryma Christi*; and after the elder part of the company had adjusted their various merits, and swallowed a sufficient quantity, the two noblemen retired to a private conference; and Delamere, obliged to move into a circle of insipid women, took refuge in cards, which he detested almost as much as the entertainment he had just quit-
ted.

The hours, however, slowly wore away, and his patience was almost exhausted.

Soon after ten o'clock he ventured to send to his father, to know whether he was ready to return to town? But he received a message in reply, "that he had determined to stay all night."

Vexed and angry, Delamere began to suspect that his father had some design in thus detaining him at a distance from Emmeline; and fired by indignation

at this idea, equally scorning to submit to restraint, or to be detained by finesse, he disengaged himself from the card-table, fetched his hat, and without speaking to any body, walked to the next village, where he got into a post-chaise, and was presently in London. But as it was almost twelve o'clock, he forbore to visit Emmeline that night.

CH A P. XVI.

AS soon as there was any probability of Emmeline's being visible the next morning, Delamere was at Clapham.

The servant of whom he inquired for her, told him, that Miss Mowbray had not yet rung her bell, and that as it was later than her usual hour, she was afraid it was owing to her being ill.

Alarmed at this intelligence, Delamere eagerly questioned her further; and learned that the preceding morning, a gentleman who had never been there before, had been to see Miss Mowbray, and had staid with her about three quarters of an hour, during which he had talked very loud; and that after he was gone, she had hastened to her own room, crying sadly, and had seemed very much vexed the whole day afterwards. That when she went to bed, which was early in the evening, she had sighed bitterly, and said she was not well. The servants, won by the sweetness and humanity with which Emmeline treated them, all seemed to consider her health and happiness as their own concern; and the girl who delivered this intelligence to Delamere, had been very much about her, and knowing her better, loved her more than the others.

Delamere could not doubt the truth of this ac-

count; yet he could not conjecture who the stranger could be, in whose power it was thus to distress Emmeline. But dreading lest some scheme was in agitation to take her from him, he sat in insupportable anxiety till she should summon the maid.

Her music book lay open on a *piano forte* in the breakfast parlour. A song which he had a few days before desired her to learn, as being one which particularly charmed him, seemed to have been just copied into it, and he fancied the notes and the writing were executed with more than her usual elegance. Under it was a little *porte feuille* of red morocco. Delamere took it up. It was untied; and two or three small tinted drawings fell out. He saw the likeness of Mrs. Stafford, done from memory; one yet more striking of his sister Augusta; and two or three unfinished resemblances of persons he did not know, touched with less spirit than the other two. A piece of silver-paper doubled together inclosed another; he opened it—it was a drawing of himself, done with a pencil, and slightly tinged with a crayon; strikingly like; but it seemed unfinished, and somewhat effaced.

Though, among so many other portraits, this could not be considered as a very flattering distinction, Delamere, on seeing it, was not master of his transports. He now believed Emmeline (whom he could never induce to own that her partiality for him exceeded the bounds of friendship) yet cherished in her heart a passion she would not avow.

While he was indulging these sanguine and delicious hopes, he heard a bell ring, and flew to inquire if it was that of Emmeline?

The maid who crossed the hall to attend its summons, told him it was.

He stepped softly up stairs behind the servant,

and waited at the door of the chamber while she went in.

To the question from the maid, "How she did?" Emmeline answered, "Much better."

"Mr. Delamere is here, Madam, and begs to know whether he may see you?"

Emmeline had expected him all the day before, and was not at all surprised at his coming now. But she knew not what she should say to him. To dissimulate was to her almost impossible; yet to tell him what had passed between her and Sir Richard Crofts, was to create dissensions of the most alarming nature between him and his father; for she knew Delamere would immediately and warmly resent the harshness of Lord Montreville.

She could not, however, determine to avoid seeing Delamere; and she thought his Lordship was not entitled to much consideration, after the indelicate and needless shock he had given her, by employing the peremptory, insolent, and unfeeling Sir Richard Crofts.

After a moment's hesitation, she told Nanny to let Mr. Delamere know that as soon as she was dressed she would be with him in the parlour.

Delamere, who heard the message, stepped softly down stairs, replaced the drawings, and waited the entrance of Emmeline; who neither requiring nor accustoming herself to borrow any advantage from art or ornament, was soon dressed in her usual simple undress.

But to give some appearance of truth to what she intended to allege, a cold, in excuse for her swollen eyes and languid looks, she wrapt a gauze hood over her head, and tied a black ribbon round her throat; for though she could not wholly conceal the

truth from Delamere, she wished to prevent his seeing how much it had affected her.

When she entered the room, Delamere, who was at the door to meet her, was astonished at the alteration he saw in her countenance.

"You are ill, Emmeline?" said he, taking her hand.

"I am not quite well—I have a violent cold coming."

"A cold!" eagerly answered Delamere; "you have been crying—who was the person who called on you yesterday?"

It was now in vain to attempt concealment if she had intended it.

"He did not tell his name, for our conversation was very short; but his servants told those of Mrs. Ashwood that his name is Sir Richard Crofts."

"And what business could Sir Richard Crofts possibly have with you?"

Emmeline related the conversation with great fidelity and without comment.

Delamere had hardly patience to hear her out. He protested he would immediately go to Sir Richard Crofts, and not only force him to apologise for what had passed, but promise never again to interfere between Lord Montreville and his family.

From executing this violent measure, Emmeline by earnest intreaty diverted him.

She had not yet recovered the shock given her by the unwelcome interview of the preceding day; and though she had a very excellent constitution, her sensibility of mind was so great, that when she suffered any poignant uneasiness, it immediately affected her frame. In the present state of her spirits, she could not hear Delamere's vehement and passionate exclamations without tears; and when he saw

how much she was hurt, he commanded himself spoke more calmly; and by a rapid transition from rage to tenderness, he wept also, and bathed her hands with his tears.

He was not without hopes that this last effort of Lord Montreville would effect a change in his favour; and he pleaded again for an elopement with the warmest eloquence of love.

But Emmeline, though she felt all the force of his arguments, had still the courage to resist them; and all he could obtain from her was a renewal of her former promise, neither to leave Mrs. Ashwood unknown to him, nor to conceal the place of her residence; to consent to see him wherever she should be, and positively to reject Mr. Rochely's offer.

In return, she expected from Delamere some concessions, which nothing but the sight of her uneasiness would have induced him to grant.—At length she persuaded him to promise that he would not insult Sir Richard Crofts, nor commit any other rashness which might irritate Lord Montreville.

Nothing was a stronger proof of the deep root which his passion had taken in his heart, than the influence Emmeline had obtained over his ungovernable and violent spirit, hitherto unused to controul, and accustomed from his infancy to exert over his own family the most boundless despotism.

Emmeline, tranquillised and consoled by his promises, then intreated him to go, as the state of Mrs. Ashwood's family made visitors improper. In this too he obeyed her. And as soon as he was gone, Emmeline sat down to write to Mrs. Stafford; related briefly what had lately happened; and told her, that as soon as Lord Montreville could be induced to settle some yearly sum for her support (which, notwithstanding his threats, she still thought

he would do, on condition of her engaging never, without his consent, to marry Delamere), she would set out for Woodfield.

Lord Montreville, absorbed in politics and in a negotiation with ministry, had, on the evening when he and his son were at Lord Dornock's, forgotten the impatient temper and particular situation of Delamere. His non-appearance at supper occasioned an inquiry, and it was found he had left the house. It was too late for Lord Montreville to follow him that night, and would, indeed have been useless; but early the next morning he was in Berkley-square, where he heard nothing of his son.

He received a letter from Sir Richard Crofts, relating the ill success of his embassy; but adding, that he would bring Rochely to his Lordship the next day, to consider together what was next to be done. A letter also soon after arrived from Lady Montreville, to let his Lordship know that herself and her daughter, with Lady Mary and Miss Otley, were coming to town the next evening.

Delamere, the tumult of whose spirits was too great immediately to subside, took, for the first time in his life, some pains to conquer their violence, in consideration of Emmeline.

He sent his servants to Berkley-square, to inquire among the domestics what had passed. He thence learned that his father had returned in the morning from Lord Dornock's in very ill humour, and that his mother was expected in town. An interview with either, would, he was conscious, only be the occasion of that dissension he had promised Emmeline to avoid. His mother, he knew, came to town determined to keep no terms with him; and that she would incessantly harass him with reproaches, or tease him with intreaties. He therefore determined

to avoid entirely all conversation with both; and after a short reflection on the best means to do so, he ordered Millefleur to discharge the lodgings; told him and his other two servants that he was going out of town, and should not take either them or his horses; therefore would have them go to Berkley-square, and wait there his return. He bade his valet tell Lord Montreville that he should be absent ten days or a fortnight. Then ordering an hackney-coach, he directed it to drive to Westminster Bridge, as if he meant there to take post; instead of which he dismissed it at the end of Bridge-street; and walking over to the Surry-side, he presently provided himself with lodgings under the name of Mr. Oswald, a gentleman just come from Ireland; and all traces of Mr. Delamere were lost.

CH A P. XVII.

SIR RICHARD CROFTS brought Mr. Rochely to Lord Montreville at the time appointed; and in consequence of the conversation then held, his Lordship was confirmed in his resolution of persisting in the plan Sir Richard had laid down, to force Emmeline to accept the good fortune offered her. Lord Montreville had sent, as soon as he got to town, to Delamere's lodgings, whose servants said that he had slept there, but was then gone out. His Lordship concluded he was gone to Clapham; but as he could not remedy his uneasiness on that head, he was obliged to endure it. About twelve o'clock Delamere had arranged matters for his concealment; and about three, as Lord Montreville was dressing to go out, Millefleur, together with Delamere's footman and groom, came as they had been order-

ed to Berkley-square. This circumstance was no sooner related to Lord Montreville by his valet de chambre, than he ordered Millefleur to be sent up. The Frenchman related to his Lordship, that his master was certainly gone to Mr. Percival's; but Lord Montreville concluded he was gone to Scotland, and, in a tempest of anger and vexation, cursed the hour when he had listened to the advice of Sir Richard Crofts, the harshness of whose proceedings had, he imagined, precipitated the event he had so long dreaded. He was so entirely persuaded that this conjecture was the truth, that he first gave orders for a post chaise and four to be ready directly; then recollecting, that if he overtook his son he had no power to force him back, he thought it better to take with him some one who could influence Emmeline. His youngest daughter was still in Yorkshire; Mrs. Stafford he knew not where to find; but he supposed that Mrs. Ashwood, with whom she had lived some months, might have power to persuade her; and not knowing what else to do, indeed hardly knowing what he expected from the visit, he ordered his coachman to be as expeditious as possible in conveying him to the house of that lady.

Mrs. Ashwood, her brother, and four or five other persons related to the family, were at dinner. Lord Montreville entered the room; spoke to those he knew with as much civility as he could; but not seeing Emmeline among them, his apprehensions were confirmed. He desired they would not disturb themselves, and declined sharing their repast; but being unable to conceal his emotion till it was over, he said to Mrs. Ashwood—"I am sorry, Madam, to trouble you on this unhappy business. I did hope you would have had the goodness at least to inform me of it. What can I do?" exclaimed

he, breaking suddenly from his discourse and rising—“Good God, what can I do?”

The company were silent and amazed.

Mrs. Ashwood, however, said, “I am sorry that any thing, my Lord, has disturbed your Lordship. I am sure I should have been happy, my Lord, could I have been of any service to your Lordship in whatever it is.”

“Disturbed!” cried he, striking his forehead with his hand, “I am distracted! When did she go? How long has she been gone?”

“Who, my Lord?”

“Miss Mowbray—Emmeline—Oh! it will be impossible to overtake them!”

“Gone, my Lord?”

“Gone with Delamere!—Gone to Scotland!”

“Miss Mowbray was, however, in the house not an hour ago,” said Miss Galton; “I saw her myself go up the garden just as we sat down to dinner.”

“Then she went to meet him!—then they went together!”—exclaimed Lord Montreville, walking round the room.

An assertion so positive staggered every one. They rose from table in confusion.

“Let us go up,” said Mrs. Ashwood; “I can hardly think it possible, my Lord, that Miss Mowbray is gone, unless your Lordship absolutely saw them.”

Yet Mrs. Ashwood remembered that Delamere had been there in the morning, and that Emmeline had dined early alone, and had remained by herself all the rest of the day, under pretence of sickness, and she began to believe that all this was done to give her time to elope with Delamere.

She went up stairs.

Lord Montreville, without knowing what he did, followed her.

The stairs were carpeted; any one ascending was hardly heard; and Mrs. Ashwood suddenly throwing open the door of her chamber, Lord Montreville saw her, with her handkerchief held to her face, hanging over a packet of papers which lay on the table before her.

Emmeline did not immediately look up—an exclamation from Lord Montreville made her take her handkerchief from her eyes.

She arose; tried to conceal the sorrow visible in her countenance, yet wet with tears; and assuming as much as she could her native ease and sweetness, she advanced towards his Lordship, who still stood at the door, amazed, and asked him if he would pardon her for desiring him to sit down in a bed-chamber; if not, she would wait on him below. She then went back to the table; threw the papers into the casket that was on it; and placing a chair between that and the fire, again asked him if he would do her the honour to sit down.

Lord Montreville did so, but said nothing. He was ashamed of his precipitancy; yet as Emmeline did not know it, he would not mention it; and was yet too full of the idea to speak of any thing else.

Mrs. Ashwood had left them—Emmeline continued silent.

Lord Montreville, after a long pause, at length said, with a stern and displeased countenance, "I understand, Miss Mowbray, that my son was here this morning."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Pray, do you know where he now is?"

"I do not, indeed. Is he not at your Lordship's house?"

"No; I am told by his servants that he is gone to Mr. Percival's—But *you*—" (continued he, laying a strong emphasis on the word), "*you*, Miss Mowbray, are, I dare say, better informed of his intentions than any one else."

"Upon my word, my Lord," answered Emmeline, astonished, "I do *not* know. He said nothing to me of an intention to go any where; on the contrary, he told me he should be here again to-morrow."

"And is it possible you are ignorant of his having left London this morning, immediately after he returned from visiting you?"

"My Lord, I have never yet stooped to the meaness of a falsehood. Why should your Lordship now suppose me guilty of it? I repeat—and I hope you will do me the justice to believe me—upon my honour I do *not* know whither Mr. Delamere is gone—nor do I know that he has left London."

Lord Montreville could not but believe her. But while his fears were relieved as to the elopement, they were awakened anew by the uncertainty of what was become of his son, and what his motive could be for this sudden disappearance.

He thought, however, the present opportunity of speaking to Emmeline of his resolution was not to be neglected.

"However ignorant you may be, Miss Mowbray," said he, "of the reason of his having quitted his lodgings, you are not to learn that his motive for estranging himself from his family, and becoming a stranger to his father's house, originates in his inconsiderate attachment to you. Contrary to the assurances you gave me at Swansea, you have encouraged this attachment; and, as I understand from Sir Richard Crofts, you peremptorily and even rude-

ly refuse the opportunity now offered you of establishing yourself in rank and affluence, which no other young woman would a moment hesitate to accept. Such a refusal cannot be owing to mere caprice; nor could it possibly happen, had you not determined, in despite of every objection, and of bringing discord into my family, to listen to that infatuated and rash young man."

"Your Lordship does not treat me with your usual candour. I have promised you, voluntarily promised you, not to marry Mr. Delamere without your Lordship's consent. To prevent his coming here was out of my power; but if I really aspired to the honour of which your Lordship thinks me ambitious, *what* has prevented me from engaging at once with Mr. Delamere? who has, I own to you, pressed me repeatedly to elope. My Lord, while I am treated with kindness and confidence, I can rely upon my own resolution to deserve it; *but* when your Lordship, on suspicion or misrepresentation, is induced to withdraw that kindness and confidence—why should *I* make a point of honour, where *you* no longer seem to expect it."

The truth of this answer, as well as its spirit, at once hurt and irritated Lord Montreville.

Determined to separate Emmeline from his son, he was mortified to be forced to acknowledge in his own breast that she merited all his affection, and angry that she should be in the right when he wished to have found something to blame in her conduct. Pride and self-love seemed to resent, that a little weak girl should pretend to a sense of rectitude, and a force of understanding greater than his own.

"Miss Mowbray," said his Lordship sharply, "I will be very explicit with you—either consent to

marry Mr. Rochely, whose affection does you so much honour, or expect from me no farther kindness."

"Your Lordship knows," answered Emmeline, "that I have no friend on whom I have the least claim but you. If you abandon me—but, my Lord, ought you to do it?—I am indeed most friendless!"

She could no longer command her tears—sobs obliged her to cease speaking.

Lord Montreville thought her resolution would give way; and trying to divest himself of all feeling, with an effort truly political, he determined to press his point.

"It is in your power," resumed he, "not only to place yourself above all fear of such desertion, but to engage my affection and that of my whole family. You will be in a situation of life which I should hardly refuse for one of the Miss Delameres. You will possess the most unbounded affluence, and a husband who adores you. A man unexceptionable in character, of a mature age, and whose immense fortune is every day increasing. You will be considered by me, and by Lady Montreville, as a daughter of the house of Mowbray. The blemish of your birth will be wiped off and forgotten."

Emmeline wept more than before.

And his Lordship continued, "If you absurdly refuse an offer so infinitely above your expectations, I shall consider myself as having more than done my duty in putting it in your way; and that your folly and imprudence dissolve all obligation on my part. You must no longer call yourself Mowbray; and you must forget that you ever were allowed to be numbered among the relations of my family. Nor shall I think myself obliged in any manner to pro-

vide for a person, who, in scorn of gratitude, prudence and reputation, throws from her an opportunity of providing for herself."

Emmeline regained some degree of resolution. She looked up, her eyes streaming with tears, and said, "Well, my Lord! to the lowest indigence I must then submit; for to marry Mr. Rochely is not in my power."

"We will suppose for a moment," resumed Lord Montreville, "that you could realise the visionary hopes you have presumed to indulge of uniting yourself to Mr. Delamere. Dear as he is to me and his mother, we are determined from that moment to renounce him—never shall the rebellious son who has dared to disobey us, be again admitted to our presence!—never will we acknowledge as his wife, a person forced upon us, and introduced into our family in despite of our commands, and in violation of duty, honour, and affection. *You* will be the occasion of his being loaded with the curses of both his parents, and of introducing misery and discord into his family. Can you yourself be happy under such circumstances? In point of fortune too, you will find yourself deceived—while *we* live, Mr. Delamere can have but a slender income; and of every thing in our power we shall certainly deprive him, both while we live, and at our decease. Consider well what I have said, and make use of your reason. Begin giving up to me ridiculous witnesses of a ridiculous and boyish passion, which must be no longer indulged; to keep a picture of Delamere is discreditable and indelicate—you will not refuse to relinquish it?"

He reached over the table, and took from among two or three loose papers, which yet lay before Emmeline, a little blue enamelled case, which he con-

cluded contained a miniature of Delamere, of whom several had been drawn. Emmeline, absorbed in tears, did not oppose it. The spring of the case was defective. It opened in his hand; and presented to his view, not a portrait of his son, but of his brother, drawn when he was about twenty, and at a period when he was more than a brother—when he was the dearest friend Lord Montreville had on earth. A likeness so striking, which he had not seen for many years, had an immediate effect upon him.

His brother seemed to look at him mournfully. A melancholy cast about the eye-brows diminished the vivacity of the countenance, and the faded colour (for the picture had been painted seven-and-twenty years) gave it a look of languor and ill health such, perhaps, as the original wore before his death, when a ruined constitution threatened him for some months, though his life terminated by a malignant fever in a few hours.

The poor distressed Emmeline was the only memorial left of him; and Lord Montreville felt her tears a reproach for his cruelty in thus threatening to abandon to her fate the unhappy daughter of this once-loved brother.

Sir Richard Crofts and Lady Montreville were not by, to intercept these sentiments of returning humanity.

He found the tears fill his eyes as he gazed on the picture.

Emmeline, insensible of every thing, saw it not and not conscious that he had taken it, the purport of his last words she believed to relate to a sketch she had herself made of Delamere. She was therefore surprised, when Lord Montreville arising, took her hand, and in a voice that witnessed the emotion

of his soul, said—"Come, my dear Emmeline, pardon me for thus distressing you; you shall *not* be compelled to marry Mr. Rochely if you have so great a dislike to him. You shall still have an adequate support; and I trust I shall have nothing to fear from your indiscretion in regard to Delamere."

Your Lordship," answered Emmeline, without taking her handkerchief from her eyes, "has never yet found me capable of falsehood: I will repeat, if you desire it, the promise I gave you—I will even take the most solemn oath you shall dictate, never to be the wife of Mr. Delamere, unless your Lordship and Lady Montreville consent."

"I take your promise," answered his Lordship, "and shall rely firmly upon it. But Emmeline, you must go from hence for your own sake; your peace and reputation require it; Delamere must not frequent the house where you are; you must conceal from him the place of your abode."

My Lord, I will be ingenuous with you. To go from hence is what I intend, and with your Lordship's permission I will set out immediately for Mrs. Stafford's. But to conceal from Mr. Delamere where I am, is not in my power; for I have given him a solemn promise to see him if he desires it, wherever I shall be: and as I hope you depend on my honour, it must be equally sacred whether given to him or you. You will therefore not insist on my breaking this engagement, and I promise you again never to violate the other."

With this compromise, Lord Montreville was obliged to be content. He intreated Emmeline to see Rochely again, and hear his offer. But she absolutely refused; assuring Lord Montreville, that were his fortune infinitely greater, she would not marry him, though servitude should be the alternative.

His Lordship therefore forebore to press her farther. He desired, that if Delamere wrote to her or saw her, she would let him know, which she readily agreed to; and he told her, that so long as she was single, and did nothing to disoblige him, he would pay her an hundred guineas a-year in quarterly payments. He gave her a bank note of fifty pounds; and recommending it to her to go as soon possible to Mrs. Stafford's, he kissed her cheek with an appearance of affection greater than he had yet shewn, and then went home to prepare for the reception of Lady Montreville, whose arrival he did not greatly wish for; dreading lest her violence and ill-temper should drive his son into some new extravagance. But as her will was not to be disputed, he submitted without remonstrance to the alteration of the plan he had proposed; which was, that his family should pass their Christmas in Norfolk, whither he intended to have returned.

The next day Delamere was again at Clapham very early.

Emmeline, the additional agitation of whose mind had prevented her sleeping during the night, appeared more indisposed than she had done the day before.

Delamere, very much alarmed at her altered look, anxiously inquired the cause; and without hesitation she told him simply all that had passed; the promise she had given to his father, to which she intended strictly to adhere, and the arrangement she had agreed to on condition of being persecuted no more on the score of Mr. Rochely.

It is impossible to describe the grief and indignation of Delamere, at hearing this relation. He saw all the hopes frustrated which he had been so long indulging; he saw between him and all he loved,

barrier which time only could remove; he dared not hope that Emmeline would ever be induced to break an engagement which she considered as binding; he dared not flatter himself with the most distant prospect of procuring the consent of Lord and Lady Montreville, and therefore by their deaths only could he obtain her; which, if he had been unnatural enough to wish, was yet in all probability very distant; as Lord Montreville was not more than seven-and-forty, and of an excellent constitution; and Lady Montreville three years younger.

Passion and resentment for some moments stifled every other sentiment in the heart of Delamere. But the impediments that thus arose to his wishes were very far from diminishing their violence.

The more impossible his union with Emmeline seemed to be, the more ardently he desired it. The difficulties that might have checked, or conquered an inferior degree of passion, served only to strengthen his, and to render it insurmountable.

It was some moments before Emmeline could prevail upon him to listen to her. She then inquired why he had concealed himself from his father, and where he had been?

He answered, that he had avoided Lord Montreville, because, had he met him, he found himself incapable of commanding his temper, and of forbearing to resent his sending Sir Richard Crofts to her, which he had promised her not to do. That therefore he had taken other lodgings in another part of the town, where he intended to remain.

Emmeline exhorted and implored him to return to Berkley-square.

He positively refused. He refused also to tell her where he lodged. And complaining loudly of her cruelty and coldness, yet tenderly intreating her to

take care of her health, he left her; having first procured permission to see her the next day, and every day till she set out for Woodfield.

When he was gone, Miss Mowbray wrote to Lord Montreville—

“ My Lord,

“ In pursuance of the word I passed to your Lordship, I have the honour to acquaint you that Mr. Delamere has just left me. I endeavoured to prevail on him to inform me where he lodges; but he refuses to give me the least information. If it be your Lordship's wish to see him, you will probably have an opportunity of doing it here, as he proposed being here to-morrow; but refused to name the hour, apprehending perhaps that you might meet him, as I did not conceal from him that I should acquaint you with my having seen him.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship's

“ Most obedient servant,

Clapham, Dec. 3.

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

Lord Montreville received this letter in her Ladyship's dressing-room. The servant who brought it in, said it came from Clapham; and Lady Montreville insisted on seeing its contents. She had been before acquainted with what had passed; and bestowed on her son the severest invectives for his obstinacy and folly. Poor Emmeline, however, who was the cause of it, was the principal object of her resentment and disdain. Even this last instance of her rectitude could not diminish the prejudice which embittered the mind of Lady Montreville against her. She lamented, whenever she deigned

to speak of her, that the laws of this country, unlike those of better regulated kingdoms, did not give people of fashion power to remove effectually those who interfered with their happiness, or were inimical to their views. "If this little wretch," said she, "was in France, it would not be difficult to put an end to the trouble she has dared to give us. A *lettre de cachet* would cure the creature of her presumption, and place her where her art and affectation should not disturb the peace of families of high rank."

Lord Montreville heard these invectives without reply, but not without pain.

Augusta Delamere, who arrived in Berkley-square the same morning that Lady Montreville did, felt still more hurt by her mother's determined hatred to Emmeline, whom she languished to see, and had never ceased to love.

Miss Delamere, inheriting all the pride of her mother, and adding to it a sufficient share of vanity and affectation of her own, had taken a dislike to the persecuted Emmeline, if possible more inveterate than that of Lady Montreville. Though she had never seen her, she detested her; and exerted all her influence on her mother to prevent her being received into the family as her father's relation. Fitz-Edward had praised her as the most interesting woman he had ever seen. Miss Delamere had no aversion to Fitz-Edward; and though he had never seemed sensible of the honour she did him, she could not divest herself wholly of that partiality towards him, which made her heartily abhor any woman he seemed to admire. When to this cause of dislike was added what she called the insolent presumption of the animal in daring to attempt inveigling her brother into the folly of marrying, she thought

she might indulge all the rancour, envy, and malignity of her heart.

When Lady Montreville had read the letter, she threw it down on the table contemptuously.

"It requires no answer," said she to the servant who waited.

The man left the room.

"Well, my Lord," continued she, addressing herself to her husband, "what do you intend to do about this unhappy, infatuated boy?"

"I really know not," answered his Lordship.

"I will tell you, then," resumed she—"Go to this girl, and let her know that you will abandon her penniless; force her to accept the honour Mr. Rochely offers her; and, by shewing a little strength of mind and resolution, break these unworthy chains with which your own want of prudence has fettered your son."

"It has already been tried, Madam, without success. Consider that if I am bound by no obligations to support this young person, I am also without any power over her. To force her to marry Mr. Rochely is impossible. I have, however, her promise that she will not enter into any clandestine engagement with Delamere."

"Her promise!" exclaimed Lady Montreville.—
"And are you weak enough, my Lord, to trust to the promise of an artful, designing creature, who seems to me to have already won over your Lordship to her party? What want of common sense is this! If you will not again speak to her, and that most decisively, I will do it myself! Send her to me! I will force her not only to tell me where Delamere has had the meanness to conceal himself, but also oblige her to relinquish the hopes she has the insolence to indulge."

Miss Delamere, who wanted to see the wonderful creature that had turned her brother's head, and who was charmed to think she should see her humbled and mortified, promoted this plan as much as possible. Augusta, dreading her mother's violence, dared not, and Lord Montreville would not oppose it, as he believed her Ladyship's overwhelming rhetoric, to which he was himself frequently accustomed to give way, might produce on Emmeline the effect he had vainly attempted. He therefore asked Lady Montreville, whether she really wished to see Miss Mowbray, and when?

"I am engaged to-morrow (answered she) all day. But however, as she is a sort of person whom it will be improper to admit at any other time, let her be here at ten o'clock in the morning. She may come up, before I breakfast, into my dressing-room."

"Shall I send one of the carriages for her?" inquired his Lordship.

"By no means," replied the Lady. "They will be all wanted. Let her borrow a coach of the people she lives with. I suppose all city people now keep coaches. Or if she cannot do that, a hack may be had." Then turning to her woman, who had just brought her her snuff-box, "Brackley (said she) don't forget to order the porter to admit a young woman who will be here to-morrow at ten o'clock, though she may perhaps come in a hack."

Lord Montreville, who grew every hour more uneasy at Delamere's absence, now set out in search of him himself. He called at Fitz-Edward's lodgings; but he was not yet come to town, though hourly expected. His Lordship then went to Clapham, where he hoped to meet his son; but instead of doing so, Emmeline put into his hands the following letter—

"I intended to have seen you again to-day; but

the pain I felt after our interview yesterday, has so much disordered me, that it is better not to repeat it. Cruel Emmeline!—to gratify my father, you throw me from you without remorse, without pity. I shall be the victim of his ambition, and of your false and mistaken ideas of honour.

“ Ah! Emmeline! will the satisfaction that your fancy will arise from this chimerical honour make you amends for the loss of such a heart as mine!—Yet think not I can withdraw it from you, cold and cruel as you are. Alas! it is no longer in my power. But my passions, the violence of which I cannot mitigate, prey on my frame, and will conduct to the grave this unhappy son, who is to be sacrificed to the cursed politics of his family.

“ I cannot see you, Emmeline, without a renewal of all those sensations which tear me to pieces, and which I know affect you, though you try to conceal it. For a day or two I will go into the country.—*Remember your promise*, not to remove any where but to Mrs. Stafford’s, and to let me know the day and hour when you set out. You plead to me that your promise to my father is *sacred*. I expect that those you have passed to me shall be at least equally so.—Farewel till we meet again. You know that seeing you, and being permitted to love you, is all that renders supportable the existence of your unhappy

“ F. D.”

“ This letter, my Lord (said Emmeline), was delivered by a porter. I spoke to the man, and asked him from whence he brought it. He said from a coffee-house at Charing-cross.”

“ Did you answer it?”

“ No, my Lord (said Emmeline, blushing), I think it required no answer.”

He then told her that Lady Montreville expected to see her the next day, and named the hour.

Emmeline, terrified as she was at the idea of such an interview, was forced to assure him she would be punctual to it; and his Lordship took a hasty leave, still hoping he might meet his son. He was hardly gone, before another porter brought to Emmeline a second letter: it was from Augusta Delamere.

“At length, my dear Emmeline, I am near you, and can tell you I still love you; though even that satisfaction I am forced to snatch unknown to my mother. Oh, Emmeline! I tremble for your situation to-morrow. The dislike that both my mother and sister have taken to you is inconceivable; and I am afraid that you will have a great deal of rudeness and unkindness to encounter. I write this to prepare you for it; and hope that your conscious innocence, and the generosity with which you have acted, will support you. I have been taken to task most severely by my mother for my partiality to you; and my sister, in her contemptuous way, calls you my sweet sentimental friend. To be sure my brother's absence is a dreadful thing; and great allowances are to be made for my mother's vexation; though I own I do not see why it should prevent her being just. I will try to be in the room to-morrow, though perhaps I shall not be permitted. Don't say you have heard from me, for the world; but be assured I shall always love you as you deserve, and be most truly

“Your affectionate and faithful

“A. DELAMERE.”

Berkley-square, Dec. 5.

C H A P. XVIII.

EMMELINE had the convenience of Mrs. Ashwood's carriage, who agreed to set her down in Berkley-square. She was herself sitting for her picture, and told Miss Mowbray she would send the chariot back for her when she got to the house of the painter.

Exactly at ten o'clock they arrived at the door of Lord Montreville; and Emmeline, who had been arguing herself into some degree of resolution as she went along, yet found her courage much less than she thought she should have occasion for; and with faltering steps and trembling nerves she went up stairs. The man who conducted her, told her that his Lady was not yet up, and desired her to wait in an anti-room, which was superbly furnished and covered with glasses, in which Emmeline had leisure to contemplate her pale and affrighted countenance.

The longer the interview was delayed the more dreadful it appeared. She dared not ask for Miss Augusta, yet at every noise she heard hoped that amiable girl was coming to console and befriend her. But no Augusta appeared. A servant came in, mended the fire, and went down again; then Miss Delamere's maid, under pretence of fetching something, took a survey of her, in order to make a report to her mistress; and Emmeline found that she was an object of curiosity to the domestics, who had heard from Millefleur, and from the other servants who had been at Swansea, that this was the young woman Mr. Delamere was dying for.

An hour and a half was now elapsed, and poor Emmeline, whose imagination had been busied the whole time in representing every form of insult and contempt with which she expected to be received,

began to hope that Lady Montreville had altered her intention of seeing her.

At length, however, Mrs. Brackley, her Ladyship's woman, was heard speaking aloud to a footman—"Walter, tell that young woman she may be admitted to see my Lady, and shew her up."

Walter delivered his message, and the trembling Emmeline with some difficulty followed him.

She entered the dressing-room. Her Ladyship, in a morning-dress, sat at a table, on which was a salver with coffee. Her back was to the door, where stood Mrs. Brackley, who, as Emmeline, hesitating, seemed ready to shrink back, said with a sort of condescending nod, "There, you may go in, Miss."

Emmeline entered, but did not advance.

Lady Montreville, without rising or speaking, turned her head, and looked at her with a scowling and disdainful countenance.

"Humph!" said she, looking at her eldest daughter, who sat by the fire with a newspaper in her hand—"humph!" as much as to say, I see no such great beauty in this creature.

Miss Delamere, whose countenance wore a disdainful sneer, smiled in answer to her mother's humph; and said, "Would you have her sit down, Madam?"

"Aye," said Lady Montreville, turning again her head towards Emmeline—"You may sit down."

There was a sofa near the door. Emmeline, hardly able to stand, went to it.

A silence ensued. Lady Montreville sipped her coffee, and Miss Delamere seemed intent upon the newspaper.

"So!" cried her Ladyship, "my son has absented himself! Upon my word, Miss What-d'ye-call-it (for Mowbray I don't allow that your name is), you have a great deal to answer for. Pray what amends

can you ever hope to make to my Lord and me, for the trouble you have been the cause of?"

"I sincerely lament it, Madam," answered Emmeline, forcing herself to speak; "and do assure you it has been on my part involuntary."

"Oh, no doubt on't. Your wonderful beauty is the fatal cause. You have used no art, I dare say; no pretty finesse, learned from novels, to inveigle a silly boy to his undoing."

"If I had been disposed, Madam, to take advantage of Mr. Delamere's unhappy partiality for me—"

"Oh dear! What, you was coy? You knew your subject, no doubt, and now make a merit of what was merely a piece of art. I detest such demure hypocrites! Tell me why, if you are *not* disposed to take advantage of Mr. Delamere's folly, you do not accept the noble offer made you by this banker, or whatever he is, that my Lord says is worth above a hundred thousand pounds? The reason is evident. A little obscure creature, bred on the Welch mountains, and who was born nobody knows how, does not so easily refuse a man of fortune, unless she has some other views. You would like a handsome young man with a title! yes, you would like to hide your own obscurity in the brilliant pedigree of one of the first families in Europe. But know, presumptuous girl, that the whole house shall perish ere it shall thus be contaminated—know"—She grew inarticulate with passion; pride and malignity seemed to choke her; and she stopped, as if to recover breath to give vent to her rage.

Miss Delamere took the opportunity to speak—

"Indeed, child (said she), it is hurting yourself extremely; and I am really sorry you should be so deceived. My brother can never marry you; and as Lord Montreville has brought you up, under the

notion of your belonging to a part of his family, we are really interested, my mother and I, in your not going into a bad course of life. If you do not marry this rich city-man, what do you think is to become of you?"

"My Lord Montreville has been so good as to assure me," said Emmeline—her words were so faint, that they died away upon her lips.

"What does she say, Fanny?" asked Lady Montreville.

"Something of my father's having assured her, Madam."

"Don't flatter yourself, girl," resumed her Ladyship; "don't deceive yourself. If you refuse to marry this man who offers to take you, not one shilling shall you ever receive from this family. Determine therefore at once; send to the person in question; let him come here, and let an agreement for a settlement be directly signed between Lord Montreville and him. Lord Montreville will in that case give you a fortune. I will hear no objection! I *will* have the affair closed this morning! I *will* have it so!"

Lady Montreville, accustomed to undisputed power in her own family, expected from every body an acquiescence as blind as she found from her tradesmen and servants, who endured her ill humour, and gave way to her caprices. But she forgot that Emmeline was equally unaccustomed to her commands, and free from the necessity of obeying them. The gentlest and mildest temper will revolt against insolence and oppression; and the cruelty and unfeminine insults she had received, concluded by this peremptory way of forcing her into a marriage from which her whole soul recoiled, at length restored to her some portion of that proper spirit and presence of mind which had been frightened from her. Conscious

that she deserved none of these ungenerous insults and feeling herself superior to her who could cruelly and wantonly inflict them, she regained her courage.

"If your Ladyship has nothing more to say (said she, rising), I shall have the honour to wish you good morning; for I believe Mrs. Ashwood has been waiting for me some time."

"Don't tell me of Mrs. Ashwood, but tell me where is my son? Where is Delamere?"

"I know not," answered Emmeline. "I have already told my Lord Montreville that I am entirely ignorant."

"Nobody believes it!" said Miss Delamere.

"I am sorry for it (replied Emmeline, coolly). If however, I did know, it is not such treatment, Madam, that should compel me to give any information." She then opened the door and walked down stairs. A footman met her, whom she desired to inquire for Mrs. Ashwood's carriage. Before the man could descend to obey her, a violent ringing was heard. The footman said it was his Lady's bell, and ran up to answer it; while Emmeline, still descending, heard somebody softly calling her. She looked up, and saw Augusta Delamere leaning over the banisters; she put up her finger as if to prevent Emmeline's speaking, threw her a letter, and immediately disappeared.

The spirits of Emmeline were again greatly hurried by this transient view of her friend. She put the letter hastily into her pocket, and was got down into the hall, where she spoke to another footman to see for her carriage; but the man whom she had met on the stairs, now came to say his Lady must see her again. Emmeline answered that she had already made her friend wait, and must beg to be excused returning to her Ladyship this morning. The man

however said that he dared not disobey his Lady, nor call up the chariot.

Emmeline, alarmed at the idea of being detained, advanced towards the door, told the porter (who had not heard this dialogue) to open it, and walked resolutely into the street.

The two footmen followed her to the door; but contented themselves with looking after her, without attempting to stop her.

"She is pretty enough, however," said one to the other, "to excuse our young Lord."

"The devil's in't if she is not," answered the other.

Emmeline heard this, and between vexation at their impertinence, and fear of their following her, she found her whole strength again forsake her.

She walked on, however, towards Charles-street, looking round for Mrs. Ashwood's carriage, but could not see it. She was totally unacquainted with the streets, where she had never been on foot before; but recollected that she might get an hackney-coach, which was the more necessary, as snow was falling fast, and her muslin clothes were already wet almost through.

She was picking her way, still in some hopes of seeing the carriage, when a hackney-coach passed empty. Emmeline looked wishfully towards it.—The man stopped, and asked if she wanted a coach. She answered yes, as eagerly as if she had been afraid of a disappointment; and hurrying into it, told the man to drive to Clapham.

Just as he was mounting the box, another hack passed, and a young officer who was in it looked earnestly into that where Emmeline sat; then calling to his driver to stop, he leaped out, and Emmeline saw Fitz-Edward at the door of her coach.

"Miss Mowbray!" said he—"Is it possible! alone and in this equipage, in Berkley-square! Where is Delamere?"

Before Emmeline had time to answer him he had opened the coach door.

"It snows too much," said he, "for a comfortable conference, unless you will give me leave to sit by you. Where are you going to?"

"To Clapham," answered Emmeline.

"Oh! take me with you," said he. "I have a thousand things to say to you."

He gave her no time to refuse; but flinging half a crown to the man who had driven him, he got into the coach which she was in, and ordered the man to shut the door, and go where he had been directed.

Emmeline was vexed at this incident, as she was too uneasy to wish for the presence of any one, and impatient to open the letter in her pocket. But Fitz-Edward was not easily discouraged, and possessed, together with perfect good breeding, a fortunate sort of assurance, with which nobody was ever long displeased.

He inquired after Mrs. Stafford with a degree of interest, for which Emmeline felt inclined to love him. She related all she knew of her; and her eyes resumed their lustre, while she told him how soon he was likely to see her. He then renewed his questions about Delamere.

Emmeline could not dissemble, and indeed saw in this case no reason why she should. She therefore told him ingenuously all that had happened since they met at Swansea; most of which he already knew from Delamere. He watched her looks, however, while she was speaking; and by her blushes, her manner, and the softness of her eyes, he thought he saw evidently enough that Delamere was no long-

er indifferent to her. Her indignation at the treatment she had just received from his mother and sister, dyed her cheeks with crimson while she related it; but when she returned to speak of Delamere, she forgot her anger, and seemed to feel only pity and tenderness.

Fitz-Edward, a most perfect judge of female hearts, made his observations on all this, with which he knew he should most effectually gratify his friend; and in his insinuating way, he said all he could think of to increase her compassion for her lover, and inflame her resentment against those who impeded an union which he was pretty sure Emmeline now wished for as well as Delamere.

C H A P. XIX.

WHEN they arrived at Clapham, Emmeline found Mrs. Ashwood was not yet returned.

Fitz-Edward intreated her to sing to him, and either was, or pretended to be, in raptures at her improvement since they had met in the summer.

About half an hour after four Mrs. Ashwood came in; and throwing open the parlour door, asked Emmeline, in no very sweet accent, "Why she had given her the trouble to go in her carriage to Berkley-square, if she intended going home by any other conveyance?"

Mrs. Ashwood was subject to causeless fits of ill humour, to which Emmeline was a good deal accustomed; and concluding she was now seized with some sudden discomposure of temper, mildly answered, "That she supposed there had been a mistake; for that the chariot did not come for her at the appointed time."

"Mistake!" replied the other lady, sharply; "I don't know as to mistake; but if you had chosen it, you might have staid dinner with Lady Montreville."

Emmeline, without seeming to attend to the asperity of the address, desired to introduce Colonel Fitz-Edward.

As this short dialogue had passed without Mrs. Ashwood's having entered the room, she had not seen the stranger, who now advanced towards her.

The title of Colonel, added to his military air and handsome figure, seemed to gain at once her favourable opinion; and her countenance losing the unpleasant expression of ill temper, immediately put on its best smile, and an affectation of softness and complacency, with which she frequently adorned it.

She seemed to consider the handsome young soldier as a conquest worthy all her ambition; and finding he was the most intimate friend of Delamere, had no apprehension that his admiration would be diverted by the youth and attractions of Emmeline.

Fitz-Edward presently understood her character; and with admirable adroitness acted the part of a man afraid of being too much charmed. He cast an arch look at Emmeline; then made to the Lady of the house some compliments so extravagant, that only the weakest vanity could prevent her seeing its ridicule. But Fitz-Edward, who found in a moment that nothing was too gross to be believed, fearlessly repeated the dose; and before dinner came in, she was in the best humour imaginable, and pressed him so earnestly to partake of it, that, after an apology for sitting down in his morning dishabille, he consented.

The same unlimited flattery was continued during dinner by Fitz-Edward, and received by the lady

with the same avidity ; and Emmeline, though half angry with him for the pleasure he seemed to take in making Mrs. Ashwood absurd, could not help being amused with the scene.

Before their repast ended, she was so much charmed with her new acquaintance, and so much longed to shew him to her female friends, and her other admirers, that she could not forbear pressing him to stay to a card party which she was to have in the evening.

He loved the ridiculous ; and, influenced by a vanity as silly as that he delighted to expose, he took pleasure in shewing how extremely absurd he could make women appear, who were not on other occasions void of understanding. Though he had really business with Lord Montreville, who had left several messages at his lodgings desiring to see him, and was going thither when Emmeline met him, yet he accepted Mrs. Ashwood's invitation, on condition of being allowed to go home to dress.

He was no sooner gone than she flew to her toilet, and Emmeline to a second perusal of the letter she had received from Augusta Delamere.

"I am forbidden to see you, my dearest Emmeline, and perhaps may not have an opportunity of giving you this. My heart bleeds for you, my sweet friend. I fear my father will be prevailed upon wholly to abandon you. They are all inventing schemes to force you into a marriage with that odd-looking old Rochely. He has been here once or twice, and closeted with my father ; and part of the scheme of to-day is to persuade you to dine here with him. But I am almost sure you will not stay ; for unless my mother can command herself more before you than she does when she is talking about you, I think you will be frightened away. I am certain,

my dear Emmeline, from what I have heard, though they say but little before me, that no endeavours will be omitted to drive you to marry Rochely ; and that they will persecute you every way, both by persuasions and by distressing you. But be assured, that while Augusta Delamere has any thing, you shall share it. Indeed I love you not only as if you were my sister, but, I think, better. Ah ! why are there such unhappy impediments to your being really so ? At present I foresee nothing but perplexity, and have no dependance but on you. I know you will act as you ought to do, and that you will at last prevail with Delamere to act right too. Whoever loves you cannot long persist in doing ill ; and surely it is very ill done, and very cruel, for Delamere to make us all so unhappy. I need not tell you to arm yourself with fortitude against the attacks that will be made upon you. You have more fortitude and resolution than I have. Situated as you have been, I know not what I should have done ; but I fear it would not have been so worthy of praise as the noble and disinterested part you have acted, which, though unaccompanied with the thousand amiable qualities of heart and understanding you possess, would ever command the esteem and admiration of your faithful and affectionate

“ AUGUSTA DELAMERE.”

“ Do not write to me till you hear from me again, as I should incur great displeasure if known to correspond with you.

“ A. D.”

Charmed as Emmeline was by the tender solicitude and affectionate simplicity of her beloved friend, the pleasure this letter gave her was very much abated, by learning that the domestic infelicity of Lord Montreville's family fell particularly heavy on her.

She now recollected what Mrs. Ashwood had said on her first entrance into the room, when she returned home ; and concluded from thence that she had seen Lady Montreville, though her whole attention was so immediately ingrossed by the Colonel, that she had no more named it. She therefore grew anxious to hear what had been said ; and her own toilet being very soon over, she sent to desire admittance to that of Mrs. Ashwood ; on receiving which, she attended her, and begged to know whether she had seen Lady Montreville, and what had passed.

Mrs. Ashwood was in so happy a disposition, that she hesitated not to oblige her ; and while she finished the important business of accommodating a pile of black feathers, jet and crape, upon her head, "the mockery of woe," which she did not even affect to feel, she gave Emmeline the following account, interlarded with directions to her woman.

"Why, my dear, you must know that when I got to Gainsborough's, [*more to the left*] he had unluckily a frightful old judge, or a bishop, or some tedious old man with him, and I was forced to wait : I cannot tell what possessed me, but I entirely forgot that I was to send the chariot back for you. So the chariot [*put it a little forwarder*] staid. I thought the tiresome man, whoever he was, would never have gone ; however he went at last [*raise the lower curl*] and then I *got*. You cannot think how much the likeness is improved ! So when I had done [*give me the scraper ; here is some powder on my eye-brow*] I went away, thinking to call on you ; but as I went by Butler's, I remembered that I wanted some pearl-coloured twist to finish the purse I am doing for Hanbury. I was almost an hour matching it. Well, then I thought as I was so near Frivolite's door, I might as well call and see whether she had put the

trimming on the white bumbazeen, as you know we agreed would be most the thing. There were a thousand people in the house; you know there is never any possibility of getting out of that creature's room under an hour." [Oh! heaven! thought Emmeline, nor is there any end to the importance you affix to trifles which interest nobody else.] "So, however, at last I got to Berkley-square, and stopped at the door. The man at the door said you was gone. I thought that very odd, and desired another servant to go up and see, for I concluded it was some mistake. After a moment or two, the footman came down again, and said if I was the lady Miss Mowbray lived with, his Lady desired I would walk up. Upon my word it is a noble house! When I got into the room, there was Lady Montreville and her daughters. Her Ladyship was extremely polite, indeed; and after some discourse, 'Mrs. Ashwood,' said she, 'you know Miss Mowbray's situation: I assure you I sent for her to-day with no other view in the world but for her own good, and you know,' [*"Dear me! here is a pimple on my chin that is quite hideous; give me a patch."*] you know that for her to refuse Mr. Rochely is being absolutely blind to her own interest; because you must suppose, Mrs. Ashwood, that she is only deceiving herself when she entertains any thoughts of my son; for that is a thing that never can happen, nor ever shall happen; and besides, to give my Lord and me all this trouble, is a very ungrateful return to us for having brought her up, and many other obligations she has received at our hands; and will be the ruin of herself, and the greatest perverseness in the world. You, Mrs. Ashwood, are, I hear, a very sensible woman [*where is the rouge box?*], and I dare say, now you know how agreeable it would be to me and my Lord to have

Miss Emmeline come to her senses about Mr. Rochester, you will do your endeavours to persuade her to act reasonably; and then, though she has behaved very disrespectful and very ill, which is only to be forgiven on account of her knowing no better, I shall countenance her, and so will my Lord.'——

"This was, as near as I remember, Emmeline, what my Lady said to me. You know [*the milk of roses is almost out*] you know I could not refuse to tell her I would certainly talk to you. I was surprised to find her Ladyship so obliging and affable, as you had told me she is reckoned so very proud. She ordered her gentleman to give me a ticket for a rout and a supper her Ladyship gives on Tuesday three weeks; and she said, that as she did not doubt but that you would discover your own interest by that time, I should take one for you. Look you, here it is."

"I shall be in Dorsetshire, I hope, long before Tuesday se'nnight," said Emmeline, laying the card coolly on the toilet. She found Mrs. Ashwood had nothing more material to say; and being apprehensive that she impeded the last finish which her dress and person required, she thanked her, and went back into her own room.

The eagerness and resolution with which Lady Montreville opposed her son's marriage, appeared from nothing more evidently, than from her thus endeavouring to solicit the assistance of Mrs. Ashwood, and humbling herself to use flattery and insinuation towards a person to whom it is probable nothing else could have induced her to speak. With persons in trade, or their connections, or even with gentlemen, unless of very ancient and honourable families, she seldom deigned to hold any communication; and if she had occasion to speak of them individually, it was generally under the appellation of

"Mr. or Mrs I forget the name;" for to remember the particular distinctions of such inferior beings was a task too heavy for Right Honourable intellect. When she spoke of such collectively, it was under the denomination of "the people, or the folks."

With that sort of condescension that seems to favour "I will humble myself to your level," and which is in fact more insolent than the most offensive haughtiness, her Ladyship had behaved to Mrs. Ashwood who took it for extreme politeness, and was charmed on any terms to obtain admission to the house of a woman of such high fashion, and who was known to be so very nice in the choice of her company.

In return for so much favour, she had been lavish of her assurances that she would influence Miss Mowbray; and came home, fully determined to talk to her sharply; believing too, that to make her feel the present dependance and uncertainty of her situation, by forcing her to bear a fit of ill-humour might help to determine her to embrace the affluent fortune that would set her above it. This it was that occasioned her harsh address to Emmeline; which would have been followed by acrimonious reflections and rude remonstrances, under the denomination of "necessary truths and friendly advice," had not the presence of Fitz-Edward, and his subsequent enchanting conversation, driven all that Lady Montreville had said out of her mind, and left it open only to the delightful prospect which his compliments and praises afforded her.

The company assembled to cards at the usual hour. Rochely was among them; who had not seen Emmeline since the rejection of his proposal, with which Sir Richard Crofts was obliged to acquaint him, though he had softened the peremptory terms in which it had been given. He had this

evening adorned himself in a superb suit of cut velvet of many colours, lined with fables; which, though not in the very newest mode, had been reckoned very magnificent at several city assemblies; and he had put it on as well in honour of Lord Montreville, with whom he had dined, as in hopes of moving the perverse beauty for whom he languished. But so far was this display of clumsy affluence from having any effect on the hard heart of Emmeline, that it rather excited her mirth. And when, with a grave and solemn aspect he advanced towards her, she felt herself so much disposed to laugh at his figure, that she was forced to avoid him, and took refuge at the table, round which the younger part of the company assembled to play.

Mrs. Ashwood had fixed Fitz-Edward to that where she herself presided; and where she sat triumphantly, enjoying his high-seasoned flattery; while her female competitors, hearing he was the son of an Irish Earl, and within three of being a Peer himself, contemplated her supposed conquest with envy and vexation, which they could not conceal, and which greatly added to her satisfaction.

Several persons were invited to stay supper; among whom were Fitz-Edward and Rochely. About half an hour before the card-tables broke up, a servant brought a note to Emmeline, and told her that it required an answer. The hand was Delamere's.

"For two days I have forborne to see you, Emmeline, and have endeavoured to argue myself into a calmer state of mind; but it avails nothing; hopeless when with you, yet wretched without you, I see no end to my sufferings. I have been about the door all the evening; but find, by the carriages, that you are surrounded by fools and coxcombs. Ah!

Emmeline! that time you owe only to me; those smiles, to which only I have a right, are lavished on them; and I am left to darkness and despair.

"There is a door from the garden into the stable yard, which opens into the fields. As I cannot come to the house (where I find there are people who would inform Lord Montreville that I am still about London), for pity's sake come down to that door and speak to me. I ask only *one* moment, surely you will not deny me so small a favour, and add to the anguish which consumes me. I write this from the neighbouring public house, and wait your answer.

"F. DELAMERE."

Emmeline shuddered at this note. It was more incoherent than usual, and seemed to be written with a trembling and uncertain hand. She had left the card-table to read it, and was alone in the anti-room; where, while she hesitated over it, Rochely, whose eyes were ever in search of her, followed her. She saw him not: but wholly occupied by the purport of the note, he approached close to her unheeded.

"Are you determined, Miss Mowbray," said he, "to give me no other answer than you sent somewhat hastily to Lord Montreville, by my friend Sir Richard Crofts? May I ask, are you quite determined?"

"Quite, Sir!" replied she, starting, without considering and hardly knowing what she said; but feeling he was at that moment more odious to her than ever, she snatched away the hand he attempted to take, and flew out of the room like a lapwing.

The dismayed lover shook his head, surveyed his cut velvet in the glass, and stroaked his point ruffles, while he was trying to recollect his scattered ideas.

Emmeline, who had taken refuge in her bed-chamber, sat there in breathless uncertainty, and unable to determine what to do about Delamere. At length, she concluded on desiring Fitz-Edward to go down to him; but knew not how to speak to the Colonel on such a subject before so many witnesses, nor did she like to send for him out of the room. She rung for a candle, and wrote on a slip of paper—

“Delamere is waiting at a door which opens into the fields, and insists upon speaking to me. Pray go down to him, and endeavour to prevail on him to return to his father. I can think of no other expedient to prevent his engaging in some rash and improper attempt; therefore I beseech you to go down.”

When she had written this, she knew not how to deliver it; and for the first time in her life had recourse to an expedient which bore the appearance of art and dissimulation. She did not choose to send it to Fitz-Edward by a servant; but went down with it herself; and approaching the table where he was settling his winnings—

“Here, Colonel,” said she, “is the *charrarde* you desired me to write out for you.”

“Oh! read it Colonel; pray read it;” cried Mrs. Ashwood, “I doat upon a *charrarde* of all things in nature.”

He answered, that “he would reserve it for a *bon bouche* after supper.” Then looking significantly at Emmeline, to say he understood and would oblige her, he strolled into the anti-room; Emmeline saying to him, as he passed her, that she would wait his return in the parlour below.

Fitz-Edward disappeared; and Emmeline, hopes of escaping observation, joined the party some young ladies who were playing at a large table and affected to enter into their conversation. But she really knew nothing that was passing; and soon as they rose on finishing their game, she escaped in the bustle, and ran down into the parlour and in five or six minutes Fitz-Edward found her there.

He wore a look of great concern; and laid down his hat as he came in, without seeming to know what he did.

"Have you seen Mr. Delamere, Sir?" said Emmeline.

"Seen him!" answered he; "I have seen him but to no manner of purpose; his intellects are certainly deranged; he raves like a madman, and absolutely refuses to leave the place till he has spoken to you."

"Why will he not come in, then?" said Emmeline.

"Because (said Fitz-Edward) Rochely is here, who will relate it to that meddling fellow Sir Richard Crofts, and by that means it will get to his father. I said every thing likely to prevail on him to be more calm; but he will hear nothing. I know not what to do (continued he, rising, and walking about the room). I am convinced he has something in his head of fatal consequence to himself.—He protests he will stay all night where he is. In short, he is in an absolute frenzy with the idea of Rochely's success, and his own despair."

"You frighten me to death (said Emmeline).—Tell me, Colonel, what ought I to do?"

"Go to him (returned Fitz-Edward); speak to him only a moment, and I am persuaded he will be

calm. I will go with you, and then there can be nothing wrong in it."

"I *will* go then," said she, rising and giving Fitz-Edward her hand, which trembled extremely.

"But it is very cold (remarked he); had not you better take a cloak?"

"There is my long *pelisse* in the back parlour."

Fitz-Edward fetched it, wrapt her in it, and led her down stairs; and by a garden door they reached a sort of back stable yard, where rubbish and stable litter was usually thrown, and which opened into a bye-lane, where the garden wall formed a sudden angle. Delamere received her with transport, which he tried to check, and reproached her for refusing to come down to him.

Seizing the opportunity, as soon as he would give her leave to speak, she very forcibly represented to him the distress of his family at his absence, and the particular uneasiness it inflicted on his sister Augusta.

"I knew not (said Delamere) that she was come home."

Emmeline told him she was, and related the purport of her letter, and again besought him to put an end to the uncertainty and anxiety of his family.

Delamere heard her with some impatience, and holding her hands in his, vehemently answered, "It is to no purpose my father either threatens or persuades me. He has long known my resolution; and the unhappiness which you so warmly describe arises solely from his and my mother's unreasonable and capricious prejudice—prejudice founded in pride and avarice. I do not think myself accountable for distress to which they may so easily put an end.—But as to Augusta, who really loves me, I will write to her to make her easy. Now, Emmeline, since I

have listened to you, and answered all you have urged, hear my final determination—*If you still continue firm in your chimerical and romantic obstinacy, which you call honour, I go from hence this evening, never to return—you condemn me to perpetual exile—you give me up to despair !*"

He called aloud, and a post-chaise and four, which had been concealed by the projection of the wall, attended by two servants, drove round. "There (continued Delamere), there is the vehicle which I have prepared to carry me from hence. You know whether I easily relinquish a resolution once formed. If then you wish to save my father and mother from the anguish of repentance, when there will be no remedy—if you desire to save from the frenzy of desperation the brother of your Augusta, and to snatch from the extremity of wretchedness the man who lives but to adore you, go with me—go with me to Scotland !"

Astonished and terrified at the impetuosity with which he pressed this unexpected proposal, Emmeline would have replied, but words were a moment wanting. Fitz-Edward, taking advantage of her silence, used every argument which Delamere had omitted, to determine her.

"No ! no !" cried she—never ! never !—I have passed my honour to Lord Montreville. It is sacred—I cannot, I will not forfeit it !"

"The time will come (said Fitz-Edward), believe me it will, when Lord Montreville will not only be reconciled to you, but"—

"And what shall reconcile me to myself ? Let me go back to the house, Mr. Delamere, or from this moment I shall consider you as having taken advantage of my unprotected state, and even of my indiscreet confidence, to offer me the grossest out-

rage. Let me go, Sir! (struggling to get her hand from Fitz-Edward) Let me go, Mr. Delamere."

"What! to be driven into the arms of Rochely? No, never, Emmeline, never! I *know* I am *not* indifferent to you. I feel that I cannot live without you; nay, by heaven I will not! But if I suffer this opportunity to escape, I deserve indeed to lose you."

They all this while approached the chaise. Delamere had hired servants, whom he had instructed what to do. They were ready at the door of the carriage. Emmeline attempted in vain to retreat. Delamere threw his arms around her, and, assisted by Fitz-Edward, lifted her into it with a sort of gentle violence. He leaped in after her, and the chaise was driven away instantly.

Fitz-Edward, to whom this scene was wholly unexpected, returned to the company he had left with Mrs. Ashwood. He had not any notion of Delamere's design when he went to him, but heartily concurred in its execution; and though he did not believe Delamere intended to marry Emmeline, yet his morals were such, that he congratulated himself on the share he had had in putting her into his power; and went back with the air of a man vastly satisfied with the success of his exploit.

"Goodness, Colonel!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashwood, "supper has been waiting for you this half hour. Upon my word, we began to suspect that you and Miss Mowbray were gone together. But pray where is she?"

"Miss Mowbray, madam! I really have not been so happy as to be of her party."

"Why, where in the world can she be?" continued Mrs. Ashwood. "However, as the Colonel is come, we will go to supper. [*The company were standing round the table.*] I suppose Miss Mowbray

have listened to you, and answered all you have to urge, hear my final determination—*If you still continue firm in your chimerical and romantic obstinacy, which you call honour, I go from hence this evening, never to return—you condemn me to perpetual exile—you give me up to despair!*”

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"Why, where in the world can she be?" continued Mrs. Ashwood. "However, as the Colonel is come, we will go to supper. [*The company were standing round the table.*] I suppose Miss Mowbray

will come presently ; she has a pretty romantic notion of contemplation by moon-light."

Supper, however, was almost over, and Miss Mowbray did not appear. Mrs. Ashwood, engaged wholly by the gallant Colonel, thought not of her ; but Rochely remarked that her absence was somewhat singular.

"So it is, I declare," said Miss Galton ; "do Mrs. Ashwood send and inquire for her again."

The chambers, the drawing-room, dressing-room, closets, and garden, were again searched ; Miss Mowbray was not to be found ! Mrs. Ashwood was alarmed—Rochely in dismay—and the whole company confusedly broke up ; each retiring with their several conjectures on the sudden disappearance of the fair Emmeline.

CH A P. XX.

FOR some moments after Emmeline found herself in the chaise, astonishment and terror deprived her of speech, and even of recollection ; while Delamere, no longer able to command his transports at having at length, as he hoped, secured her, gave way to the wildest joy, and congratulated himself that he had thus forced her to break a promise, which only injustice, he said, could have extorted, and only timidity and ill grounded prejudice have induced her to keep.

"Do you then hope, Sir," said Emmeline, "that I shall patiently become the victim of your rashness ? Is this the respect you have sworn ever to observe towards me ? Is this the protection you have so often told me I should find from you ? And is it thus you intend to atone for all the insults of your fami-

ly, which you have so repeatedly protested you would never forgive ? by inflicting a far greater insult ; by ruining my character ; by degrading me in my own eyes ; and forcing me either to violate my word solemnly given to your father, or be looked upon as a lost and abandoned creature, undone by your inhuman art. I must now, indeed, seem to *deserve* your mother's anger, and the scorn of your sister ; and must be supposed every way wretched and contemptible."

A shower of tears fell from her eyes, and her heart seemed bursting with the pain these cruel sensations gave her.

Delamere, by all the soothing tenderness of persuasion, by all the rhetoric of ardent passion, tried to subdue her anger, and silence her scruples ; but the more her mind dwelt on the circumstances of her situation, the more it recoiled from the necessity of entering, under such compulsion, into an indissoluble engagement. The rash violence of the measure which had put her in Delamere's power, while it convinced her of his passion, yet told her, that a man who would hazard every thing for his own gratification now, would hardly hereafter submit to any restraint ; and that the bonds in which he was so eager to engage, would with equal violence be broken, when any new face should make a new impression, or when time had diminished the influence of those attractions that now enchanted him.

Formed of the softer elements, and with a mind calculated for select friendship and domestic felicity, rather than for the tumult of fashionable life, and the parade of titled magnificence, Emmeline coveted not his rank, nor valued his riches. No woman perhaps can help having some regard for a man who she knows ardently and sincerely loves her ; and Em-

meline had felt all that sort of weakness for Delamere, who, in the bloom of life, with fortune, title, person, and talents, that might have commanded the loveliest and most affluent daughter of prosperity, had forsaken every thing for her, and even secluded himself from the companions of his former pleasures, and the indulgences his fortune and rank afforded him, to pass his youth in unsuccessful endeavours to obtain her.

The partiality this consideration gave her towards him, and the favourable comparison she was perpetually making between him and the men she had seen since her residence near London, had created in her bosom a sentiment warmer perhaps than friendship; yet it was not that violent love, which, carrying every thing before it, leaves the mind no longer at liberty to see any fault in the beloved object, nor any impropriety in whatever can secure its success, and which, scorning future consequences, risks every thing for its present indulgence.

Still artless and ingenuous as when she first left the remote castle where she had been brought up, Emmeline had not been able to conceal this affection from Delamere. Her eyes, her manner, the circumstance of the picture, and a thousand nameless inadvertences, had told it him repeatedly; but now, when he seemed to have taken an ungenerous advantage of that regard, it lost much of its force, and resentment and disdain succeeded.

Delamere tried to appease her by protestations of inviolable respect, of eternal esteem, and unalterable love. But there was something of triumph even in his humblest intreaties, that served but to increase the anger Emmeline felt; and she told him, that the only way to convince her he had for her those sentiments he pretended, was to carry her back imme-

diately to Mrs. Ashwood's, or rather to Lord Montreville, there to acknowledge the attempt he had made, and that its failure had been solely owing to her determined adherence to her word.

Delamere, presuming on his ascendancy over her, attempted to interest her passions rather than tranquillise her reason. He represented to her how great would be her triumph when he presented her as his wife to the imperious Lady Montreville, who had treated her with so much unmerited scorn, and set her above the haughty Fanny Delamere, who had insulted her with fancied superiority.

But Emmeline had in her breast none of those passions that find their gratification in humbling an enemy. Too generous for revenge, too gentle for premeditated resentment, she saw these circumstances in a very different light, and felt that she should be rather mortified than elated, by being forced into a family who wished to reject her.

Sir Richard Crofts, the object of Delamere's hatred and detestation, was the subject of those acrimonious reflections that his respect for his father and mother prevented his throwing on them. The influence of this man had, he said, made Lord Montreville deaf to the voice of nature, and forgetful of his own honour; while he was plunged into the dark and discreditable labyrinth of political intrigue, and acquired a habit of subterfuge and duplicity unworthy a nobleman, a gentleman, or a man.

Emmeline cared nothing about Sir Richard Crofts, and could not enter into the bitterness of his resentment towards him. Nothing he had yet been able to urge had shaken her resolution not to become his wife, even though he should oblige her to go with him into Scotland.

The ruder passions of anger and resentment had

no influence over her mind. While he argued with warmth, or ran into reproaches, Emmeline found she had nothing to fear. But though he could not rouse her pride, nor awaken her dislike against his family, but rather found them recoil on himself; he hoped, in that sensibility of temper and the softness of heart to which he owed all the attention she had ever shewn him, he should find a sure resource. In her pity, an advocate for his fault—in her love, an inducement not only to forgive but to reward him.

And when he pleaded for compassion and forgiveness, the heart of Emmeline felt itself no longer invulnerable. But against this dangerous attack she endeavoured to fortify that sensible heart, by considering the probable event of her yielding to it.

“If I marry Delamere contrary to the consent of his family, who shall assure me that his violent and haughty spirit will bear without anguish and regret, that inferior and confined fortune to which his father’s displeasure will condemn him? His love, too ardent perhaps to last, will decline; while the inconveniences of a narrow fortune will increase; and I, who shall be the cause of these inconveniences, shall also be the victim. He will lament the infatuation which has estranged him from his family, and thrown him, for some years at least, out of the rank in which he has been used to appear; and recovered from the delirium of love, will behold with coldness, perhaps with hatred, her to whom he will impute his distresses. To whom can I then appeal? Not to my *own* heart, for it will condemn me for suffering myself to be precipitated into a measure against my judgment; nor to *his* family, who may answer, “Thy folly be upon thine own head;” and *I* have *no* father, *no* brother to console and receive me, if he should drive me from him as impetuously as now

he would force me to be his. I shall be deprived even of the melancholy consolation of knowing I have not *deserved* the neglect which I fear I shall never be able to *bear*. But if my steady refusal now, induces him to return, it is possible that Lord Montreville, convinced at once of my adherence to the promise given him, and of the improbability of Delamere's desisting, may consent to receive me into his family; or if the inveterate prejudice of his wife still prevents his doing so, I shall surely regain his confidence and esteem. He will not refuse to consider me as his brother's daughter, and as such, he will enable me to pass my days in easy competence with Mrs. Stafford; a prospect infinitely preferable in my eyes to the splendid visions offered me by Delamere, if they cannot be realised but at the expence of truth and integrity."

Confirmed in her determination by reflections like these, Emmeline was able to hear, without betraying any symptoms of the emotion she felt, the animated and passionate protestations of her lover. She assumed all the coldness and reserve which his headlong and inconsiderate attempt deserved. She told him, that his want of respect and consideration had forfeited all the claim he might otherwise have had to her regard and esteem; that she certainly would quit him the moment she was able; and that though she might not be fortunate enough to do so before they reached Scotland, yet it would not be in his power to compel her to be his wife.

Delamere for some time imputed this language to sudden resentment; and again, by the humblest submissions, sought to obtain her forgiveness and to excite her pity. But having nearly exhausted her spirits by what she had already said, she gave very little reply to his intreaties. Her silence was how-

ever more expressive than her words. She took from him her hand, as often as he attempted to hold it, and would not suffer him to wipe away the tears that fell from her eyes; while to his arguments and persuasions she coldly answered, when she answered at all, "*that she was determined:*" and they arrived at Barnet before he had obtained the smallest concession in his favour.

Delamere had undertaken this enterprise rather in despair than from any hope of its success, since he did not believe Emmeline would come out to him when he requested it; and had she been either alone, or only with Mrs. Ashwood, she certainly had not done it. Chance had befriended him in collecting a room full of company, and still more in sending Rochely among them. His abrupt approach while she read Delamere's note, had hurried her out of her usual presence of mind; and Fitz-Edward, whom mere accident had brought to Mrs. Ashwood's house, and whom she had taken with her in hopes of his influencing Delamere to return to his father, had contributed to her involuntary error.

C H A P. XVII.

DELAMERE had taken no precaution to secure horses on the road; and it was not till after waiting some hours that he procured four from Barnet. When they arrived there, it was past one o'clock; and Emmeline, who had gone through a very fatiguing day, and was now overcome with the terror and alarm of being thus hastily snatched away, could hardly sit up. She was without a hat; and having no change of clothes, urged the inconvenience she must endure, by being forced to go a long jour-

ney so situated. She wished to have stopped at the first stage; but Delamere thought, that in her present temper to hesitate was to lose her. He consented, however, to go for a moment into the house, where, while he gave a servant orders to go on to Hatfield to bespeak four horses, she drank a glass of water; and then Delamere intreating her to return to the chaise, she complied, for there was nobody visible at the inn but the maid and ostler; and she saw no likelihood of any assistance, had she applied for it.

They hastened with great expedition to Stevenage; but before they reached that place, Emmeline, who had ceased either to remonstrate or complain, was so entirely overwhelmed and exhausted, that she could no longer support herself.

His fears for her health now exceeded his fears for losing her, and he determined to stop for some hours; but when she made an effort to leave the chaise, she was unable, and he was obliged to lift her out of it. He then ordered the female servants to be called up, recommended her to their care, and intreated her to go to bed for some hours.

Long darkness and excessive weeping had almost deprived her of sight; her whole frame was sinking under the fatigue she had undergone both of body and mind; and unable to struggle longer against it, she lay down in her clothes, desiring one of the maids to sit by her.

Delamere came to the door of the room to inquire how she did. The woman told him what she had requested; and desiring they would obey her in every thing, and keep her as quite as possible, he went not to repose himself, but to write to Fitz-Edward.

“ Dear George,

“ While my angelic Emmeline sleeps, I, who am too happy to sleep myself, write to desire you will go to Berkley-square, and keep the good folks there from exposing themselves, or making a great bustle about what has happened, which they will soon know. As my Lord has long been prepossessed with the idea of a Scottish jaunt, it is very likely he may attempt to pursue us. Say what you will to put such plans out of his head. I shall be in London again in a very short time. Farewell, dear George.

“ Your’s ever,

“ F. D.”

Emmeline in the mean time fell into a sleep, but it was broken and interrupted. Her spirits had been so thoroughly discomposed, that rest was driven from her. She dozed a moment; then suddenly started up, forgot where she was, and looked wildly round the room. An half-formed recollection of the events of the preceding day then seemed to recur, and she besought the maid who sat by her to go to Mr. Delamere, and tell him she must be directly carried to Mrs. Stafford’s; and having said this, and sighed deeply, she sunk again into short insensibility.

Thus passed the remainder of the night; and before seven in the morning Delamere was at the door, impatient to know how she had rested.

The maid admitted him, and told him in a low voice, that the lady was in a quieter sleep than she had been the whole night. He softly approached the bed, and started in terror when he saw how ill she looked. Her cheek, robbed of its bloom, rested on her arm, which appeared more bloodless than her cheek; her hair, which had been dressed with-

but powder, had escaped from the form in which it had been adjusted, and half concealed her face in disordered luxuriance; her lips were pale, and her respiration short and laborious. He stood gazing on her a moment, and then, shocked at these symptoms of indisposition, his rapid imagination immediately magnified them all. He concluded she was dying; and in an agony of fear, which deprived him of every other idea, he took up in breathless apprehension her other hand, which lay on the quilt. It was hot, and dry; and her pulse rather seemed to flutter, than beat against his pressure.

His moving her hand awakened her. She opened her eyes; but they had lost their lustre, and were turned mournfully towards him.

"Delamere," said she, in a low and tremulous voice, "Delamere, why is all this? I believe you have destroyed me; my head is so extremely painful. Oh! Delamere—this is cruel!—very cruel!"

"Let me go for advice," cried he, eagerly. "Wretch that I am, what will now become of me!"

He ran down stairs; and Emmeline, making an effort to recover her recollection, tried to sit up; but her head was so giddy and confused, that it was not till after several attempts she left the bed, even with the assistance of the servant. She then drank a glass of water; and desiring to have more air, would have gone to the window, but could only reach a chair near it, where she sat down, and throwing her arm on a table, rested her head upon it.

In a few moments Delamere returned up stairs. His wild looks, and quick, half-formed questions, explained what passed in his mind.

She told him faintly she was better.

"Shall I bring up a gentleman to see you, who

I am assured is able in his profession? I fear you are very ill."

She answered, "No!"

"Pray suffer him to come; he will give you something to relieve your head."

"No."

"Do not, Emmeline—do not, I conjure you, refuse me this favour?"

He took her hand; but when he found how feverish she was, he started away, crying—"Oh! let him, let him come!"

He ran down stairs to fetch him, and returned instantly with the apothecary; a sensible, well-behaved man, of fifty, whose appearance indicated feeling and judgment. He approached Emmeline, who still sat with her head reclined on the table, and felt her pulse.

"Here is too much fever indeed, Sir," said he; "the young lady has been greatly hurried."

"But what—what is to be done, Sir?" said Delamere, eagerly interrupting him.

"Quiet seems absolutely necessary. Pardon me, Sir; but unless I know your situation in regard to her, I cannot possibly advise."

"Sir," said Emmeline, who had been silent, rather from inability to contend, than from unconsciousness of what was passing round her—"if you could prevail with Mr. Delamere to restore me to my friends"—

"Come with me, Sir," cried Delamere; "let me speak to you in another room."

When they were alone, he conjured Mr. Lawson to tell him what he thought of the lady?

"Upon my word, Sir, she is in a very high fever, and it seems to be occasioned by extreme perturbation of spirits and great fatigue. Forgive me,

Sir, if I ask what particular circumstance has been the cause of the uneasiness under which she appears to labour? If it is any little love quarrel, you cannot too soon adjust it."

Delamere stopped his conjectures, by telling him who he was; and gave him in a few words the history of their expedition.

Mr. Lawson protested to him, that if she was hurried on in her present state, it would be surprising if she survived the journey.

"She shall stay here, then," replied Delamere, "till she recovers her fatigue."

"But, Sir," inquired Mr. Lawson, "after what you have told me of your father, have you no apprehension of a pursuit?"

His terror at Emmeline's immediate danger had obliterated for a moment every other fear. It now recurred with redoubled violence. He remembered that Rochely was at Mrs. Ashwood's on the evening of Emmeline's departure; and he knew that from him Sir Ricard Crofts, and consequently Lord Montreville, would have immediate intelligence.

He struck his hands together, exclaiming, "She will be every way lost!—lost irretrievably! If my father overtakes us, she will return with him, and I shall see her no more!"

He now gave way to such unbounded passion, walking about the room, and striking his forehead, that Lawson began to believe his intellects were as much deranged as the frame of the fair sufferer he had left. For some moments he attended to nothing; but Mr. Lawson, accustomed to make allowances for the diseases of the mind as well as those of the body, did not lose his patience; and at length persuaded him to be calmer, by representing that he wasted in fruitless exclamation the time which might

be employed in providing against the apprehended evil.

"Good God! Sir," cried he at length, "what would you have me do?"

"What I would earnestly recommend, Sir, is that you quiet the young lady's mind, by telling her you will carry her whither she desires to go; and at present desist from this journey, which I really believe you cannot prosecute but at the hazard of her life; at present, farther agitation may, and probably will be fatal."

"And so you advise me to let her stay till my father comes to tear her from me for ever! or carry her back by the same road, where, it is probable, he will meet me? Impossible! impossible!—But is she really so very ill?"

"Upon my life, she is at this moment in a high fever. Why should I deceive you? Trust me, it would, in my opinion, be the height of inhumanity to carry her into Scotland in such a situation, *if* you love her."

"*If* I love her, Sir!" cried Delamere, half frantic—"talk not of *if* I love her! Merciful heaven!—you have no idea, Mr. Lawson, of what I suffer at this moment."

"I have a perfect idea of your distress, Sir; and wish I knew how to relieve it. Give me a moment's time to consider; if indeed the young lady could—"

"What, Sir? speak!—think of something!"

"Why I was thinking, that if she is better in a few hours, it might be possible for you to take her to Hertford, where she may remain a day or two, till she is able to go farther. There you would be no longer in danger of pursuit; and if she should grow worse, which, when her mind is easier, I hope

will not happen, you will have excellent advice. Perhaps, when the hurry of her spirits subsides, she may, since this *has* happened, consent to pursue the journey to the north; or if not, you can from thence carry her to the friends she is so desirous of being with, and avoid the risk of meeting on the road those you are so anxious to shun.

Though Delamere could not think, without extreme reluctance, of relinquishing a scheme in which he had thought himself secure of success, yet, as there was no alternative but what would be so hazardous to the health of Emmeline, he was compelled to accede to any which had a probability of restoring it, without putting her into the hands of his father.

Mr. Lawson told him it was only fifteen miles from Stevenage to Hertford. "But how (said he) will you, Sir, prevent your father's following you thither, if he should learn at this place that you are gone there?"

Delamere was wholly at a loss. But Mr. Lawson, who seemed to be sent by his good genius, said, "We must get you from hence immediately, if Miss Mowbray is able to go. You shall pass here as my visitors. You shall directly go to my house, and there be supplied with horses from another inn.—This will at least make it more difficult to trace your route; and if any inquiry should be made of me, I shall know what to say."

Delamere, catching at any thing that promised to secure Emmeline from the pursuit of Lord Montreville, went to her to inquire whether she was well enough to walk to Mr. Lawson's house.

He found her trying to adjust her hair, but her hands trembled so much, it was with difficulty she could do it. He desired her to dismiss the maid who was in the room; then throwing himself on

his knees before her, and taking her burning hand in his, he said, " Arbitres of my destiny—my Emmeline ! thou for whom only I exist ! be tranquil—I beseech you be tranquil ! Since you determine to abide by your cruel resolution, I will not, I dare not persist in asking you to break it. No, Emmeline I come only to intreat that you would quiet your too delicate mind, and dispose of *me* as you please. Since you cannot resolve to be mine now, I will learn to submit—I will try to bear any thing but the seeing you unhappy, or losing you entirely ! Tell me only that you pardon what is past, and you shall go to Mrs. Stafford's, or whithersoever you will."

Emmeline beheld and heard him with astonishment ; but at length comprehending that he repented of his wild attempt, and would go back, she said hastily, as she arose from her chair, " Let us go then, Delamere ; let us instantly go. Thank God your heart is changed ! But every hour I continue with you, is an additional wound to my character and my peace."

She attempted to reach her cloak, but could not ; her strength forsook her ; her head became more giddy ; she staggered, and would have fallen, had not Delamere caught her in his arms, and supported her to the chair she had left.

" Hurry not yourself thus, my Emmeline," cried he ; " in mercy to me try to compose yourself, and spare me the sight of all this terror, for which, believe me, you have no reason."

He sat down by her ; and drawing her gently towards him, her languid head reposed on his shoulder, he contemplated, in silent anguish, the ravage which only a few hours severe anxiety had made on that beauteous and expressive countenance.

He called to the maid, who waited in the next

room, and desired her to send up Mr. Lawson; before whose entrance a shower of tears, the first she had shed for some hours, a little relieved the full heart of Emmeline.

Mr. Lawson desired Delamere would not check her tears; and in a friendly and consolatory manner, told her what Delamere proposed to do. Emmeline, after this explanation, was still more anxious to depart; but Mr. Lawson greatly doubted whether she was able.

"I can walk, indeed I can," said she, "if you will each lend me an arm."

Mr. Lawson then gave her a few drops in a glass of water, which seemed to revive her; and Delamere wrapping her carefully in her cloak, they led her between them to a neat brick house in the town, where Mrs. Lawson, a matron-like and well-behaved woman, and her daughter, a genteel girl of twenty, who had been apprised of Emmeline's situation, received her with great kindness and respect.

Breakfast was prepared for her, but she could eat nothing. The heaviness of her eyes, her pallid countenance, and the tenderness across her temples, seemed to threaten the most alarming consequences. Mrs. Lawson endeavoured to persuade her to go to bed; but her eagerness to be gone from thence was so great, that she evidently increased the difficulty by endeavouring to surmount it. She had indeed considered, that if Lord Montreville overtook them, which was not only possible but probable, all the merit of her conduct would be lost.—She would appear to be carried back, not by her strict adherence to her promise, but by the authority of his Lordship; and instead of the pride and credit of a laudable and virtuous action, would be liable to bear all the imputation of intentional guilt. This reflection, added

to the sense she could not fail to have of her improper situation, in being so long alone with Delamere under the appearance of having voluntarily gone off with him, made her so impatient to be gone, that she declined any repose, however necessary; and Mr. Lawson thought there was less to be feared from indulging than from opposing her.

Lawson therefore went himself to hasten the horses; and while he was absent, Emmeline, who remained with his wife, expressed so much fear that Delamere might alter his intentions of returning, and so much uneasiness at the thoughts of being seen at another inn, in the disordered dress she now wore, with a young man of Delamere's appearance, that Mrs. Lawson was truly concerned for her, and communicated to Delamere the source of the extreme anxiety she appeared to suffer.

He came to her; and she gently reproached him for all the inconvenience and uneasiness he had brought upon her. Her soft complaints, and the distress pictured on her speaking face, he felt with a degree of anguish and self-reproach, that made him happy to agree to a plan proposed by Mrs. Lawson; which was, that she should be accommodated with clothes of Miss Lawson's, and that Miss Lawson herself should accompany her to Hertford.

The latter offer, Emmeline eagerly accepted; and Delamere, who saw how much it soothed and relieved her, did not object to it. She was therefore immediately equipped with a morning dress, and her agitation of mind seemed to subside; but changing her clothes, trifling as the exertion was, fatigued her so much, that Mr. Lawson on his return looked very grave; and Delamere, who watched his looks as if his existence depended upon his opinion, was wild with apprehension. The chaises (for Delamere had

ordered one for himself, that the ladies might suffer no inconvenience by being crowded) were ready; and Lawson, recollecting that Emmeline would require a more quiet situation than an inn could afford, told her that he had a sister at Hertford, who would receive her with pleasure, and accommodate her at her house as long as she would stay—"And remember," added he, "that Lissy is to continue with you till you leave Hertford."

Emmeline, extremely sensible of all she owed to this excellent man, could only sigh her thanks; and to shorten them, Mr. Lawson put her and his daughter into the travelling chaise which Delamere had bought for this expedition. Delamere followed in another; and between one and two o'clock they arrived at Hertford, and were set down at the door of an elegant house; where Mrs. Champness, the wife of a man of fortune, received her niece with great affection; and having heard in another room the history of the young lady she had with her, immediately gave orders to have a bed-chamber prepared, and shewed the utmost solicitude for her accommodation.

Delamere, seeing her so well situated for the night, and happy to find she bore her short journey with less increase of fatigue than he apprehended, consented at her request to leave her, and went to the inn, where he dined, and soon afterwards returned to inquire after her.

Miss Lawson came down to him, and told him Miss Mowbray was in bed, and had taken a medicine Mr. Lawson had sent to compose her; but that it was yet impossible to say much of her situation. She told him he must by no means attempt to see her for the remaining part of the day, and begged he would himself try to take some repose; to which

salutary advice Delamere at length consented, his haggard looks and exhausted spirits sufficiently testifying how much he wanted it.

C H A P. XXII.

THE evening on which Emmeline had been so suddenly missing from the house of Mrs. Ashwood, Rochely had left it in as much anguish as his nature was capable of feeling.

He had not for many years so seriously thought of matrimony as since he had seen Miss Mowbray. Her beauty first attracted him: the natural civility of her manner was by him, who had frequently met only contempt and derision from the young and beautiful, construed into encouragement; and though his hopes had been greatly damped by his knowledge of Delamere's attachment to her, yet they were almost as quickly revived by the great encouragement to persevere, which he had received from Lord Montreville. He fancied, that the barriers between her and Delamere being insurmountable, she could not fail of being dazzled by so splendid a fortune as he could himself offer her. That evening, she looked more than usually lovely, and he determined with new ardour to pursue her. But her disappearance put an end to all his brilliant visions; and convinced him that his wealth, on which he had so long been accustomed to value himself, had failed of procuring him the favour of the only woman with whom he was disposed to share it. He was too well convinced that Delamere had carried her off: and though deprived of all hope for himself, he was too angry at the good fortune of his rival to forbear an attempt to disturb him in its possession. He drove therefore

from Clapham to the house of Sir Richard Crofts, where he had the mortification of hearing that Sir Richard was gone with Lord Montreville to the country-house of Lord Dornock, and was not expected to return till the next day.

Rochely, aware that the only possible chance of preventing Delamere's marriage was by an immediate pursuit, was greatly chagrined at this unavoidable delay. He sat down, however, and with his usual laboured precision wrote to Sir Richard Crofts, informing him of what had happened. This was the operation of near an hour; and he then sent off a man on horseback with it, who, arriving at Lord Dornock's about three in the morning, roused the family with some difficulty, and delivered to Sir Richard the intelligence, which was immediately conveyed to Lord Montreville; who, having read Mr. Rochely's letter, could not flatter himself with any hope that this alarm might be as groundless as the one he had before had on the same subject.

The disobedience of his son, the broken faith of Emmeline, and the rage, complaints, and reproaches of Lady Montreville, all arose together in his imagination; and anger, vexation, and regret, took possession of his heart.

He had recourse in this, as in all other emergencies, to Sir Richard Crofts, who advised him immediately to pursue them.

As soon, therefore, as the sleeping servants could be collected, and the carriage prepared, his Lordship and Sir Richard set out for London together; Lord Montreville determining to follow the fugitives as expeditiously as possible, though he hoped but little success from the pursuit.

Such was his apprehension of the clamours and passions of his wife, that he could not determine

to see her till he had at least done all that was possible to recover her son. He therefore wrote to her a short letter, stating briefly what had happened, and giving her hopes that he should be able to overtake the parties before they were married. This he ordered to be delivered to her in the morning; and directed his servant to hasten to him with his travelling chaise and four post horses.

The man, however, who had the care of the carriages, believing his Lord would stay out all night, had gone out also, and taken with him the keys.

By this delay, and the blunders of the affrighted servants, who in their haste only impeded each other, it was near nine o'clock before his Lordship and Sir Richard left London. At Barnet they heard of the fugitives, and easily traced them from thence to Hatfield; after which, believing all further inquiries useless, they passed through Stevenage (having sent on before for horses), without asking any questions which might have led them to discover that Delamere and Emmeline had gone from thence towards Hertford only an hour and a half before their arrival.

This was fortunate for the pursued; for an inquiry would probably have led to questions which Mr. Lawton would have found it very difficult to evade.

Lord Montreville, however, and Sir Richard, hurried on to Buckden; where, being obliged to get out for some refreshment for themselves and their servants, his Lordship renewed the question—"At what time did a young gentleman and lady (describing Delamere and Emmeline) pass by?"

The people told him they remembered no such persons about the time he named.

Lord Montreville then applied at the other houses,

and made several other inquiries ; but received only a general assertion, that no such persons had been that way within the last four-and-twenty hours, or even within a week.

Sir Richard Crofts, who piqued himself upon his sagacity, told his Lordship, that stupidity, the love of falsehood, or Delamere's bribes, might occasion this failure of intelligence ; but there could be no doubt of their being gratified with better information when they got to Stilton. To Stilton therefore they went, but heard exactly the same answers as they had done at the last stage.

Sir Richard was now again to seek for some plausible conjecture that might quiet the apprehensive anxiety of Lord Montreville, who guessed and dreaded he knew not what.

He now said, that as there could be no doubt of the young people's having gone *towards* Scotland, from the information they had obtained at Barnet and Hatfield, it was most likely that, in the apprehension of a pursuit, they had afterwards quitted the high-road, and were advancing to the borders of Scotland across the country, which must considerably lengthen and impede their journey ; therefore, if they themselves proceeded directly to the town where these marriages are usually celebrated, the probability was that they should arrive before Delamere and Miss Mowbray ; and by such a circumstance, the connection would be as effectually prevented as it could be by their overtaking them on the road.

Lord Montreville, despairing of being able by any means to obstruct a marriage on which his son seemed to be so determined, and harassed in mind as much as he was fatigued in body, suffered himself to be carried forward, merely through inability to de-

termine what he could do better; and though quite hopeless of its success, pursued his journey.

The innocent cause of all this trouble and anxiety remained, in the mean time, at the hospitable house of Mrs. Champness; where Miss Lawson attended her with all possible kindness and solicitude. It was indeed impossible to be with her without loving her; unless to an heart insensible, like that of Mrs. Ashwood, to all but her own ideal perfections; or steel-ed by pride, like that of Lady Montreville.

A night passed in quiet sleep had greatly restored her; and her fever, though not gone, was considerably abated. Every noise, however trifling, still made her start; her nerves were by no means restored to their tone, and her spirits continued to be greatly affected. The idea which seemed to press most painfully on her mind, was the blemish which the purity of her character must sustain by her being so long absent with Delamere—a blemish which she knew could hardly ever be removed but by her returning as his wife.

But to break her promise to Lord Montreville; a promise so solemnly given; and to be compelled into a marriage which, however advantageous and fortunate it would appear under other circumstances, would now bring with it a severe alloy of mortification in the displeasure of his family, was a measure which she could not determine to pursue.

Her resentment towards Delamere for what was past, was not yet enough subdued, by his reluctant repentance, to reconcile her to the thoughts of putting herself again into his power. Yet she could not suppose he would suffer her to return to London alone, if she had courage to attempt it; nor was she sure, that when there Mrs. Ashwood would receive her.

These reflections made her so restless and uneasy, that she could not conceal their source from Miss Lawson; who, though possessed of a very good understanding, was too young and too little acquainted with the world to be able to advise her.

The handsome person and high rank of Delamere, and his violent love and concern for Emmeline, made her suppose it impossible that she could help returning it, or be long able to resist his importunity. She concluded, therefore, that finally it would be a match; and was impressed with a sentiment that amounted almost to veneration for Miss Mowbray, whom she considered as a prodigy of female virtue and resolution.

Delamere had been several times to speak to Miss Lawson; and he had pleaded the violence of his passion with so much effect, that the soft-hearted girl became his warm advocate with Emmeline, and represented his tenderness and his contrition, till she consented (as she was now able to sit up) to admit him.

On his entrance, he said something, he hardly knew what, to Emmeline. She held out her hand to him in token of forgiveness. He seized it eagerly, and pressed it to his heart, while he gazed on her face, as if to inquire there what passed in her's.

"Remember, Delamere," said she, "remember I am content to forgive your late rash and absurd attempt, only on condition of your giving me the most positive assurance that you will carry me directly to Mrs. Stafford's, and there leave me."

Hard as these terms appeared, after the hopes he had entertained on undertaking the journey, he was forced to submit; but it was evidently with reluctance.

"I do promise then," said he, "to take you to Mrs. Stafford's; but"—

"But what?" asked Emmeline.

"Do you not mean, when you are there, to exclude me for ever?—Mrs. Stafford is no friend of mine."

"I have already told you, Mr. Delamere, that I will see you wherever I am, under certain restrictions: and though your late conduct might, and indeed ought to induce me to withdraw that promise, yet I now repeat it. But do not believe that I will therefore be persecuted as I have been; recollect that I have already been driven from Mowbray Castle, from Swansea, and from Mrs. Ashwood's, wholly on your account."

"Your remedy, my Emmeline, is, to consent to inhabit a house of your own, and suffer me to be the first of your servants."

The varying colour of her complexion, to which the emotions of her mind restored for a moment the faint tints of returning health, made Delamere hope that her resolution was shaken; and seizing on an idea so flattering with his usual vehemence, he was instantly on his knees before her, imploring her consent to prosecute their journey, and intreating Miss Lawson's assistance to move her inexorable friend.

Emmeline was too weak to bear an address of this sort. The feebleness of her frame ill seconded the resolution of her mind; which, notwithstanding the struggles of pity and regard for Delamere, which she could not entirely silence, was immoveably determined. Rallying therefore her spirits, and summoning her fortitude to answer him, she said—"How *can* you, Sir, solicit a woman, whom you wish to make your wife, to break a promise so solemn as that I have given to your father? Could you hereafter

have any dependance on one who holds her integrity so lightly? and should you not with great reason suspect, that with her falsehood and deception might become habitual?"

"Not at all," answered Delamere.—"Your promise to my father is nugatory; for it ought never to have been given. He took an unfair advantage of your candour and your timidity; and all that you said ought not to bind you, since it was extorted from you by him who had no right to make such conditions."

"What! has a father no right to decide to whom he will entrust the happiness of his son, and the honour of his posterity? Alas! Delamere, you argue against yourself; you only convince me, that I ought not to put the whole happiness of my life into the hands of a man who will so readily break through his first duties. The same impatient, pardon me, if I say the same selfish spirit, which now urges you to set paternal authority at defiance, will perhaps hereafter impel you, with as little difficulty, to quit a wife of whom you may be weary, for any other person whom caprice or novelty may dress in the perfections you now fancy I possess. Ah! Delamere! shall I have a right to expect tenderness and faith from a man whom I have assisted in making his parents unhappy; and who has, by my means, embittered the evening of their lives to whom he owes his own? Do you think that a rebellious and unfeeling son is likely to make a good husband, a good father?"

"Death and madness!" cried Delamere, relapsing into all the violence of his nature—"what do you mean by all this! Selfish! rebellious! unfeeling!—am I then so worthless, so detestable in your eyes?"

His extravagant expressions of passion always ter-

rified Emmeline ; but the paroxysm to which he now yielded, alarmed her less than it did Miss Lawson, who, never having seen such frantic behaviour before, thought him really mad. She tremblingly besought him to sit down and be calm ; while the pale countenance of Emmeline, which she shewed him, convinced him he must subdue the violence of his transports, or hazard seeing her relapse into that alarming state which had forced him to relinquish his project. This observation restored his senses for a moment.—He besought her pardon, with tears ; then again cursed his own folly, and seemed on the point of renouncing the contrition he had just assured her he felt. The scene lasted till Emmeline, quite overcome with it, grew so faint, that she said she must go to bed ; and then Delamere, again terrified at an idea which he had forgot but the moment before, consented to retire if she would again repeat her forgiveness.

She gave him her hand languidly, and in silence. He kissed it ; and half in resentment, half in sorrow, left her, and returned to the inn, in a humour which equally unfitted him for society or solitude. Obligated, however, to remain in the latter, he brooded gloomily over his disappointment ; and believing Emmeline's life no longer in danger, he fancied that his fears had magnified her illness. He again deprecated his folly for having consented to relinquish the prosecution of his journey, and for having agreed to carry her where he feared access to her would be rendered rare and difficult, by the inflexible prudence and watchful friendship of Mrs. Stafford. Sometimes he formed vague projects to deceive her, and carry her again towards Scotland ; then relinquished them and formed others. He passed the night, how-

ever, nearly without sleep, and the morning found him still irresolute.

At eight o'clock, he went to the house of Mrs. Champness; and Miss Lawson came down to him, but with a countenance in which uneasiness was so visible, that Delamere was almost afraid of asking how Miss Mowbray did.

She told him that she had passed a restless and uncomfortable night, and that the conversation he had held the evening before had been the cause of an excess of fever quite as high as the first attack; and, that though she tried to conquer her weakness, and affected ability to prosecute a journey for which she hourly grew more eager, it was easy to see that she was as unfit for it as ever. Miss Lawson added, that if in a few hours she was not better, she should send to Mr. Lawson to come from Stevenage to see her. This account renewed, with extreme violence, all the former terrors of Delamere, which a few hours before he had been trying to persuade himself were groundless.

He now reproached himself for his thoughtless cruelty; and Miss Lawson seized this opportunity to exhort him to be more cautious for the future, which he readily and warmly protested he would be. He promised never again to give way to such extravagant transports, and pressed to be admitted to see Emmeline; but Miss Lawson would by no means suffer him to see her, till she was more recovered from the effects of his frenzy.

In the afternoon, he was allowed to drink tea in Emmeline's room, and expressed his sincere concern for his indiscretion of the evening before. He tried, by shewing a disposition to comply with all her wishes, to obliterate the memory of his former indiscretion. Emmeline was willing to forget the offence,

and pardon the offender, on his renewing his promise to take her the next day towards London, on her route into Dorsetshire, if she should be well enough to undertake the journey.

The spirit and fortitude of Emmeline, fatal as they were to his hopes, commanded the respect, esteem, and almost the adoration of Delamere; while her gentleness and kindness oppressed his heart with fondness so extreme, that he was equally undone by the one and the other, and felt that it every day became more and more impossible for him to live without her.

It was agreed, that as it would be impossible to reach Woodfield from Hertford, without stopping one night on the road, they would proceed through London to Staines the first day, and from thence go on early the next to the house of Mrs. Stafford.

After lingering with her as long as he could, Delamere took his leave for the evening, determined to observe the promises he had made her, and never again to attempt to obtain her but by her own consent. When he made these resolves, he really intended to adhere to them; and was confirmed in his good resolutions, when he the next morning found her ready to trust herself with him, calm, cheerful, full of confidence in his promises, and of gentleness and kindness towards him.

Emmeline took an affectionate leave of her amiable acquaintance, Miss Lawson, whose uncommon kindness, on so short a knowledge of her, filled her heart with gratitude. She promised to write to her as soon as she got to Woodfield, and to return the clothes she had borrowed; to which she secretly purposed adding some present, to testify her sense of the civilities she had received.

Delamere inclosed, in a letter which he sent by

Miss Lawson to her father, a bank note, as an acknowledgment of his extraordinary kindness.

They quickly arrived in London; and as Emmeline still remained in the resolution of avoiding a return to Mrs. Ashwood, they changed horses in Piccadilly to go on.

Though by going to her former residence, she might have escaped a longer continuation and farther journey with Delamere, of the impropriety of which she was very sensible; yet she declined it, because she knew; that as her adventure might be explained several ways, Mrs. Ashwood and Miss Galton were very likely to put on it the construction least in her favour; and she was very unwilling to be exposed to their questions and comments, till she could, in concert with Mrs. Stafford, and with her advice, give such an account of the affair, as would put it out of their power to indulge that malignity of remark at her expence, of which she knew they were capable.

She therefore dispatched a servant to Mrs. Ashwood with a note for her clothes, whom Delamere directed to rejoin them at Staines.

At that place they arrived early in the evening; and Emmeline, to whom Delamere had behaved with the utmost tenderness and respect, bore her journey, without suffering any other inconvenience than some remaining languor, which was now more visible in her looks than in her spirits. Charmed with the thoughts of so soon seeing Mrs. Stafford, and feeling all that delight which a consciousness of rectitude inspires, she was more than usually cheerful, and conversed with Delamere with all that enchanting frankness and sweetness which made her general conversation so desirable.

C H A P. XXIII.

AS they had an hour or two on their hands, which Emmeline wished to employ in something that might prevent Delamere from entertaining her on the only subject he was ever willing to talk of when they were together, she desired him to inquire for a book. He went out, and returned with some volumes of novels, which he had borrowed of the landlord's daughter; of which Emmeline read in some a page, and in others a chapter, but found nothing in any that tempted her to go regularly through the whole.

While she was reading, Delamere, equally unable to occupy himself with any other object, whether she was absent or present, sat looking at her over the table which was between them. After some time passed in this manner, their supper was brought in, and common conversation took place while it was passing. When it was removed, Emmeline returned again to the books, and took up one she had not before opened.—It was the second volume of the sorrows of Werter. She laid it down again with a smile, saying—"That will not do for me to-night."

"What is it?"—cried Delamere, taking it from her.—"O, I have read it—and if you have, Emmeline, you might have learned the danger of trifling with violent and incurable passions. Tell me—could you ever be reconciled to yourself, if you should be the cause of a catastrophe equally fatal?"

Still meaning to turn the conversation, she answered gaily—"O, I fancy there is very little danger of that—you know the value of your existence too well to throw it inconsiderably away."

"Do not be too certain of that, Emmeline.

Without you, my life is no longer valuable—if indeed it be supportable; and should I ever be in the situation this melancholy tale describes, how do I know that my reason would be strong enough to preserve me from equal rashness. Beware, Miss Mowbray—beware of the consequence of finding an Albert at Woodfield.”

“It is very unlikely I should find *any* lover there. I assure you I desire none; nor have I any other wish than to pass the remainder of the winter tranquilly with my friend.”

“If then you really never wish to encourage another, and if you have any sensibility for the pain I feel from uncertainty, why will you not solemnly engage yourself to me, by a promise which cannot be broken but by mutual consent?”

“Because we are both too young to form such an engagement.—You are not yet quite one-and-twenty; a time of life in which it is impossible you can be a competent judge of what will make you really happy. I am more than two years younger: but short as has been my knowledge of the world, I have already seen two or three instances of marriages made in consequence of early engagements, which have proved so little fortunate, that they have determined me never to try the experiment. Should you bind yourself by this promise, which you now think would make you easy, and should you hereafter repent it, which I know to be far from improbable, pride, obstinacy, the shame of retracting your opinion, would perhaps concur to prevent your withdrawing it; and I should receive your hand, while your heart might be attached to another. The chains which you had yourself put on, in opposition to the wishes of your family, you would, rather than own your error, rivet, though your inclination prompted

you to break them; and we should then be both miserable.—No, Delamere—let us remain at liberty, and perhaps——”

“It is impossible, Madam!” cried Delamere, suddenly and vehemently interrupting her—“It is absolutely impossible you could argue thus calmly, if you had any regard for me.—Cold—cruel—insensible—unfeeling girl! Oh! fool, fool that I am, to persist in loving a woman without an heart, and to be unable to tear from my soul a passion that serves only to make me perpetually wretched. Cursed be the hour I first indulged it, and cursed the weakness of mind that cannot conquer it!”

This new instance of ungovernable temper, so contrary to the promises he had given her at Hertford, extremely provoked Emmeline, who answered very gravely—

“If you desire, Sir, to divest yourself of this unfortunate passion, the task is already half accomplished. Resolve, then, to conquer it wholly: restore me to that tranquillity you have destroyed—vindicate my injured reputation, which your headlong ardour has blemished—give me back to the kindness and protection of your father—and determine to see me no more.”

This spirited and severe answer, immediately convinced Delamere he had gone too far. He had never before seen Emmeline so much piqued, and he hastened to appease her.

“Pardon me!—forgive me, Emmeline! I am not master of myself when I think of losing you! But you, who feel not any portion of the flame that devours me, can coolly argue, while my heart is torn in pieces; and deign not even to make any allowance for the unguarded fallies of unconquerable passion!—the phrenzy of almost hopeless love! Some-

times, when I think your coldness arises from determined and insurmountable indifference---perhaps from dislike---despair and fury possess me. Would you but say that you will live only for me---would you only promise that no future Rochely, none of the people you have seen or may see, shall influence you to forget me---I should, I think, be easier!"

"You have a better opinion of yourself, Mr. Delamere," answered Emmeline calmly, "than to believe it probable. But be that as it may, I have told you that I will neither make nor receive any promises of the nature you require. I have already suffered too much from your extravagant passion, to put it farther in your power to distress me. But I shall be better able to resume this conversation tomorrow---to-night I am fatigued; and it is time for us to separate."

"And will you leave me, then, Emmeline?---leave me too in anger?"

"I am not angry, Mr. Delamere---here is my hand."

"This hand," exclaimed he, eagerly grasping it, "which ought to have been mine!---Now, even now, that you are about to tear yourself from me, it should have been mine for ever! But I have relinquished my prize at the moment I might have secured it; and if I lose it entirely, my own folly will only be the cause."

"These violent transports may terrify me, but shall not alter my determination. Quit my hand, Mr. Delamere," continued she, struggling to disengage it---"I will not be detained."

She rang the bell; and the waiter almost instantly entering, she took a candle, and went to the apartment prepared for her: while Delamere, vexed to have commanded himself so little, and to be so un-

able to adhere to the good resolutions he had made, dared not attempt to prevent her.

He had now again to make his peace, but would not venture to take any steps towards it that night; and he retired to his own room, considering how he might remain near her after she got into Dorsetshire, and dreading the hour of even a temporary separation.

The next morning Emmeline, impatient to be gone, dressed herself early; and just as she was about to go down to hasten their breakfast and departure, she saw, from a window that looked into the yard of the inn, a phaeton and four enter it, remarkable for the profusion of expensive and ill-fancied ornaments with which both the carriage and harness was covered. In it were two gentlemen wrapped in great coats, as the weather was very severe; on whom Emmeline, casting a transient glance, discovered that one of them was Elkerton.

She was a good deal alarmed at his arrival: for she had reason to fear, that this man, to whom she had a decided aversion, would see her, and know that she was travelling alone with Delamere. She saw him get out, and give directions for putting up his horses, telling the people who came out to attend him, that he should breakfast and stay there some hours.

Since his unfortunate *rencontre* with Delamere at Mrs. Ashwood's, he had almost entirely relinquished the pursuit of Emmeline. He had never been able to shake off the ridicule his vanity had brought upon him, and therefore had forborne to enter the circle where it had happened. He had, however, seen Miss Mowbray once or twice in public, and she had been too generally admired not to interest his pride in keeping up the acquaintance, though she treated

him always with coldness, and found it difficult to be barely civil. She knew that he was severely mortified by her indifference, and that in matters of scandal and gossiping no old woman could be a greater adept. When, therefore, personal pique was added to his natural love of anecdote, Emmeline apprehended so much from him, that she determined, if possible, to escape his sight.

To do this, however, was very difficult. She saw him and his companion take possession of a room that had windows looking into the yard through which she must of necessity pass, and where, when the post-chaise drew up, they must see whoever got into it. She wrapped herself up in her cloak, pulled her hat over her eyes, and holding up her handkerchief as if to guard her face from the cold, she passed unobserved to the room where Delamere was waiting breakfast.

The remembrance of his last night's behaviour was in some measure obliterated by the alarm she had felt at the sight of Elkerton. Delamere looked melancholy and dejected. Emmeline, speaking to him with her usual sweetness, seemed to have forgotten the offence he had given her, and tried to restore his good humour as if she had been the aggressor: but he continued gloomy and pensive.

They began their breakfast, and conversed on different subjects.

"Did you observe," said Emmeline, "the phaeton which drove in just now?"

"No---what was there remarkable about it?"

"Nothing, but that one of the persons it contained was Elkerton, the poor man you made so absurd at Mrs. Ashwood's, when he boasted of knowing you. I hope I shall get away without his seeing me---I should extremely dislike meeting him."

"Stupid dog!--Why should you care whether you meet him or no?"

"Because he must think it so strange that I am here with you."

"Let him--Of what consequence is it to us what such a puppy thinks? I cannot possibly care about it."

"But *I* do, Mr. Delamere," said Emmeline, somewhat gravely.--"You will recollect that I may be very much injured by the scandal such a man may circulate."

"Well, well, my dear Emmeline--we will set out directly, and you will not meet him.--I will order the chaise."

He went out for that purpose as soon as their breakfast ended; but a few paces from the door was accosted by Elkerton, who feeling himself in point of figure equal to speak to any man, addressed him with all the confident familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Sir, your most obedient humble servant."

"Your servant, Sir;" replied Delamere, brushing by him.

"Sir, I hope you, and my Lord and Lady Montreville, have been well since I had last the honour of seeing you?"

"Since you oblige me, Sir, to acknowledge the acquaintance, I must remind you that our last meeting was attended with some circumstances which would make you not very desirous of recollecting it."

"Oh, dear! very far from not wishing to remember it. I am always pleased with such agreeable badinage from my friends, and some how or other contrive to be even with them. Prithee, dear boy,

whither are you going?—perhaps we are travelling the same road?”

“I hope not,” said Delamere, turning from him and advancing towards the bar.

Elkerton, unabashed, followed him.

“If we are,” continued he, “I think you shall take me into your post-chaise. I am going to pass a month with a friend in Hampshire; and Jackman, who loves driving, though he knows nothing of the matter, persuaded me to use an open carriage; but it is so cold, that I believe I shall let him enjoy it alone the rest of the way. Suppose we go together, if your destination is the Winchester road?”

Delamere was so provoked at this forwardness, that he found he should be unable to give a moderate answer.—He therefore turned away without giving any.

“Pray, Sir,” said the bar-maid to Elkerton, “who is that young gentleman?”

“Lord Montreville’s son,” replied he; “and one of the strangest fellows in the world.—Sometimes we are as intimate as brothers; and now you see he’ll hardly speak to me.”

“Perhaps, Mr. Elkerton,” said the woman, smiling, “the young gentleman may have very good reasons for not taking another companion in his post-chaise.”

Elkerton pressed her to explain herself.

“Why you must know,” said she, “that there’s a young lady with him; one of the prettiest young women I ever see. Last night, after they comed here, his walet was pretty near tipsy; so he come and sot down here, and told me how his master had hired him to go along with ’em to Scotland; but that before they got near half-way, some how or other ’twas settled for ’em to come back again. But don’t

say as I told you, Mr. Elkerton, for that would be as much as my place is worth."

This intelligence awakened all the curiosity of Elkerton, together with some hopes of being able to revenge himself on Delamere for his contempt and rudeness.

"Egad!" cried he, "I'll have a peep at this beauty, however."

So saying, he strutted across the yard, and placed himself under a little piazza, which made a covered communication between the rooms of the inn which were built round the yard, and along which they were obliged to pass to get into the chaise.

The room door opened—Delamere and Emmeline appeared at it.

"Draw up, postillions, as close as you can," cried the waiter.

Delamere, holding Emmeline's hand, advanced; but on seeing Elkerton, she stepped back into the room.

"Come, come," said Delamere—"never concern yourself about that impertinent fellow."

Elkerton, though he did not distinctly hear this speech, had caught a view of the person to whom it was addressed; and though her face was concealed, her height and air convinced him it was Miss Mowbray.

"How do you, Madam?" exclaimed he, bowing and advancing—Miss Mowbray, I hope I have the happiness of seeing you well."

"We are in haste, Sir," said Delamere, leading Emmeline towards the chaise.

"Nay, my good friend," returned Elkerton, "allow me, I beg, to pay my respects to this lady, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted—Miss Mowbray, permit me"—

He would have taken the hand which was disengaged; but Emmeline shrunk from him, and stepped quickly into the chaise.

Elkerton still advanced, and leaning almost into it, he said—"Your long journey, I hope, has not too much fatigued you."

"By heaven!" exclaimed Delamere, "this is too much! Sir, you are the most troublesome, insolent fool, I ever met with!"

So saying, he seized Elkerton by the collar, and twisting him suddenly round, threw him with great violence against one of the pillars of the piazza.

He then got into the chaise; and taking out of his pocket two or three cards, on which his address was written, he tossed them out of the window; saying, with a voice that struck terror into the overthrown knight on the ground—"You know where to hear of me, if you have any thing to say."

The chaise now drove quickly away; while Delamere tried to re-assure Emmeline, who was so much terrified by the suddenness of this scuffle, that she had hardly breath to reproach him for his impetuosity. He answered, that he had kept his temper too long with the meddling idiot, and that to have overlooked such impertinence without resentment was not in his nature. He tried to laugh off her apprehensions; and flattered by the anxiety she felt for his safety, all his gaiety and good humour seemed to return.

But Emmeline, extremely hurt to find that Elkerton was informed of the journey she had taken, and vexed that Delamere had engaged in a quarrel, the event of which, if not personally dangerous to him, could not fail of being prejudicial to her, continued very low and uneasy the rest of their journey, re-

flecting on nothing with pleasure but on her approaching interview with Mrs. Stafford.

But this hoped-for happiness was soon converted into the most poignant uneasiness.

On their arrival at Woodfield, Emmeline had the pain of hearing that Mrs. Stafford, who had two days before been delivered of a daughter, had continued dangerously ill ever since. The physicians who attended her had that day given them hopes that her illness might end favourably; but she was still in a situation so precarious, that her attendants were in great alarm.

As she had anxiously expected Emmeline, and expressed much astonishment at not having heard from her the week before, which was that on which she had purposed to be with her, and as she still continued earnestly to inquire for news of Miss Mowbray, Mr. Stafford insisted on informing her she was arrived; and this intelligence seemed to give her pleasure. She desired Emmeline might come to her bed-side: but she was so weak, that she could only, in a faint voice, express her pleasure at the sight of her; and pressing her hand, begged she would not leave her.

It was impossible Emmeline could speak to her on the subject of Delamere, as the least emotion might have been of the most fatal consequence; and though she earnestly wished he might not have been invited to stay, she was obliged to let it take its course. She left her friend's room no more that evening; and gave her whole thoughts and attention to keeping her quiet and administering her medicines, which Mrs. Stafford seemed pleased to receive from her hands.

Mr. Stafford was one of those unfortunate characters, who, having neither perseverance and regu-

larity to fit them for business, nor taste and genius for more refined pursuits, seek in every casual occurrence or childish amusement, relief against the tedium of life. Though married very early, and though father of a numerous family, he had thrown away the time and money, which should have provided for them, in collecting baubles, which he had repeatedly possessed and discarded; till having exhausted every source that that species of idle folly afforded, he had been driven, by the same inability to pursue proper objects, into vices yet more fatal to the repose of his wife, and schemes yet more destructive to the fortune of his family. Married to a woman who was the delight of her friends and the admiration of her acquaintance, surrounded by a lovely and increasing family, and possessed of every reasonable means of happiness, he dissipated that property, which ought to have secured its continuance, in vague and absurd projects which he neither loved nor understood: and his temper growing more irritable in proportion as his difficulties increased, he sometimes treated his wife with great harshness; and did not seem to think it necessary, even by apparent kindness and attention, to excuse or soften to her his general ill conduct, or his "battening on the moor" of low and degrading debauchery.

Mrs. Stafford, who had been married to him at fifteen, had long been unconscious of his weakness: and when time and her own excellent understanding pressed the fatal conviction too forcibly upon her, she still, but fruitlessly, attempted to hide from others what she saw too evidently herself.

Fear for the future fate of her children, and regret to find that she had no influence over her husband, together with the knowledge of connections to which she had till a few months before been a

stranger, had given to Mrs. Stafford, whose temper was naturally extremely cheerful, that air of despondence, and melancholy cast of mind, which Emmeline had remarked with so much concern on their first acquaintance.

To such a man as Mr. Stafford, the arrival of Delamere afforded novelty, and consequently some degree of satisfaction. He took it into his head to be extremely civil to him, and pressed him to continue some time at his house; but Delamere well knew that Emmeline would be made unhappy by his remaining more than one night. As Mr. Stafford entered, however, so warmly into his interest, he begged of him to recollect whether there was not any house to be let within a few miles of Woodfield.

Mr. Stafford instantly named a hunting seat of Sir Philip Carnaby's, which he said would exactly suit him. Its possessor, whom some disarrangement in his affairs had obliged to go abroad for a few years, had ordered it to be let, ready furnished, from year to year.

Delamere went the next morning to the attorney who let it; making an agreement for it, ordered in all the requisites for his immediate residence; and, till it was ready, accepted Mr. Stafford's invitation to remain at Woodfield.

Emmeline, who confined herself wholly to her friend's apartment, knew nothing of this arrangement till it was concluded; and when she heard it, remonstrance and objection were vain.

The illness of Mrs. Stafford, though it did not gain ground, was still very alarming, and called forth to a painful excess, that lively sympathy which Emmeline felt for those she loved. She continued to attend her with the tenderest assiduity; and after five days painful suspense, had the happiness to find

her out of danger, and well enough to hear the relation Emmeline had to make of the involuntary elopement.

Mrs. Stafford advised her immediately to write to Lord Montreville; which her extreme anxiety only had occasioned her so long to delay.

END OF VOL. FIRST.

